

# STRAY LEAVES

FROM

A MILITARY MAN'S NOTE BOOK,

BY

HENRY HARTIGAN, V. C.,

LATE SERGEANT, H. M.'S 9TH (QUEEN'S) ROYAL LANCERS,

EDITED BY

N. T. WALKER,

LATE 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINEERS),

AND DEDICATED

TO

COLONEL SIR RICHARD JOHN MEADE, S. C.,

K. C. S. I., C. I. E.,

RESIDENT, HYDERABAD

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SECOND SERIES.

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Aug 21 1884  
G. H. 2

This Book is Respectfully Dedicated  
TO  
COLONEL SIR RICHARD JOHN MEADE, S. O.,  
K. C. S. I., C. I. E., & C. & C.,  
RESIDENT, HYDERABAD,  
AS A SMALL TOKEN OF THE WRITER'S  
HIGH ESTEEM FOR  
A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER UNDER WHOSE  
HE HAD THE HONOR OF SERVING.  
AND OF HIS WARM REGARD FOR A KIND PATRON  
WHOSE PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP  
IT HAS LONG BEEN HIS  
PRIDE TO ENJOY.





## PREFACE

—00—

IN thankfully acknowledging the favourable manner in which our first series of "Stray Leaves" has been noticed by the press, and received by our military as well as non-military readers, who have appreciated our humble efforts far beyond our expectations, we are encouraged to hope for similar kindness in another venture in the same direction. We have, accordingly, paraded the old "Note Book," and ordered to the "*front*" the boys, whether of Horse, Foot, or Tope-khanas, whom we considered most fit for duty; and, as fighting is now the order of the day, we have selected a few exciting episodes to show that the "old fighting dogs" had tough work in winning the old frontier which our young comrades will now leave far behind. Should the tales which we unfold, induce our officers to acknowledge the fact that kindness is the surest weapon for them to use in reclaiming the scamp or encouraging the good soldier, our humble labours will not have been without result. The men will soon understand that it is to their interest to regard their officers not merely as men placed in authority over them, but as true friends, who have their welfare keenly at heart. Should our poor efforts even have a minimum of success, we shall have done something more than raise a hearty laugh around the barrack fire, as our friend "Charivari" prognosticated. So with this jaw-breaker we say,

"BANNAGH-LA!"



## *ERRATA.*

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*Page 322 line 21 for mutinecd read mutinied,*

" 333 " 1 " dancy " daisy.

" 334 " 9 " mescef " meself.



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# DARBY DOYLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

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"DARBYS" are as common with the Doyles', as "Hookys'" are with the Walkers'! If the name should not be baptismally given, the unfortunate is sure to receive it before confirmation. The Darby of whom I am about to speak was no exception to this rule. His Christian name was *John*, but by the fatality attaching to the race of Doyle, he was never known by any other cognomen save that of Darby. The first time I made out a crime against him, I sent his name in as "Darby Doyle," and didn't the officer in charge of the depôt laugh at me! The circumstance occurred at a hill station. The regiment's

having gone to the plains, all the convalescents from Dugshaie and Kussowlie had been sent to Subathoo for the winter months. Men from every regiment, troop and battery in the Sirhind Division were in that blessed depôt, and I unfortunately was appointed to act as their sergeant major, quartermaster sergeant and pay sergeant into the bargain. There was a climax of what Darby called, in what he said was "his bad French," an *embarrass de dignity* ! I had out-and-out officers with me ; a lieutenant who was station staff for the three stations and Kalka, and a civil surgeon ditto. The other residents in the station were the protestant parson, a retired officer, old Mick of the Yeos, Tom the sausage-maker, and occasionally an officer from the plains on short leave, so you may imagine that we were quiet enough, but if you do you are mistaken. In the large barracks, occupied by the convalescents, there was no peace night or day. It contained a seething lot of as nice boys as ever plagued the life out of a non-commissioned officer. They were up to all kinds of devilment, fun and divarsion ; that is putting a fine point upon it, because some of the pranks *might* have been called by a very different name indeed. I have seen some wild pranks in *my* time, and some wild scamps too ; but if some of them banged Banagher, Darby Doyle banged the lot !

He was the head and front of every new devilry that came to the fore, and there were lots to follow his lead unmindful of the consequences. Certainly there was no guard-room in which to confine them—for weren't they convalescents sent to the hills for the benefit of their health? The cells had no terrors for them, for they were under the Doctor's care, and you may depend that the kind-hearted little Esculapius would not allow them to be placed in any such unhealthy place of confinement, in case the restraint might reproduce some of their old complaints! Be gorra some of them got the same complaints in the cells or in places of worse reputation, so that the only way the officer could punish the blackguards was to cut their grog; make them answer their names to me every hour, and for an offence, the punishment for which at their regiments would have been visited by a court-martial, he would send them to hospital on spoon diet! It is to be remembered that any of the offences committed never attained to the dignity of serious breaches of military discipline, altho' some of the "buckos" were perfectly capable of running a gauntlet extending from pitch and toss to sacrilege! Luckily there were some steady men among them; they were not all Darby Doyles, or Micky Quinlans! If they had, there would have been old gooseberry to pay!



Well, sir, me bowld Darby Doyle of the Royal Bengal Horse *and* Foot Artillery, as he was fond of designating himself, belonged *bond fide* to the *Foot* Artillery—but he averred that he “was only *lent* to them to tache the *bosthoons* the new gun drill!” He was a smart fellow enough, and picked up sharply all his *foot* drills, but *mounted* he was a cure! He could not, by any possibility, stick on a horse; the moment the word “trot” was given, Darby was reduced from his pride of place, and grovelled in the dust *or* gutter as the case might be! Nothing daunted, up he was again, and on the horse’s back, but half-way round the *manege*, down went Darby and away went the horse to his stables. But another horse was ready and Darby, a little shaken, was prepared to mount afresh.

“Mind yourself, my boy,” the rough-rider would say, “mind yourself! This fellow ate the arm off a syce who fell off him the other day, and may be he’ll do the same to you Darby!”

“Begorra,” said Darby, “he must be fond of *rare* *man*; I’d rather have it roasted if I had any—but I’ll ride the tail aff him, so I will!” and Darby would mount as unconcernedly as if he had never bitten the dust!

But, me deer, it was the same performance over again! Day after day, week after week saw no improvement in Darby. He was the butt and laughing-

stock of the riding school, and not a man laughed louder at his mischances than Darby himself. He had been thrown off nearly every horse in the troop. There wasn't an inch of tan on the floor that didn't know Darby! He had been abused by every rough-rider in the school; laughed at by the whole station, and still Darby kept his temper and endured all his jobations with the utmost serenity. But one fine morning the riding-master himself got his five fingers on Darby.

"He'll catch it this mornin'," was whispered from one to the other; and true for them, poor Darby got such a "telling off" from the riding-master as only a riding-master can give. He was called names not be found in any dictionary written or unwritten, and certainly not to be mentioned in polite society, and even that before the ride moved. At length the word "trot" was given and away went the ride. "Watch the corner," said one "and down he comes." But no; "be the powers he's safe—bravo Darby!" "Well-ridden, Darby!" He reaches safely *another* corner. "Begorra, he'll do yet; the bullyraggin has done him good—sure the old fellow might lave him alone now." These and such like expressions were used by the lookers-on, and Darby was being abused all the while and that in such a manner, that as he afterwards said himself "the hungriest dog in the dirtiest street in Dublin wouldn't pick a bone av

him!" He was near the *third* corner; the riding-master, cracking the long whip, gave the word "trot out!" Darby was just at the turn; the horse knew what was required and increased his pace, and this proved destruction to poor Darby's equilibrium; the next moment saw him in the dust! Here he sat, looking after his horse, (who having divested himself of his burden was galloping off to the limes) when a roar from the riding-master brought him to his senses.

"Who the devil ordered you to dismount, sir?" he shouted.

"Me horse, sur," was Darby's reply, at which the man of equestrian proclivities gave Darby a "piece of his mind," — he called the tirade of abuse which he heaped on him.

Darby remained perfectly still until the "old man," as the men called him, had fairly exhausted himself and was completely blown! When he saw this, Darby, like Balaam's ass opened his mouth and spake!

"I could ride," said Darby, "as well as here an there — wan, *me own way*, so I cud."

"What way is that, in the name of fortune?" asked the riding-master.

"*In a cart, sur*," said Darby quietly.

The rage of the riding-master was wonderful to behold! He threw his whip and then his cap at



poor Darby, and was looking about for some harder substance to hurl in the same direction, but finding none he ordered Darby to be taken to the guard-room.

Meanwhile Darby remained on the ground, ■ most unusual proceeding for him after a fall. A bombardier and file of men went up to Darby to take him to the guard-room.

"Get up," said the bombardier.

"Bring a dooley," said Darby, "me leg is broke!"

And so it was: his thigh bone was fractured. The bombardier went to the riding-master and reported that Darby's leg was broken, and wished to know where he (Darby) was to be taken—to the guard-room or to the hospital.

"Take him to—the devil!" was the kind reply! "He wants a cart and he shall have one. I'll have him transferred to the bullocks there, (a battery close by) *and then he'll be able to ride his own way!*"

And Darby, after remaining about a month in hospital, was sent to a battery of foot artillery.

At the time of which I speak, every soldier was allowed to draw two drams of rum per diem, but in point of fact the canteen sergeant\* supplied him with as much liquor as he could pay for after it was well *washed*, and the *harm* taken out of it. But this depôt had no canteen; the two drams were served out with the rations, and the men could

either drink it at the tub, or take it away, whichever they chose. They often did carry their ration of liquor away; and in consequence there was any amount of "bagdaddin'" (selling liquor under the rose) among the men. But Darby was a professional liquor-vendor; he was no amateur, but went at the business in a grave and sedate manner. Not only did he sell his own liquor but other liquor which he procured from some one in the station. Old Mick got the credit of being his supplier, but be that as it may, Darby could produce a bottle at any hour, day or night. When Darby "broke out," that is, commenced drinking, he was a most inveterate bore, and plagued the life of every one until I was obliged to send him to hospital.

As soon, however, as he was discharged, he resumed his old profession of "bagdaddin'." He carried on a roaring trade with the Europeans who were engaged in road-making, and Darby had been seen miles away from the station when he was supposed to be in bed. On one occasion he got a pass till 12 o'clock at night. Early next morning the commanding officer asked me if I knew at what hour Darby had returned? I said I did not, for he had not reported his return. Darby was sent for and stood soon before his chief the very picture of innocence.



So," said the officer, "you overstaid yer pass Doyle!"

"Is id me, *major*" (the officer was only a lieutenant), "me do such a thing as overstay me pass!"

"Yes, indeed *you* Doyle; you were seen on the parade ground this morning at two o'clock, with two bottles of brandy, one in each hand!"

"Beg yer pardon, *kurnel*, sorrow a drop o' brandy was in thim same bottles, an' mighty glad I was at that same, for sure the captain *had as much in him as he could well carry, an' he might have been wantin' more!*"

(Darby knew in a moment who had given the information against him. He had met but one officer, and that one, it was well known, was fond, too fond of his potations, and Darby availed himself of the opportunity afforded of turning the tables on him completely.)

"However," continued the officer, "you overstaid your pass, and I must punish you!"

"Oh! thin," said Darby, "this is me reward is id? Instid av the two bottles he promised me for carryin' him safe from ould Mickey's to his bungalow the other night. How well he remembered *my* bottle and he so far"—"What sir?" shouted the officer.

"Nothing, sui," said Darby; "I was only about to ax you if I was to go for them where I met him last night."

"You said you were catching butterflies," said the officer. "Fancy a man catching butterflies at two in the morning! By Jove, sir, you must have put them in the bottles; the gentleman couldn't see any with you!"

"Troth, kurnel, an' that was true enuf! for betwixt you an' me, tis little he could see, bar in seein' double! Be them five crosses (here he crossed his fingers) *I had only wan bottle, an' that was for a candlestick!*"

"You should have been home at 12 o'clock."

"I was home before 12, kurnel! I gi' ye me oath! The way av id was this (here he put on his most fascinating air). Whin the Captain passed me, Darby, sis I to meself, Darby sis I, tis a shame for a Christian an' an Irishman all the way from Castle-comer in the county av Kilkenny (the officer's native place) to let him go alone! Niver mind av he niver gives you the brandy. But agin, sis I to myself, Darby, sis I, have ye time, sis I. Yer pass will be up at 12, an' yer officer, who has always been so kind to ye, will be angry wid ye av ye overstay yer pass. Thim was the words, kurnel! Be dad sis I, I wudn't anger the good kurnel for all the flics in the hills, or drunken captains ayther! So I will see what time it is. Just then the moon was shinin' like the day, an' I seen it was half-a-past eleven o'clock!"

"Where did ye see the time?"

"Arrah where *should* I see it but in the *sun-dial* that was there forninst me on the parade ground beyant!"

The officer could stand no more; he had to give way to a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and Darby got off.

Darby's next adventure worthy of being recorded, was a trip to Kalka.

At this time there was a mule depôt there, and there may be one there still for what I know. This establishment was presided over by Sergeant O'Leary, as wet a soul as ever drained a tap. He formerly belonged to the same battery as Doyle, and the pair were, to use a military phrase, as "thick as thieves," and Darby conceived the brilliant idea of paying his old chum a visit.

"But what," said Darby to his friends in the barrack room, "what's the use of me goin' by meself! Sure he has the charge of all the cattle an' the rum godown, an' tis he that will trate us well! So get ready, boys, as many av yees as likes to spend five rupees; for altho' there will be full an' plenty, an' lashins to spare, we must go like gentlemén wid money in our pockits, an' trate the childer! an' maybe the mistriss! for I tell ye now that the same dacent woman that owns O'Leary is as *flahooloch* as himself. I'll write for the mules; make out a



pass, we'll all go in civilian's clothes, an' if we don't have fun an' divarshin, the divil's a witch !”

“The divil doubt ye,” said Roche the tailor (who was making a coat for Darby) “where ever ye are, there the sport will be !”

“None av yer blarney now, Ned Roche, but stix yerself wid that coat, or it won't be ready in time !”

“Tioth, thin, Darby, the needle is dry,” said Roche, “*av yed wet it yed see how it would fly !*”

“Sorrow drop, Nid, till the coat is finished, and thin tire yourself,” and he walked off.

Roche looked quietly after him, and smiling said to himself “he'll bring it,” and so he did. “There Nid,” said he, “don't be makin' a haste av yerself.”

The needle being wet went faster and Darby's turn-out was soon complete. Others were not so fortunate, so there was borrowing, lending and exchanging until the whole had what Darby called “shutes fit, be japers, fu the Lord Liftinint.”

The letter was duly despatched to O'Leary, but as bad luck would have it, he had gone to Umballa, and reading and writing had not been taught at the school which had the honour of completing the education of his better half, so she handed the missive to a baboo to decipher for her.

“What is it about, baboo ?” said the dacent woman,

"A Mr. D'Oyly, madam ; he wants ten mules to be sent to the banks of the river below Subathoo, where he and his friends will meet them at six o'clock to-morrow morning, and he says have breakfast ready by nine !"

"Brikwist !" said the dacent woman, "then, baboo, you had better go over to the hôtel and order brikwist for ten gentlemen !"

"Yes, madam," said the baboo.

"And send the mules, so that the party may not be kept waiting. I do not know who this Mr. D'Oyly is, but I suppose it is all right ; some big-wig from Simla I daresay."

There was great stir and bustle in the hôtel upon that morning, for the reception of ten big-wigs from Simla, as the baboo had called them. The finest capons in the *moorghy-khana* were selected ; a gram-fed sheep died the death, an English ham was put in water, and other things were sent for by mail cart from Umballa. In short a breakfast fit for the Governor General was got ready ; the kitmutgars were in vestal raiments, the hotel-keeper was in full dress and all the appurtenances in apple-pie order. A look-out was kept on the road to give timely notice of the approach of the party, and all was expectation with the good people at Kalka.

At last the cavalcade arrived, and would have passed the hotel but for the gentleman in full dress (the landlord) who saluted them, and said he had the honour of having been selected to furnish their breakfast, which was ready and would be on the table in five minutes.

"An' who gawe ye the order?" asked Darby.

"Mrs. O'Leary, Sir," said the landlord.

"All right," said Darby. Accordingly the party dismounted, entered the hotel and were astonished at all they saw.

"Would the gentlemen wash their hands?"

"Certainly!" Ten basins and towels were in readiness! Darby whispered to one of his friends—(he was a carpenter)—"there's a screw loose—" *aist-do-vial*, i.e., shut yer mouth was the reply.

All was now ready, and the party being seated an affidavit may be taken before any court or magistrate in Christendom, that never had ten men been seated in that room who did more justice to the good things set before them. The solids were washed down with champagne instead of claret, but then the landlord thought the guests were foreigners. That must be Mr. D'Oyly at the head of the table! What a fine man!

"Come landlord," said Darby, "and have a glass of something!"

"With pleasure Mr. D'Oyly," said the landlord.



Darby gave a slight whistle ; here, thought he, is a mess ! we have eaten the breakfast prepared for another party ! But he kept his own counsel, and shortly afterwards he walked down to O'Leary's where he saw "the mistriss."

"Aha !" said she, "Darby, is it yerself is in it ! troth 'tis time you came, indeed ! Arthur is away at Umballa, did you come walking ?"

"Don't be makin' fun," said Darby, "didn't ye send the mules for us ! But what made ye order the brikwist in the hôtel ? Av it was for another party, begorra ti'sn't much av it is left, for we wor as hungry as hunters."

Mrs. O'Leary here looked at Darby, and *flopped* herself down on a chair apparently thunderstruck. At length she found speech :

"Mother o' mercy !" said she, "bud we're ruined, horse an' fut ! Why did ye put another man's name to the *lettther* ! Sure you know well, we'd be glad to see you without callin' yourself D'Oyly."

"Yerra ma'am," said Darby, "ye're wrong, for I put D for Darby, and Doyle for Darby Doyle, an' ye know, Mrs. O' Leary, that's me name, laste ways the Doyle, for the Darby is only a nickname, so ma'am ye see."

"Hould yer plate," said the unfortunate woman.

"But—" insisted Darby.

"I want none of ye butts; start off at once and get away from the place before the hôtel-keeper finds ye out! There will be the devil to pay as it is."

After some more conversation Darby went off to the hôtel to explain to his friends the fix in which they were. But what was to be done? One proposed to order dinner and make a night of it!

"No!" said Darby, "what is done is done! let us make a clane breast of it to the landlord, he may not be hard wid us."

"By no manes," said several, "he will have us taken up!" and many plans were proposed and rejected, but at length Darby said—

"Well; I got ye into it, an' I'll get ye out av it, so let us enjoy ourselves while we can."

And so they did until it was time for them to return. Darby called for the landlord who soon made his appearance.

He was asked to be seated.

"Now, Mr. Kitchiner," said Darby, "you have given us as fine a breakwist an' tiffin as we cud wish to sit down to, an' I must confess that the drinkables are unimpachable, bein' far shupayrior to any thing in ould Mickey's stock; but as we are all private soldiers,—an' ye wor one yourself once I hear—sit still can't ye, an' hear me out (the landlord had bounded from his chair when he found the big-wigs he had been feasting were only private



soldiers!) for we are not goin to chate ye; just say what we have to pay an' the money is yours.

A considerable time elapsed before the landlold completed his calculations. Mrs. O'Leary had given the order; she could not read, the baboo had read the letter. No; he could not make O'Leary pay the bill—these men have no more than a few rupees—perhaps ten—one each; he would be at a dead loss certainly, and then, if he made a fuss, what would the people of the other hotel say? He would be the laughing-stock of the whole station, and Lord William had told him the last time that he would not only fine him, but he would take away his license the next time he sold liquor to a soldier. Better, he considered, to take what he could get and let them go quietly. He gave a deep sigh when he came to this conclusion.

"Well, boys," said he, "I won't be hard with you. Give me all you've got, and go away quietly. I'm not the man to get a comrade into trouble, and as all was caused by a mistake, why we must let it go. I'll make some of the real 'big-wigs' pay for this. But I must say that you have acted your parts well—particularly Mr. D'Oyly."

"Say Darby Doyle," struck in that gentleman, "for that's me name, an' there's me comrade, O'Leary will tell ye the same."

"Well, well! let me have the money and we will part friends."

At this Darby pulled out a canvas bag—"Boys," said he, "you all know how much there is here."

"Yes, yes; we gave five rupees a man, ten times five is fifty."

"Are ye satisfied that I hand it over to the landlord for what we have had?"

"Yes, yes, hand it over."

"There, landlord," said Darby, handing him the money, which he put away without counting.

"Now," said the landlord, "I will receipt your bill as paid in full if you leave the station without letting any one know who or what you are."

This was agreed to; the bill was produced and handed to Darby, who remarked, "that as the landlord had put away the money without counting, the last thing he cud do, was to put away the bill without reading it!" One parting glass, and our friends left well satisfied with their entertainment. The landlord was pleased also to think he had got even fifty rupees (which was not a third of the amount of his bill) when he had expected only ten or twenty at the most. But what pleased him was the idea that no one was the wiser. Little the poor man knew that Mrs. O'Leary was perfectly aware of the rank of his distinguished guests!

The mules had gone on a little ahead as arranged between Darby and Mrs. O'Leary, but the men soon overtook them, mounted, and were all safe at home before the expiry of their leave. O'Leary returned to Kalka soon after, and his wife related to him the whole particulars of Darby's visit, and the people at the other hotel (which O'Leary patronized) soon knew the whole story. It reached Subathoo, it even reached Simla and the ears of the Governor General himself. Our commanding officer was told of it, and in less than ten days it was the talk of every one at the hills. There was infinite laughter about the yarn, for, you may depend upon it, it lost nothing in the telling. The commanding officer was anxious to know the truth of it, and desired me to ascertain the facts. My inquiries resulted in the discovery of what I have been relating to you. When I told the commanding officer, I thought he would have had fits. I even contrived to lay my hands on the bill which was one gold-mohur per man—Rs. 160.

One vagabond was heard to say (he had been there) "ye talk of yer spreesh! Tare an ages, ye should have been wid us at Kalka! There *was* the spree! A hunder an' sixty ruppes among tin! Av you don't belave me, Darby has the bill; he'll show it to you; divil a lie in it." The fellows had agreed among themselves to say that they had paid it all.



After an intermission of some weeks, again our friend Darby went on the wai-path, and although he was generally pretty wide-awake, he contrived to put his foot into it handsomely. It would appear that he had been visiting his friend old Mickey (who had a general shop in the station and from whom Master Darby purchased his contraband lish) too frequently to be pleasant. Mickey knew that he was watched by the police, and he rather disliked the idea of being brought up before Lord William Hay, who would have dealt severely with him, had there been sufficient proof that he sold liquor to soldiers. No one will ever get a *real soldier* to betray the man who trusts him. I remember a man who was tied up for punishment, when it was observed he was intoxicated. His commanding officer told him he would forgive him 100 lashes, the sentence of a regimental court-martial, if he would tell who gave him the liquor; but he took the hundred rather than get a comrade into trouble, and so old Mickey carried on his business without fear of being informed on by any of the soldiers whom he served. There was one man, indeed, in the detachment, of whom he had grave doubts of being likely to turn informer, and that was Quinlan, to whom he would not give a drop for love or money. Darby reached his old friend's house one night, and found the whole of the doors

And windows closed ; he gave the usual signal, but received no answer.

"What the blazes is the matter" Darby ejaculated, "open the *door*, sure tis' Darby that's in it! Open! the roadmen want ■ stock, the coast is clear, so look alive."

Still there was no answer.

"He must be asleep," said Darby. Rap-rap! No reply. Again he tried his persuasive faculties.

"Whisper, Mickey; sure it's four mules that's on the road from Kalka and will be here before ye put yer nose in yer mouth! Open a vic, an' don't be actin' the goat like ould Larry Healey! "Ye wont! Be this book!" (and here he laid on the door as nate a kippeen as could be seen out of Drogheda) "you'll rue this! Will ye open before I go? Faix he's as dead as Roney! I'll go to the dâk bungalow. Hurroo! here is Mickey's four and nine;" and with that he took Mickey's hat from the stand in the verandah, placing his own cap in the pocket of his Shagowatti coat (a padded cotton coat, which was the regimental dress of the Shagowatti Brigade). He then marched to the stables, saddled and bridled old Mickey's garran of a horse and made off. I may as well mention here, that Darby had become a very tolerable horseman after he was transferred, the chaff of his comrades having had more effect on him than the

riding-master's jobations. Darby could take a joke, but he drew a line, and his comrades knew that they mustn't go too far. Up to the time of his transfer he had been a steady, good man, and although he laughed with the others, he felt the transfer very keenly. He had a great chum named Reid, in whom he was wont to confide. "Sue, Tom," he would say to him, "they drive me to it. What do I care what becomes av me now! Why did they disgrace me by turning me out ov the horse artillery?"

"Ye might go farther an' fare worse, as father Casey said," was Tom's sententious reply. "Yer not the first the ould ridin' master got turned out for the same thing. Sure some of them got back after they learned to ride!"

"Tell me, Tom, could I get back if I learned to ride?"

"To be sure ye could, if there's nothing against you in the defaulter's sheet!"

"By the rock o' Cashel, Tom, I'll keep steady, an' if I had a horse I am sure I could learn."

Reid purchased a hoise which had been cast, and Darby became an equestrian of some note; but his application to be re-transferred to his troop was rejected, and Darby was bitterly disappointed, and became the reckless fellow we find him. He attributed the rejection of his application to the riding-



master's influence, and always said he would be a thorn in his side on this side' fiddler's green'. Darby was a general favorite; "no one's enemy but his own," "a fool to himself," and such expressions were made use of when Darby met with any of his misadventures.

• Well, sir, the morning following Darby's having taken the horse away, I was serving out the rations. My bold undaunted Darby rode up, a bottle sticking out of one pocket of his coat, and his forage cap out of the other. Mickey's hat was rather the worse for wear; it was dinged at the side and in the crown, and part of the rim was hanging down. Altogether he was rather a seedy looking picture as he waved his "kippeen ov a stick," gave a wild hurroo! and started off in the direction of Mickey's bungalow. Soon afterwards I received a chit from the commanding officer to order all the men to be confined to barracks until he arrived. As I gave the order, Darby came up to me and said—

"Seigeant major, I know why the order has been given; go and tell the officer, if you please, that Darby Doyle is the man! I want no man punished for what I have done myself."

Presently the commanding officer rode up. "Here," said he, "is a fine row! Some of our men have been at the next dâk bungalow; the police will be here presently to identify them."

"Doyle is the man sir," said I, "he has just told me."

"Bring him up."

Darby was brought to the fore. "Well," said the officer, "what have you been up to?"

"Is it me, sur?" said Darby.

"Yes! haven't you just told the sergeant-major you were the man?"

"I did that" said Darby; "an' I am not a man to go back of me word. I shot the shoulder out of a Frenchman! We fought a *jewel*. That's me and me stick agin' three Frenchmin, wid pistols! Begorra, kurnel, we'd bate a baker's dozen av thim kind any day in the week!"

"This is a serious affair, Doyle," said the officer; "you will remain in barracks and answer yer name every hour to the sergeant-major till these men arrive," and he went away.

Matters looked very black for Darby, but he didn't seem much put out, as the roars of laughter from the group of men surrounding his bed testified. And every ten minutes or so he would run to me saying, "Here's Doyle, sergeant-major!" till I got so annoyed that I ordered him to find out the time and come to me as he had been ordered; but Darby assured me that "there was ne'er a watch in the detachment but Quinlan had in pledge, bad luck to him," and he couldn't find the time.



The officer in command soon returned with some natives, and when Doyle was called they declared that he was not the man. One of them (who had his arm in a sling) spoke no word, but looked daggers at Darby. After inspecting the whole of the detachment they went away, but Darby was ordered to stand fast, and the remainder of the men dismissed.

"Now, Doyle," said the officer, "you have had a very narrow escape! I am quite convinced that it was you who did the damage at the dâk bungalow, because you could get no more than one bottle of brandy; it was you who beat off the police when they were called to arrest you. There was no Frenchmen with pistols, only policemen with batons, one of whom you injured. Had you been identified, you would have been severely punished. As it is, I can only punish you for being absent without leave. You will continue the punishment I awarded you this morning."

"He is unable to ascertain the time, so he comes to me every five minutes, sir," said I.

"What is to be done then?" asked the officer.

"He can find out the time by going to the sundial on the parade ground, by which he saw the time when he was on pass, sir," said I.

"Yes; by-the-bye, so he can," said the officer, turning away to hide the smile on his face. "You hear, Doyle?"

Darby walked off scratching his head and soliloquizing. "'Tis you is the unfortunate gossoon, Darby ! but you'll immortalize yerself yet, so ye will !"

A few days after this occurrence Doyle was sent for to hospital to attend upon a sergeant who was very ill there. The officer did not wish to send Darby, but the sick man would have no other person, and he was sent. His comrades shook their heads; they said he would stay as many days as nights—"him attend on a sick man!"

"Na bochlish!" said one, "Darby has the good drop in him if he is wild."

"Bad scan t'ye, who said he hadn't?" was the rejoinder—"whist! here he is! How is Reid Darby?"

"Oh th'in h" said Darby, "he is in the quare way. Sorra haporth on his bones but skin, and some o' that's gone!"

"Poor fellow; will he last long?"

"Sorra one of me knows," said Darby; "the doctor thinks he may live a week yet."

"Will ye stay all the time Darby?"

"To be sure! sure ye wouldn't have me lave a dyin' man! 'Tis wantin' some one we may be ourselves one of these fine days; besides it's a christian duty, as the *soggarth* told me the other day."

"Gi' me a han with the box and the bed, boys."

Willing hands were not wanting, and Darby with all his belongings was soon established in hospital. To give him his due, he attended on the sick man with the most assiduous care and attention, as if he had been his own brother, not for one week, but for nine weeks. There was nothing procurable he fancied would benefit the sick man, but he obtained for him. He ransacked the bazar and old Mickey's store for dainties, as he called red herrings, salmon, sardines, oysters, jams, &c.; nor did he stop at them. Before day-break he would be off to villages round for fresh butter, milk, honey and fruit, the cost of all which he bore himself. This gained him, "golden opinions," and brought him more custom than all the "bagdadders" in the station, for Darby carried on a roaring trade. But all he could do could not resuscitate the dying man. Darby attended on the sergeant till he died, and Darby's heartfelt lamentations brought tears into eyes that had long been dry. He was not content with what he had done for his comrade, living; he was determined to show him respect when dead. He would give him a "dacent" wake, and a "respectable" funeral such as his own people would have given him, had he died among them, in dear ould Ireland. He went to work, then, in the real



old jannesian way. He got pipes and tobacco ; twelve case bottles of rum ; empty bottles were substituted for candlesticks, and the whole men of the detachment were invited to the wake. The guests were assembled, and the candles were lit, when the surgeon put a stop to what he was pleased to call "popish practices." All went but Darby, who vowed they would have to tear him limb from limb to get him away. My services were put in requisition to have him removed, but I told the surgeon he had better let the man remain. At first he would not hear of such a thing. I reasoned to no purpose. I wanted to know where I should put him when I removed him ? Anywhere ; only he wished him out and the doors locked. He would smash fifty doors, I told him. "Leave him," said I, "to his sorrow for to-night ; he will be all right in the morning."

"No ! no ;" said the surgeon, the fellow might get drunk, come to my bungalow and murder me !"

"If you are afraid," said I, "you can have some of the men to protect you."

Just then the commanding officer came up and enquired what all the row was about. The surgeon explained his difficulty, at which the officer laughed.

"The sergeant-major is right," said he, "let the poor fellow remain. come let us see him !"

We went to where the corpse was laid out. Poor Darby was sitting in a most disconsolate position, the very image of despair! He did not seem to hear us enter, and was talking apparently to the remains of his departed friend.

"Yer gone, Tom, avic machree! yer gone! t'is you wor kind and had the good word for Darby, and now who is left to advise him, and scould him whin he goes wrong? Och hone wurra, wurra! tis me that's alone in the world without a friend! since you have left me Tom agra!"

"You are *not* without a friend, Doyle," said the generous young officer: "I will be your friend if you will let me," and the big tears were running down his manly face.

Darby rose and clasped the outstretched hand of the young gentleman, but his heart, for some time, was too full for words. At length he asked permission to remain with the corpse, which was granted. "God bless you, sir," said Darby, "I heard what you and the sergeant-major said to the doctor." We wished poor Darby good night and returned to barracks.

The funeral took place on the following morning, and Darby disappointed many, who thought he would give vent to his feelings by some violent demonstration of grief; but he conducted himself wonderfully well. He said afterwards he would have given the world to have had a good cry, and he.



kept all right for a day or two, and then he commenced drinking, which he continued for some days. I was told that he had gone to the bazar, where he had purchased a lot of preserves, brought them home and stored them away. I warned a couple of men to keep an eye on him. He remained quiet all day, but at night, about 10 o'clock, I was told he had started, taking the articles he had purchased with him. I called a file of men and followed; we got sight of Darby crossing the parade ground, and followed him up the hill and into the grave-yard. He proceeded to the new-made grave, where he sat down and busied himself in unpacking the articles he had brought with him.

"Tom, chora-machrec," he said, "sorra bit would that *crowlaun* av a doctor let me wake ye dacently, as I tould ye I wud! Arrah man! didn't he want to turn me out, and the divil doubt him but he would, too, only for the sergeant-major an' the officer who came just in time—the hivins be their bed, an' God bless them for the kind words they sed! I tould ye thin, I wuldn't forget ye! I suppose you thought I hav' broke me word, an' small blame to ye for that same. But ye see, Tom, avic, sure you know the sorrow was on me, an' I tuk the drop to drown id! True for ye, ye often tould me that's a lame excuse for makin' a baste av meself, an' laving ye here in the could, and sorra christen sowl to spake to ye,



barrin' the highannas! (hyenas) an' them jackals—bad scan to thim! Bud here I am, Tom, wid as fine a drop as ivir ye tasted—an' if it doesn't warm ye, can Darby no gintleman! Musha; 'tis the hard job I had to get it from ould Mickey! Try that now," and here he poured some of the liquor on the grave.

(One of the men made a slight noise in endeavouring to suppress his laughter, and this noise Darby chose to imagine proceeded from the grave.)

"Didn't I tell ye it was good stuff? That's none of yer half-an'-half that Quinlan sells! here's to ye Tom, ma bouchal"—and he took a long pull at the bottle. The sardines, salmon &c., were all opened and shared with Tom. The brandy had been, Darby eating, drinking and talking to his dead comrade. During this weird repast a pickled onion chanced to roll off the grave. Darby improved the occasion. "Ye don't like it, Tom? You niver *did* care for pickles! Sorra wan of me knows what will please ye. Take a pull av this avick! Wud ye like a soda wid it? I've a bottle. I got from ould Tom; swate bad look to him for not makin' the sausages ye wor so fond of! "Arrah," he says, "would ye have me kill a pig to make half a dozen sausages sis he. I'll take a dozen 'sis I." Not av ye wor to take two dozen, says he. Kill a *boneen*, and

I'll pay for the whole of it, sis I. "Arrah don't be makin' a Judy Fitz'simmons' mother o' yerself" sis he. Take ■ tot, an' a bottle av soda. I've the liquor at home. Gi' me the soda, sis I, and that's how I came by it, Tom. There it's for ye, and much good may it do ye, my poor gossoon. Oh thin; avic I'm lonely widout ye ■ Where you are gone, sorra one av me knows, but, wherever ye are, a haskya (*i. e.*, my treasure,) Darby would like to be wid ye!" Here he took a long pull at the bottle and laid his head on the grave.

I looked round and there stood the surgeon, the young officer, and about a dozen men. Some men had followed my party, and had been seen by the surgeon and the lieutenant from their quarters, who wishing to know where the men were going, followed, and entered the grave-yard so quietly that no one heard them. The officer beckoned to me and told me to fetch a dooley and take Doyle to hospital. "All rank popery," said the doctor, who had advanced to the grave. The words had scarcely been uttered, when, with a bound, Darby had him by the neck, lifted him up in the air, and before assistance could be rendered the unfortunate disciple of Galen and Protestantism went crashing on the grave.

"You come to mock me at the very grave, do you? stand back," he cried to the men who were

rushing towards the madman—for mad he certainly was—"You won't ;" he cried, "then take that—and that—and that—and come on more, there's only three down yet!" Here he looked round and his eye caught the poor little doctor who had picked himself up, and was making off, when Darby caught him, and sent him flying again among the *debris* of the ghostly feast.

Before he could do more mischief a powerful young fellow closed with him, and with the assistance of other men Darby was conveyed to hospital where he was furnished with a strait-jacket, and the kind little surgeon attended him (as he did every one) with the utmost care. He would not hear of any charge being made against Darby. "I have no charge against the man sergent-major" said he. "He was not accountable for his actions, and I was to blame—" and Darby scored another to his many wonderful escapes.

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# DARBY DOYLE,



## CHAPTER II.

DARBY'S "JEWEL"—DARBY SUPERINTENDS ROAD-MAKING AND COMES OUT AS A B. A.—AOTS THE GOOD SAMARITAN—GETS HIS HEART'S DESIRE—MARRIES AND SETTLES DOWN AS A WELL-TO-DO PORK-BUTCHER.



WHEN Darby left the hospital, I kept him in a room with two others till he was quite recovered. The surgeon visited him every day, and the commanding officer occasionally. Darby's doings had been, and were, the talk of the station, and many a hearty laugh they caused to the new arrivals. The snow having appeared at Simla, many people came down to the milder climate, and to them the little surgeon would relate how the wild Irishman had laid him on his comrade's grave. The surgeon was very glad to learn that Darby was keeping steady and always enquired after him long after he had been a patient.

In that year upon Christmas eve, the snow fell thick and fast. The evening being bitterly cold the

men crowded round the fire, jibing and joking and larking as men will on ■ Christmas eve.

Darby broke up the sitting—he started up, and said—

“Begorra, boys, this is the cowld Christmas eve! Stir the fire, put down the pot and may be ye’ll have somethin’ to warm ye!” Off he walked to his box from which he extracted three square bottles, and placed them on the table.

“Faith!” said Ned Roche, “if I had it I’d do the same as Darby. As I haven’t—*I’ll go for the water!*” and off he went.

The men had been saving their grog for Xmas, so that there were lots of it in the barracks. Several of them went to their store and produced each their quantum; the parson’s clerk was “run off” to the bazar for sugar and spice; the largest dekchi in the cook-room was soon on the fire, and when the water was boiling, operations commenced! Darby superintended the brewing, and the punch was soon steaming on the table, the men all sitting round.

“Begorra ’tis the rale stuff and no mistake! Darby, me buck, av ye had been born in a sheebeen-house it couldn’t be better made! Now for a song Darby! “The boys o’ Tipperary, Darby.” “The darling kippeen av ■ stick, Darby.” A thousand indents were made upon Darby, but the “Darlin’

Kippeen" seeming the favorite, Darby gave it with great emphasis, twirling his stick and shouting with tremendous vigour and concluded with wonderful acclamations. Other songs followed, and all was jollity, when one of the company, having evidently exceeded his allowance, accused Darby of unfairness in "totting out," as *his* pot had been empty for the last half-hour—forgetting, probably, that his draughts had been deeper and more frequent than his neighbours.'

Darby disowned with the utmost scorn the base imputation, and in an eloquent speech established his reputation. His language was so high-flown that he quite excited the jealousy of the man with the empty pot.

"Arrah, where did ye learn that iligant spache, me fine old buffalo sojer?" he asked.

Here the general voice of the company decided that a gross insult had been offered to Darby, and if he gave "the man wid the empty pot," a good thrashing it would serve him right.

"Sure," said one fellow, "he's not fit to stand before Darby!"

"Niver mind," said another, "sure they could fight a *jewel*! George has the pistols, an' begorra if I was insulted like that I'd do it!"



"Would ye now?" said a third, "what 'did you do whin Ned Roche gave you a slap in the face an' a taste of his boot-leather?"

"Whist! order! Darby wants to spake!"

"I demand an immediate apology," said Darby, "for the insult which has just been offered me! No man ever heaid me say a word against the arm of the service to which Enhis belongs—did ye boys?"

"No, no Darby, he must apologize or fight."

"The first I won't," said the man, "for that's what Darby wants—But I'll fight him wid pistols."

"Bravo Tom, well said, me buck! pistols and coffee for two!"

"Niver mind the coffee! punch will do."

Pistols—pistols, was the cry from all hands! except the newly appointed parson's clerk. This model young man thought it was his duty to prevent bloodshed, as if he were the parson instead of the "amen wallah," as the men had ineverently dubbed him. Little attention was, however, paid to him, and two friends were appointed to arrange the necessary preliminaries for the "jewel." It was decided that the men should stand back-to-back in the centre of the room, march ten paces to their respective fronts, face about, and fire.

Now for the pistols! where were they? In George's box, and for the first time during the

evening it was discovered that the party who owned that name had not appeared at that convivial Christmas gathering, and to the calling of his name there was no response. What was to be done? Joe Moore certainly had a pistol; it was very antique, and might have been at Plassey from its appearance, but he produced it and placed it on the table. After due examination by the seconds it was pronounced fit for service—but where the other?

“Echo answered where.”

Here was a fix; how was this new difficulty to be surmounted? Here was a chance for the parson’s clerk to show off his humanity.

“Comrades,” said he, “take my advice and shake hands. Have a drink and settle the dispute as it is impossible for ye to fight with one pistol unless you toss up for the first shot which you won’t do of course.”

“Won’t they indeed? just what they will do and the thing I was thinkin’ of,” said the tailor.

“So was I, Ned! is it the first toss?”

“Yes! spin it up.”

Up went the coin, and “head” was called, but it was not easy in those days to get a coin with either head or tail on, nearly all that came into the soldier’s hands were “dumplings.” But after a time a coin was found to answer the purpose, and Darby

lost the toss—Ennis was to have the first shot. The combatants shook hands, drank out of the same pot, wished each other good-bye, and declared that they forgave each other before proceeding to extremities.

“If I shoot you, as I am sure to do,” said Ennis, to Darby, “’tis praying for yer sowl I’ll be.”

“Thank ye, Tom; ye wor always a dacent boy, an’ dacently brought up! Yer people will be sorry for ye when I write an’ tell them how ye missed me, and when it come to my turn how I shot the shoulder out of ye,” said Darby.

“The same as ye shot the Frenchman! Take a drop Darby to keep yer heart from gettin’ down in yer boots!”

Thus did the time pass while the seconds loaded the pistol which was handed to Ennis. The men were placed; the word “march” was given; slowly they separated. The ten paces were measured in slow time. Every eye was turned on the man with the pistol; slowly he faced about and raised the weapon. A loud report followed, but a most unearthly roar was heard from the opposite side of the room. As the men rushed towards the prostrate figure on the floor, it was evident he had received the shot in the back as his Shagowatti coat was ablaze—and water was the cry!



Then there was confusion as the men rushed in each other's way, but serais and châttries, full of water—icy cold—were being plentifully poured over the groaning man! Two men brought an immense gumlah-full which went to pieces as they were in the act of emptying the contents over the man on the ground. Still he only groaned? Shouts were heard on all sides: "Send for the doctor! Stir up the fire! Where are the lights! Call the priest, &c. &c." The parson's clerk thought this a good opportunity for showing his zeal, opened the door and ran off for the parson, and while this babel was going on, the wounded man suddenly sprang to his feet and ran out of the door taking the same path as the clerk. He was soon close behind that individual, the ground being so steep he could not stay his speed, and the unfortunate clerk thinking that another man who had been a candidate for his place, was endeavouring to reach the parson's before him, turned to judge how far he was ahead. Scarcely had he done so, when crash! came his pursuer on top of him, and down they went among the bushes at the side of the khud! While these things were going on outside, the group of men inside, were in semi-darkness (the lights not having been lighted), peering out of the doorway through which Darby had disappeared. Quinlan, who was a devout

believer in ghosts and all manner of apparitions declared that the devil had flown away with Darby, before the priest could arrive. "That's the way them divils' does be doin, when they is goin to lose any of their boys; an' ye all know that Darby was the devil's own boy," said he.

"Howld yer prate, or I'll send you after him," said one. "He was worth a thousand *crowlans* like you."

"The Lord between us and harm! what's that forninst the fire?" roared Quinlan! All eyes were turned in that direction, and there, sure enough, stood Darby, pistol in hand, levelled at the group, and a most diabolical grin on his face. A shiver ran through the assembly as with a most unearthly voice he said "I've-come-for-my—shot!"

"Holy Mary! tis his ghost! run ye divils, run," roared Quinlan, and off he started, his hair on end with fright!

It will scarcely be credited that more than fifty men, most of whom were good men and true, who had cheered at the charge and mounted deadly breaches without flinching, were panic-stricken at an imaginary visit from the other world, and with the exception of the men who had loaded the pistol, all made a rush to my room in which I had only been for a few minutes. With difficulty I quieted them, as all were jabbering

their own story, and while I was endeavouring to understand the quandary, to my great astonishment in rushed my commanding officer.

"What is this?" he asked. "Is Bedlam broken loose! Who shot the man, sergeant-major?"

"Oh his ghost, sur; Darby's ghost in front of the fire is waitin' to shoot Ennis, an' well he deserves it for killin' the dacent boy, God rest his sowl!" said Quinlan.

"Who was shot? Who fired?"

"I shot—"

"Keep silence men!"

"Darby Doyle, sur, was shot by Ennis."

And here the man who loaded the pistol, walked in and said—"Darby Doyle or his ghost is standin' before the fire, sur!"

"Nonsense," said the officer. "I sent him with the surgeon to the hospital from my bungalow; it is not likely he could have got here so soon!"

"Oh! the Lord save us, there he is sure enough!" said one of the men, who had plucked up courage to peep into the room and then ran back.

"Come on sergeant-major; come on men: Let us see who this is who has made cowards of you all!"

"Sur!" said Quinlan solemnly, "*don't cross a ghost for three days and three nights or ye will get the falling sickness!*"



"Silence!" thundered the young gentleman, walking out of the room. I followed, of course, for officers and non-commissioned officers are supposed to be ghost-proof. We soon confronted his ghost-ship—although he didn't look much like one!

"What is all this about Doyle?" asked the officer.

"Only a lark, sur," said Darby. "It's Christmas time."

"Were you at my bungalow just now?"

"No sur; I have not been out of barracks!"

"Then who is the man who is hurt?"

"Sorra one of me knows, sur; who ever it is I'll go bail he's more frightened than hurt!"

"Tell me how all this occurred."

Darby stated as much as suited his purpose of what had occurred before he got the word "march." Then he said he had stepped behind the pillar and watched Ennis turn round to shoot at him. He had seen him raise the pistol, and was as much surprised as any one, as every one thought it was he who had been shot. In the confusion the lights were extinguished, and when the man bolted away, they all got frightened. Darby said he thought he would have a lark, but the moment he spoke, Quinlan made off and the others followed—and—said Darby—"that's all sur!"

“And quite sufficient, too, I think! Some one is wounded, however, who can it be? Call the roll sergeant-major!” The roll was accordingly called, when it was found that George and the parson’s clerk were the only men absent, but both these men and the doctor shortly put in an appearance. The doctor was in high glee. “I have extracted the bullet; my patient is doing well—here he is,” said he.

“George” said the young officer, “I thought you were dying, by Jove! and here you are, nothing the worse! Ain’t you ashamed of yourself!”

“Well, sir,” said George, “I think any one would feel queer if he was shot at on entering his room, and then half-drowned with ice-water to keep him from being burned alive. Why this practical joke was perpetrated on me I do not know, but I hope you will take serious notice of it, sir.”

“I understand,” said the surgeon, “that the men were not aware George had entered the room at all. They were under the impression that it was Doyle who received the contents of the pistol, which, by the way, were nothing but powder and rags!”

Here there was a hearty laugh. George was a very good fellow, and when he found that he was neither shot, burned, drowned or joked upon, he joined in the laugh, and that ended Darby Doyle’s “jewel.”

Our kind-hearted commanding officer took a great interest in Darby, and often enquired how he was progressing. He was only a lieutenant, but he had influential friends and much interest. I told Darby on more than one occasion how much he had said regarding him, and Darby was delighted.

"Och! sergeant-major," he said to me one day, "if he would only get me back to the Horse Artillery, I'd pray for him, mornin', noon and night."

"Who are you about to pray for Doyle?" said the officer who entered just then. When he found that Darby remained silent, he referred to me, and poor Doyle looked so miserable that I could not help laughing at the figure he cut, and was determined that the officer should know for whom Darby was about to appeal to heaven.

When I did so, he laughed heartily.

"All right Doyle!" said he, "I will try all I can to get you retransferred to the Horse Artillery; would you like to go on the roads for some time? I have been asked if any of the men are able to superintend the coolies, and I will recommend you and some others!"

Darby thanked him, and in a few days thereafter he was making roads as busily as if he had been a foreman to the great Macadam himself.



During his turn at the highways a most amusing incident occurred to him which I shall relate to you.

It appeared that the officer under whom Darby was serving, was in the habit of sending him numerous chits on matters of business, adding the initials "B. A." to his signature. My boy Darby thought he would do the same, and in replying to his next note he added the "B. A." to his signature in very distinct characters. The note was forwarded on to the officer commanding enquiring if Doyle was a bachelor of arts. "Why, sergeant-major," said the officer to me, "Doyle has turned out to be a B. A.—read that." I read the note and there, sure enough, were the letters with a dash underneath. "When will he be in the station?" the officer enquired. "To-morrow, sir," I answered. "Bring him to see me," he said, "as soon as he comes. I want to find out at what university he received the distinction." And away he went laughing.

Next day being Saturday, Mr. Doyle made his appearance. I told him the officer wished to see him.

"Has he got my transfer?" eagerly asked Darby.

"You are always bothering about that transfer Doyle. I don't know about the transfer, but I

know he's got a letter about you, and that is why he wants to see you."

Darby, delighted, was dressed, sharp. The few residents in the station were playing cricket on the parade ground and among them Darby's superior, the "B. A." man. We started; and as soon as my officer saw us approaching, he called all the others together, so that there was quite a little crowd when we got to him.

"Well, Doyle," he said, "I am glad to hear such a good account of you from your captain; but he wants to know where you graduated. Was it Trinity which had the honor of bestowing on you the degree of B. A., the initials of which I see you attach to your signature? That's yours, isn't it?" and he handed him the note he had written to his captain.

For a moment Darby was silent and looked at the note, examining it as carefully as if he had never seen it before, but the next he was himself again. He returned the note saying—

"Oh captain, if that's all he wants to know 'tis myself is proud to inform him that that name is as much entitled to the "B. A." that's behind it as any man who ever *emigrated* from Trinity or any other Ty; for sure 'tis Darby Doyle of the *Bengal Artillery* (and that's B. A.) and that's my own four bones, captain, as you know!

Here there was a very hearty laugh, the engineer not appearing particularly well pleased when his note was handed back to him by our officer, and we were told to go. Darby resigned next day, assigning, as a reason, that he didn't care much for serving a man who made a "*mole-hill out of a mountain* ! "

The detachment was now about to be broken up, and Darby brought his traps to barracks, but his restless disposition would not permit him to remain quiet, and he turned his attention to the man who had refused him the sausages for his dead comrade. He visited this man and found the family, nine in number, almost starving. Darby had a big heart, and that night he supplied them with the first good meal that had been eaten in the wretched hovel for many days. He took them meat, and wood to cook it with ; bread he got from the mess-box where there was always plenty. He got them bedding, and set Ned Roche to work making up clothes for the youngsters ; his own would fit the old man. The following day he lodged the price of a month's rations for them in my hands, so that there was no danger of their starving at any rate for that time. Thus he occupied his spare time, doing all the good he could for these poor people, and by his exertions, before he left the station, he saw them in a comfortable home,



doing a good business and very happy. The man was hard-working and honest, and soon was well-known on the hills, but was suspected of selling liquor to the soldiers. Here again Darby stood his friend.

A soldier was caught with a bottle of rum coming *from* the direction of the suspected man's house. This was sufficient, it was thought, to convict the man of having sold the liquor, but Darby said not.

"You stand here Sir, on this spot," said Darby, "and you will see me coming from the bazar; pass the house without going in, and bring you a bottle or two."

This was said to his own officer, who with the surgeon and one or two other officers had walked to the spot indicated by Darby. From it, one could see all the approaches to the house, and no one could leave it without being observed.

"You see, sir," continued Darby, "I have no money about me but four rupees." I searched him—all were satisfied and then off he started. We saw him pass the house and enter the bazar, and in a very short time he re-appeared. But what on earth had he on his head? "A coffin by all that is ridiculous!" said the surgeon. It *was* a coffin

which Darby soon laid on the ground, removed the lid, and from amongst a lot of shavings and saw-dust, produced two bottles of rum!

"Now, sir," said Darby, triumphantly, "was I right?"

"Right, indeed," said all, "but where did you get the liquor Doyle, and why in a coffin?"

"Sur," said Darby, "the kotwali guard are very sharp *in the day*, and wouldn't be a bit in dread to bring out their pig-sticks to a single European! But *at night* that same man could clear the bazar! However, sooner than have a shindy, I bought the coffin which none of them will go near, and in it brought the rum as you see."

"What will you do with the coffin, Doyle?"

"Sur," said Darby, "*The man isn't paid for it! Besides he'll take it back, for the man it was ordered for is not yet dead—and it's a couple o'sizes too small.*"

"Doyle you're a great rogue," said the doctor laughing. Indeed all were laughing, but they acknowledged that Darby had saved his friend and removed the suspicion.

But no importunity could get Doyle to reveal *where* he got the liquor.

"Don't ax me to brake me word, gintlemin," he said, "I would go through fire and water for

ayther of ye, as I have the good right to do—but you'd think badly av me if I broke my word. I know I have been wild, an' all that, but no man can say—Doyle! yer an informer!"

The surgeon turned to me. "Sergeant-major, can't you find a way to clear up this mystery? I am certain 'tis liquor sends so many men to hospital, and you see it is useless asking this stubborn fellow for information."

"All his popery, doctor," said I. There was a hearty laugh, and no one laughed louder than the doctor himself, who shook his finger at me.

Meanwhile Darby had lifted the coffin on his head and was half-way back to the bazar! "Where is the liquor? has he taken that? call him back, I want to analyze it—run after him—Doyle," he shouted. "Doyle! come back! come back!" Darby went on faster; the little Esculapius started to run after him, until a shout of laughter caused him to halt and return.

"Yes," said our young chief. "I maintain this is rank popery—Jesuitism doctor! eh!"

"You're as bad as the rest," said the little man, "I have no time to waste; I must be off to my patients; little use in trying to cure them if they get such vile stuff to drink!" And off he went to relieve the suffering Papists under his kind and



tender care. "God bless him wherever he goes," was the oft repeated prayer when he left the hospital: for a small man, I never knew one with a larger heart!

All Darby's spare time was given to his new friends; he was very steady and sedate while the depôt remained at the station. As soon as the regiments arrived from the plains, the men were attached to them. Our kind young officer did not forget his promise. He had urged his friends to use their influence in the proper quarter, and after some time Darby was made happy by being re-transferred to the gallant Bengal Horse Artillery, but not to the same brigade his friend the riding-master was in. I met him during the mutiny.

"By all the crosses in a yard av check, 'tis me that's glad to see ye," was his salutation. And he shook my hand with such vehemence that I thought I should have lost it. After many mutual enquiries and answers, I said,—

"You're a sergeant, Darby?" "Divil a less," said he, "and I am sure, major, ye niver thought to see stripes on me—only on me back! But sure *he* (the young officer) done it all; the night he said he'd be my friend if I would let him, and that was furnint Poor Tom lying dead on the bed, and yourself

that was to the fore! My heart opened to him that minit, and ever since I have tried to show that I would let him be my friend—and *deserve it*. I saw the big tears run down his checks. I put *him here*," he said, touching his left breast, "and here he will remain until my dying day. Av you saw the letter he sent to me, begorra *I would be a raskel* to do a haporth to anger him! An' the little doctor, too! Arrah man, dear, if all officers would spake as kindly to wild fellows as the doctor and he spoke, 'tis very little crime wud be committed in the sarvice. I know kindness has made a man av Darby Doyle!"

"Well done!" said the misthress. "Did he marry one of the poor man's daughters? wonder?"

"Marry!" said old scarlet and blue, "all ye are thinking of!"

"But did he now?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I think I heard something about it!"

"I was sure he would, from the time he gave them the meat, and the *firewood to cook it*! He was a marrying man was Darby. Any one could give the meat, but to think of the firewood," said the mistress, "showed him a sensible fellow with all his tricks. I'm sure I hope he's happy!"

"I hope so," said the old fellow—and Darby Doyle was dismissed with a blessing.\* He joined the pork-butcher, who is now a wealthy man, doing an excellent business in an up-country station—his partner and his son-in-law being me bowld undaunted Darby Doyle.

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# ENLISTING A BARRISTER.



## CHAPTER III.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT'S TACTICS—HE HOOKS HIS MAN,  
WHO IS CLAIMED AS AN APPRENTICE—THE TRIAL—SCENE IN  
COURT—APPEAL TO THE JUDGE—JUDGMENT—THE SER-  
GEANT'S ADVICE.



THE old lancer was in high feather one evening I called to see him. The time was when we were all anxiously looking for a declaration of war by Her Majesty's Government against the Russians—when every one was rampant against Von Moltke; when Bismarck was almost as great a "bugaboo" in one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven as Napoléon had been when he was at the zenith of his glory!

"Did you see the telegram?" was the first question he asked me. And before I could reply to that, he had poured out half-a-dozen more in rapid succession.

"Do you know the reserves have been called out? of course there will be war! Plenty of fighting cut out for us; 100,000 *made* men to go

from India! Hear that! So Napier says, and he's a judge! When you were hammering your heads against Sebastopol, you had lots of Frenchmen, German Legions, Italians, Turks and goodness knows who besides, but this time, my dasher, we'll go at them ourselves—English, Irish and Scotch—the Indian troops will do to garrison the places we take! bring up convoys and all that sort of thing, but *we* must do the fighting! I wish I was young again! There would be another lance in rest for the Russians!"

"Why are you so anxious," I asked, "to go to war with Russia! Is it because they have beaten the Turks, our old allies?"

"Not at all," answered the old fellow! "One is as bad as the other, and *worse*. Old friendship is well, and well enough; but if you saw an old friend about to drown himself, and he would not take your advice not to do so, and you hadn't the power to prevent him, would you jump into the water and drown yourself for old friendship's sake? No faith! 'tis not an account of the Turk, but because Russia is a big fellow, and one gets credit for *batin* a fellow bigger than himself, and England has declared war."

"Not yet," said I.

"Well; she will do it then; we must not ask who is right and who is wrong. Soldiers

I have not to consider that part of the business. My old colonel used to say a soldier was not supposed to think; nor to think that he ought to think—he said *he* was paid for thinking for us. And he was right! “Obedience is the first duty of a soldier” as the recruiting sergeant will tell you; and that reminds me of a story told by a recruiting sergeant which is well worth recording. Light up! and I will tell it you as well as my memory serves me. I had it from a barrister after he had read the first series of “Stray Leaves,” and I am afraid I won’t be able to do it justice—but here goes!”

“Now, mind!” said he, “*this story is as true as gospel!*”

“All your stories are,” said I. The old fellow took a squint at me to see whether I was “takin’ a rise out of him,” as he called it—but as I was apparently all attention he went on.

“This is what the recruiting sergeant said—On such a day—I *disremember* the date,—but I recollect well enough I was walking, along with Johnny Grady, on the pavement of the finest street in the wide world, and that’s Sackville Street in Dublin, and no mistake in that. You spake about your Boulevards des—the divil knows what, and your Raygint Street in London and your Prince’s Street in Edinburgh, but *that’s* the strate



for me that lades from Carlisle Bridge to the Rotunda and has Nelson's Pillar for a centre ornament! We had a shilling each, and that was all the money between us. These two shillings had been in our pockets for many days. The young fellows in Dublin did not seem to care for money; and although we put up the green and white ribbons as soon as we left the recruiting office daily, they did not seem to attract the slightest attention.

Johnny Grady was my sworn henchman. We had been on recruiting duty several times before, and understood each other thoroughly, and upon this particular occasion he said to me—

"Pay will be out to-morrow, sergeant, and as there are no signs of our wanting *both* (he was alluding to the shillings I have mentioned), we may as well change *one*. A *cropper* would do a fellow a power av good this could mornin'."

Accordingly, agreeing with Johnny's dictum, we entered the first public house we came to, and ordered the whisky. Down went Grady's shilling which was soon in the till. But I put my hand in my pocket all the same and insisted upon paying for the liquor. Grady, however, would not hear of it, so I allowed him to pay for it *this time*. *Only this time, mind that!* And here Grady

winked at a fine young fellow who was leaning on the bar.

I went to light my pipe, and Grady entered into conversation with the young man.

As is usual with men of his kidney, he commenced to descant upon the glories of his regiment.

"Bedad!" says he, "the finest regiment in the sarvice! Sure all the officers is rale ould Irish gentlemin, ascindin' in an oblique direckshon from Brian Boroo! Devil recave the haporth better you cud do than list! Let *him* list you, an'—an'—yer bread is baked!"

Three glasses were now on the counter, and as I turned round, the money was dropped in the till.

"The young man will take it, seargeant," said Grady—meaning the shilling I took out.

"Yes! and spend it," said the young fellow holding out his hand."

I put the usual questions to him; gave him the shilling and walked him off, duly enlisted, to the barracks as fine as a fiddle.

Well, sir, in a few days he was claimed as an apprentice and brought before the major, who of course handed him over to the civil power for the decision of *that* point, and he was committed for trial. At the following assizes I was called as a witness,

The moment I was sworn, up jumped a barrister, and sis he—

"Ye kissed yer thumb instead of the book, sis he. Beg. your pardon, sir, sis I, 'twas the book I kist! A durty book it is, sis I, an' a dirtier kiss I niver had. Swear him agan, ses the judge! an' ag'in I had to kiss that greasy ould book. All wint fair an' aisy till the chap who said I kissed me thumb got up. Now, me fine fellow, sis he, you'll just answer the questyins I put to ye, an' remembur you are on yer oath! I know I am, sis I. Remimbur, sis he, that you don't forget it, sis he. I'll mind, sis I. An' mind you tell the truth, sis he. I will, sis I. You know very well, sis he, *that you niver 'listed him at all.* I did 'list him, sis I."

"Did you put the questyins to him, sis he. I did, sis I. Be the vartue av yer oath, sis he, ax me them same questyins, for I don't belave you axed him. How do you know? sis I, for be this an' be that, you wern't near the place at all! Nivir you mind, sis he, *how* I know, but you had better tell the truth at once, for, me boy, I'll sift you before ye lave that box. Sift away, sis I, *an' mind you shake the sieve, for ye'll get more chaff nor corn,* sis I. Thim very words was told a barrister before in the Four Courts in Dublin, an' though it was an ould story, bedad the judge 'an' all the



lawyers were laughin' like mad, except the gentleman who was defendin' the prisoner."

"Go on, sis he—ax me the questyins; and hould-in' out his hand." Accordingly I pulled out a shillin', an' clapped it in his fist, and thin I axed him the questyins, and he said "yes" to them all. Were thim the same questyins ye put to the prisoner? sis he. They wer, sis I. Well, sis he, there's yer shillin' back for ye! I can't take it sur, sis I. Why not? sis he. Sure, sis I, I can't take it back till ye go before the magistrate and pay the smart money (which every recruit must pay if he wishes to be relieved from service after enlistment and before attestation). Ye'll be hanged, sis he, lookin' mighty fierce an' puffin'! Then, sis I, I'll niver be drowned!

"Wid that I called to his lordship the judge: *Me lord, sis I, didn't I list him fairly?*

"Ye did" sis he.

Boys deer! wasn't there a roar in the court! The judge was laughin' till the tears wer runnin' down his face! I thought the bar wud niver stop! There was no use in calling silence, for the more they tried, the worse the laughin' got. The barrister put the shillin' in his pocket, an' when at length some kind of order was restored and finding the decision of the court was in my favor, I axed the judge *if I could take away me new recruit?*

Wid that there was another laff! But the barrister *he* was laffin' on the other side of his mouth; he was as red as a turkey cock about the gills, an' as mad as a bull wid the cholic, but he made the best of a bad bargain an' paid down the smart money, an' I says to him, sis I.

"Whin you 'list agin, sur, sis I, *don't 'list in the lone.*"

"Why not?" sis he, snappin' me up.

"*Stick to the rifles*" sis I, "that's more in your way, an' niver try to sift an ould sojer."

Whin I wint home an' told the major, I thought he would die laffin'. He bid me keep the smart money for myself, but I considered Grady had ■ right to half, as all was owing to his trating me to a cropper that day I 'listed the young fellow who was tried. ■

"Whether the 'listin' of the lawyer had anything to do with it or not, I dunno; but the youngster got off very chapely, and it was the talk of Dublin for a week after."

That was the sergeant's story.

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# PHIL O'SULLIVAN.



## CHAPTER IV.

PHIL, THOUGH NOT A BISHOP, MAKES A NOISE IN THE CHURCH  
—HIS WEDDING PARTY—THE QUARTERMASTER AND JACK  
SILENCE.



"THE sergeant told his story very well, and it *took*! He had other stories too, which would hardly pass muster now-a-days, for very queer things were in vogue when he was a young fellow to *crib* men for the service. Even in my time, Burns used to tell a story about a 'Bandon boy,' who was 'taken in and done for.' "

Thus the old lancer after he had chuckled at what he called the "defate of Buzfuz."

"These things are all done away with now," said I.

"Time they wor," said he. "Many a man took a dislike to the service on account of the way he was himself entrapped, and although Phil O'Sullivan thought himself a victim, yet he took to soldiering lik a tump!"



"Tell the story," said I, "the night is young yet."

"*I disremember,*" said the lancer.

"Freshen your memory an' your nip at the same time," said I—pushing the bottle towards him.

He obeyed; covered the bottom of the glass, winked at the dacent woman that owned him, and fired away.

"Phil O'Sullivan hailed from Bandon. There's where you'd meet the dacent boys and the purty girls, or I'm not a judge!"

[Here the mistress—as usual—had forgotten something in the bedroom, and retired, with ■ sniff.]

"Walk through Irishtown, and blow the froth off a pot of Hurley's; then walk along the bridge up to the cross of Kilbroggin; ax the *vanoussil* of the 'Harp' to mix you a tumbler of Allman's whisky punch, that's as mild as milk, and if you don't sleep after it, why, there's no *mate* in mutton. Well; Phil had done all these things. He had, in fact, become oblivious, and a recruiting sergeant had been a great deal too friendly and lent him a shilling. He had no fancy for leaving ■ place where good liquor was to be had, and it wasn't until he had knocked down half-a-dozen men, and was himself knocked about a good deal, that he could be

persuaded to start for Kinsale where the depôt of the regiment to which the sergeant belonged was stationed. He swore he had *not* taken the shilling, but one was found in his pocket, and that was considered proof positive that he *had* been enlisted. Be that as it may, he was marched off to barracks, and as he was perfectly sober by that time, he was brought up before the major who declared he was a fine young fellow, as indeed he was, barrin' a black eye or so (which the worthy commander did not seem to notice).

Well, sir, Phil commenced soldiering in good earnest. Old Crabtree (the drill sergeant), said he was the pride of his squad, if he *had* a spic of the devil in him. *That* he said, would rub away in time. The only regulation which Phil could not stand, was that most *barbarious* and unchristian institution called "tattoo," and after that "roll-call." These were the stumbling blocks which brought Phil up "all standing," and between which he came to grief, for every day he was off duty he went to town, and was surely late for roll-call. The causes invented for his absence were varied and numerous, as became an inventive imagination; and he often contrived to "get over" the major, who gave him what Pauden Kelly called a "fool's pardon." But such a run of luck could not last; he was fain, occasionally,

to be contented with what the same authority called "the full crack of the whip" in the shape of pack drill and confinement to barracks.

■ Even when he left one town for another, like the hard-up gentry, he took his old habits with him. And on a certain Sunday morning, after coming off guard, he astonished his room-mates by remaining *perdu* all day, instead of junketting about the town. But in the evening he dressed himself carefully and off he went. As was usual, he was reported absent, and the officer of the day gave him an hour's grace, and said that, if he returned sober, he was to be sent to bed.

Hour after hour passed however, and no Phil; nor did he put in an appearance until the following day when he was brought to barracks by a sergeant of police. This was the first occasion on which Phil had remained out all night, and of course his kit was inspected by the orderly sergeant. His kit was all right, and a note was found, which the sergeant rightly imagined would throw some light on the cause of Phil's absence—for the sergeant had opened it and made himself master of its contents—and he deposited it with the dépôt sergeant-major who handed it to the adjutant, and as soon as the major appeared on the parade the missive was handed to *him*.



He ordered Phil into the presence. The police sergeant told his story and was dismissed. Now Master Phil had made up his mind to tell the major the same story which had brought him off before the magistrate, but when his eye fell upon the note which lay open on the table, he knew that all had been discovered. He had hardly time to collect his scattered faculties when the chief asked him what he had to say ?

"Nothin', yer honor," said Phil, "only I'm very sorry, an' I hope ye'll be laynint wid me !"

"You were in the lock-up the greater part of the night, I understand," said the major.

Phil owned the soft impeachment.

"You told the magistrate you had gone into a church to perform your devotions, and although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, eh ?"

Phil was silent.

"You said you attributed your weakness in having fallen asleep to having been on guard the previous night ?"

"I *was* on guard, major : *that* was true anyhow."

"And the magistrate let you off ?"

"He did, major !"

"And you expect *me* to believe the same story, do you ?"

"No, major!" said Phil, with a smile of deprecation. "I'm not so bad as that! It would be little use tryin' to decave *you*! Sure you can *radh* me like a book; and whatever I may have told the magistrate, I'm goin' to tell *you* the truth!"

"Oh!" said the chief, "then tell me how you happened to be found in the church?"

Phil paused for a moment, and then exclaimed—

"Oh! major jewel! spare me! I don't want to save meself, *but there's another in it*!"

"What!" said the major, "was *there another* in the church with you?"

"Not in the church, major—but in the parlour!" said Phil.

"What has the parlour to do with the church?" asked the major.

Here Phil hesitated, but on being pressed he broke out—

"Arrah major! you would make a man hang himself, so ye would! No use tryin' to hide anything from *you*, and I'll tell you all; but sure the whole dippo (depôt) will be laffin an' makin' fun o' me!"

"Well, O'Sullivan!" said the major, "as you did not endeavour to impose on me, I will not ask you to say more. There!"—handing him the note—"the next time you are invited to take tea and whisky punch at the parson's, be more careful

where you leave the invitation. As you were able to get clear from the magistrate, and persuaded him to let you off an offence *some* people would call house-breaking and sacrilege, I suppose I must forgive you the lighter offence of being absent from barracks. You can go!"

■ The note handed to Phil was from the parson's housemaid, informing him that her master and mistress were invited out to dinner after evening service, after which Phil was to come to tea, and "may be she (the housemaid) would make him a dandy of punch into the bargain. But, mind, Phil darlin," the note continued, "if we should be disturbed, or any one calls, run through the passage into the church, and wait till I come." It appeared that some one *had* called sooner than was expected—for the master and mistress returned. So Phil did as he had been told; ran through the passage which led from the clergyman's house to the church, and having had a trifle more than *one* dandy, he there fell fast asleep. It happened (as it did *not* on other occasions) that the worthy clergyman was moved to fasten the door of the passage hereinbefore mentioned, and Sarah (the housemaid) was unable to release her lover, but consoling herself with the hope that he would be able to make his exit by one of the windows or otherwise, she followed the



example of her master and her mistress and retired to rest.

But a *denouement* of a far different description was awaiting Phil! He slept the sleep of the just until the solemn watches of the night had gathered round the sacred edifice, and did not awaken until midnight, when he found himself shivering with cold, and semi-oblivious of his whereabouts. In his efforts to arouse himself he upset the bench on which he had been resting his weary bones—and *that* upset another—and another—until such a clatter was raised as would have awakened the “seven sleepers.” The watchman outside hearing the “ruction,” sprang his rattle; the clergyman and his wife were nearly frightened out of their wits, and when the police came—which they did fast enough—they found the devout young soldier whom sleep had overtaken while at his devotions. Verily the *spirit* had been strong—but the *flesh* was weak indeed! The following day an account of the adventure appeared in the local paper, and you may depend that a good deal of laughter was created in the barracks when it was known that Phil was the somnolent hero who had—although he wasn't a bishop—made such a noise in the Church!

Shortly after this the *depôt* to which Phil belonged was ordered to march; “got the route,” is the parlance used upon such occasions, and the day previously

Phil and the parson's housemaid had been made one. After the ceremony he returned to barracks, intending with a few select friends to have a jollification, as was usual on such occasions, but found, to his annoyance and surprise, that all hands were ordered to be confined to barracks the night previous to the march. Taking the circumstances into consideration, it is hardly to be supposed that any barrack walls in broad Ireland could "*hould*" Phil O'Sullivan's "four bones" on that night—of all nights in the year. Nor did he wish to "break out." Thus, when a fitting occasion offered, he assembled, quietly, about a dozen of his friends, with their side-arms; himself mounted the stripes of a corporal, and assuming the command marched them boldly out of the gate! The *ruse* was successful, as the guard were labouring under the impression that the party was proceeding on duty, asked no questions, and they got clear off without let or hindrance. A night was made of it; nor were the party in any great haste to leave the good things set before them, and it was only next morning, after a hearty breakfast provided for them out of the balance of the banquet of the previous day, that the "bould sojer boys" thought of returning to barracks.

When they did so, they found that the *depôt* had marched, leaving their belongings in charge of the barrack-sergeant, and getting themselves

in marching order they were soon on the line of march to overtake their comrades. They had to pass through the egg market *en route*, where creels and heaps of eggs were displayed for sale. One of these egg merchants (as the vendors were called, although their capital consisted only of a few pence, and their stock an old stocking full of addled eggs) tauntingly enquired of one of the party "if they came to buy eggs?"

"Deed no," answered Phil, "but what will you take, me dacent man (he said to one who had the largest stock), for a jump in the creel?"

"A shilling!" was the jeering answer.

"There ye are, in the king's name!" said Phil, clapping a shilling into the man's hand, and afterwards told him to make haste and sell off his stock as he was now a soldier! In vain the man protested! Phil swore he had enlisted the too-eager egg-man; he had a cloud of witnesses, and the unfortunate man had no alternative but to "pay the smart," or start at once with the party. The smart money was paid down, and after much laughter, the defecting men soon overtook and joined the depot. In those days, such escapades were a good deal more common than they are now and the whole of the absentees escaped with a good wiggling.

"What?" I asked, with becoming modesty, "did they do with the smart money?"



"Do with it?" asked the old man, with lofty contempt. "What *should* they do wid it? Put it in the fund? (Saving's bank). What *should* they do with it but drink it!"

However, on the strength of having become "Benedict the married man," Phil got sobered down a good deal. His wife, of course, was not on the strength of the regiment as it is called—that is, she didn't live in barracks, but the kindness of some of the non-commissioned officers' wives procured her employment, and matters went on pretty smoothly; what with getting up fine linen and needle-work she wasn't idle. At this time the quartermaster joined the depôt (he had come home on sick leave, and intended to go out again to the regiment with the first draft of recruits), and to him Phil's wife was recommended as a laundress. She, accordingly, resuscitated the linen of the officer, took the clothes home, and presented her "little bill." The quartermaster had no objection to receiving the renovated duds, but he had, a very great objection to paying for their renovation, and instead of settling the poor woman's demand in full, he gave her exactly half, wondered at what he called "her impudence," accused her of overcharging him, and made use of language the reverse of polite in so doing. Nor did he stop at this; there was a vacancy just then on the

strength for a married woman, and on Phil's wife being recommended, she was opposed tooth and nail by the quartermaster, and with such effect as to preclude her name being put on the muster roll.

Mr. Philip O'Sullivan was not best pleased at this treatment, but having to "grin and bear it," he cast about for some way in which he could take a rise out of the quartermaster, and an opportunity very soon presented itself of which he was not slow to take advantage.

Every morning the quartermaster (although he had nothing to do with the duty) being on leave, chose to attend at the ration stand where the rations were issued to the men. And, while there, he was in the habit—under the pretence of testing the quality of the bread—to take a large piece out of one of the ration loaves and eat it. In his capacity of "room orderly" (a man told off daily to draw rations, clean up, &c. &c.), Master Phil had to attend there too, and when he saw the quartermaster make his usual attack upon the four-pound loaf, he ran off into the barrack room, filled a large white basin with water, walked up to the officer, and with one hand presented it to that astonished individual, while, with the other, he gravely saluted him!

Shouts of laughter followed the proceeding. A young scamp of an orderly officer, led the

chorus—and officer, non-commissioned officer *and* men joined. But Phil—and the basin—was marched off to the guard-room, charged with the offence of having been highly disrespectful. On his way to the orderly room, the officer heard the men on guard laughing loudly, and he turned into the guard-room, where he threatened the sergeant with divers pains and penalties for allowing the guard to laugh at him.

When the “great basin case” was to be disposed of, there was a numerous attendance in the office. The story of the quartermaster’s “bread being given and his water being sure,” had created a great sensation. Phil was asked for his defence, and he said—

“Oh! major dear! ’tis me is the innocent poor boy! Whatever I done before, this time, instid av blame, ’tis praise, I should be gittin’! An’ indeed ye’ll say the same, sur, whin I insinse you in the way it kem about!”

“Go on,” said the chief.

“I wint,” said Phil, “to the rashin stan’ this mornin’. Well, sur, the quartermaster he kem up, an’ before ye cud say “bo” to a goosc, bedad he had a fadge out of a four-pound loaf as big as the hill of Howth, and began to ate it for all the world like a—well, sur, may be if ■



said *how*, that would be more disrispik, but it was like—"

"Never mind what it was like—" said the major.

"Well, sur," said Phil, "I thought to meself, may be the dacent man will choke, sis I. I'll go for some water for him, sis I; an' I wint an'. I brought a basin full, an' give it to him! Disrispik!" said Phil, loftily—"didn't I prisent the basin wid wan han' an' salute wid the other! Bedad av he had been the Juke av Yark I couldn't be more *politer*!"

"I hope," said the major, "you did not do it out of disrespect. I will put the best construction I can upon your motives, but for the ridiculous manner in which you conducted yourself—and which ridicule reflected upon your officer to a certain degree, I must punish you! I will give you—yes—I must punish you, you know—I'll give you—seven days' confinement to barracks!"

The proceedings at the ration stand interested the quartermaster no more! Yet he had other duties to perform which permitted him occasionally to have it *in* for, and *out* with, some of the men. The depôt was short of subalterns, and *maugre* his warrant rank (as is often the case) he had to perform orderly officer's duty. Woe betide the

man who wasn't stocked and buttoned up when he went round at meal-times, or who happened to have left aught *contra bonos mores* between the folds of his bedding after "he had made his bed up!" Three days' drill was *his* portion, unless the major ordered a "clean board," which he used to do once a week or so. The explanation of this "clean board" is, that he forgave all the defaulters, and the sheet containing the names of the men confined to barracks was destroyed, and a blank one substituted.

And this good old custom came in handy for Phil—for the major had a "clean board" the day after he was ordered punishment and *he* was of course forgiven with the rest, much to his own delight and that of his comrades, and to the great delectation of the *soi disant* housemaid, now Mrs. O'S., who mixed an "iligant" glass of punch for Phil, the contents of which were drained to the honour and glory of the major, and the discomfiture of all martincts.

But Phil was not, apparently, yet done with the quartermaster. It chanced that he was for guard, and after shaving, he whipped his razor *open* between the folds of his blanket. Of course he paraded and had mounted guard. Now, the quartermaster was acting orderly officer on this day, and, as usual, went poking about the barrack rooms

—mathematically surveying the state of the shelves, and the symmetry of the arrangement of the men's clothing. He had visited three groups of barrack rooms without finding aught amiss; but at last his perseverance, he thought, was about to be rewarded. He came to a particular bed (O'Sullivan's), and on putting his hand between the first and second folds of the rug, although nothing was there, he felt, by a protuberance, that there was something further down.

"Aha! what's here?" he asked, as he put his hand between the next folds of the blanket. But he drew it out as quick as lightning, and with a prolonged "ah—h—h—!" showed the tops of two fingers deeply cut and the blood flowing freely.

"Where's the owner of this bed," he roared.

"He's on guard, sur," answered twenty voices.

"Then, confine him," was his order; and Phil little thought, poor innocent fellow, as he was on sentry at the front gate when the wounded officer passed out, his hand wrapped in a handkerchief, that *he* was to be a sufferer for this mischance also.

He was, soon, however, made aware of it by being ordered to take his belts off, and a man being ordered to relieve him.

"See, now," said Phil, "I'm to suffer now, d'ye mind, for what that blagard razor done, an



me on guard ! I wouldn't put it past that gentleman, to say *I done it a purpose !* "

The rumour of the incident soon spread through the "depôt, and whether he was guilty or no, Mr. O'Sullivan was credited with having set a trap for the officer. On the following morning he was paraded before his commanding officer, who said to him that the offence was a most serious one, and not to be lightly regarded.

"Arrah, sur !" said Phil—"do you blame me for what tuk place in the barrack room, an me on guard ! That would be as bad as O'Leary's case and worse ! Didn't you say yourself *that O'Leary cudn't be blamed for another man shootin' himself wid O'Leary's gun*, when he was absent himself ? How, then, sur, can you blame me for the quartermaster God bless him ! (—and here he winked) cuttin' his fingers off wid my razor an me on sinthry ! Bedad that *wud* be queer ! "

The major enquired of the other officers present whether *they* were in the habit of feeling between the folds of the men's bedding ? They all disclaimed any *feeling* on such a question, and, turning to Phil, the major enquired if he was aware that Mr. Berry was the orderly officer for the day previous to his mounting guard ?

"I was not, sur," said Phil; "sure Mr. Brewster was in orders, an' if I had intentionally left the razor open, it would have been to injure *him* and not Mr. Berry (the quartermaster). An' if you, sur, or any gentleman listenin' to me, that knows Mr. Brewster and meself, would say that I, or any man in the regiment, wud do harm to as gallant a young gintleman as iver drew a sword, bedad he'd sware the bottom out of a fifty shillin' pot, an'—be the price of id—it ought to be a stiffener!"

Here the audience laughed—except the quartermaster.

"I cannot, of course," said the major, "in the face of your own statement, *divine* your intentions; nor, do I think can any man. The occurrence may have been the result of a practical joke carried to a dangerous extent; but it is certain that, to say the least of it, very culpable carelessness has been shown, for which I will punish you. You will have seven days to barracks—go!"

And he went. There were many stories told about Mr. Berry (the quartermaster), which were calculated, said the old fellow,—to—to—

"Yes!" said I; "I know all about it."

"You know!" said he; "ye're as ould as Dan Egan's crow, may be, an' *that* was as grey as a rat, an' was said to have come out of the

ark in the days of Noah, but you're not ould enough for that."

"But I know," said I, that some of these yarns, although they make the injudicious laugh, make the judicious grieve, and are better untold."

"Bedad," said the old fellow, "judicious or injudicious, he would be a queer individual, that wouldn't laugh at the story of the quartermaster and Jack Silence,—and whether or no, I'm goin' to tell it."

They had, each, impediments in their speech. When annoyed or anxious, as is always the case with men so affected, their efforts to obtain utterance were perfectly frantic. It was painful to observe their efforts, of course; but who, I want to know—even against their better inclination—could help laughing at them?

What with the impediment in his speech and his unfortunate name, poor Silence came to no small grief. If there happened to be talking in the ranks an officer would shout—"Silence!"

"Here, sir," answered Jack, and imagine what followed!

"Who is number one of the guard?" the non-commissioned officer would ask.

"Silence, sergeant," some one would reply, and the usual guffaw followed.



Well ; Phil O'Sullivan, notwithstanding his petty scrapes, had been promoted, and the second or third guard he mounted, the quartermaster, acting as orderly officer, had to visit the sentries and to be conducted by Phil. Silence was one of the sentries ; he did not belong to the quartermaster's company, and he had no knowledge that the man was labouring under his own complaint, that luckless impediment of speech.

At night the orderly officer took the guard, and called for the corporal to visit the sentries. Phil was at the point of duty, and one and two posts were passed all right ; at the third (which was Silence's) the countersign was given and the "rounds advanced."

"Gi—gi—gi—give up yo—yo—yo—your—or—or—orders !" said the officer.

"Ta—ta—ta—take ch—h—h—h—arge a—a—a—av this po—po—po—po—post," stammered Silence, and stopped.

The rage of the quartermaster was boundless ! It was augmented when he spluttered out to the corporal—

"Wha—wha—wha—what's this man's na—na—name—cor—cor—por—por—corporal !"

And was answered " Silence, sir !"

The officer was dumbfounded. He started off to the guard-room, where he had the guard

fallen in and ordered the corporal and the sentry to be confined.\* In vain the sergeant endeavoured to explain matters, but the irate quartermaster would listen to no explanations, and it was not until the adjutant had explained to the commanding officer the true state of the case that the men were released.

The fun caused by the *contretemps* was immense, and had the effect of causing the officer being excused duty while he remained in the depôt, which was but a short time, as a draft left soon after.

"Tell me," said the mistress, "was the dacent housemaid-girl put on the strength?"

"Deed an she was," said the old fellow, "an' a credit to that same."

"Sure to be," said the mistress, "didn't she come from the parson's?"

"Yes! indeed; but did ivir ye heer, Katherine, what the man said about the nearer the church the farther from grace?"

"That was O'Sullivan," said the mistress.

"Begorra," said the old man, lighting his cheroot—"there was a pair of them, as the devil said to his knec-buckles!"

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PADDY, MADDEN  
OR  
THE SKELETON OF THE GRENADIERS.

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CHAPTER V.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S REGULATIONS—KEEPING THE DOOR—PADDY UNDERTAKES THE CAUSE OF THE WEAK—"GOES HOME" AND DOES A LITTLE BUSINESS IN THE RECRUITING WAY—THE GRENADIER COMPANY ■ ATTACKED BY RED INDIANS, AND PADDY IS SOLE SURVIVOR—BECOMES COLOR SERGEANT—BECOMES ADJUTANT AND GETS HIS COMPANY.

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"TALK av fine min, an' big min, an' smart min, an' hansom min!—aye and wild min—be all the goats in Kerry, an' that's a hairy oath, Paddy Madden bate all ivir I seen or heerd tell ov!"

This was the manner of my ancient friend introducing the story of the adventures of an old soldier, of whom I had often heard him speak, and which adventures had been related to him by another soldier, whose hair-breadth escapes,



both by flood and field, were nearly as eventful as those of the man of whom he told the tale, and whose reminiscences will hereafter be related.

"Paddy," he went on, "came from Mullingar, and one fine morning found himself in Dublin without a penny in his pocket, for he had been robbed of all he possessed while slightly overtuk wid a drop av Innishowin. While he was in this condition, he met a recruitin sargint, an' being free, able and willing, he very soon found himself in Beggars Bush *barrix*, havin' become a king's man, an' taken the shillin'! Divil a lie in it! there he was as bould as brass, in the canteen spindin' the identical shillin' he had been listed wid, an' helpin' to drink the bringin' money which the sargint had obtained in advance. There were several min av other corps in the canteen at the time, and in those days card-playin' was allowed, an' av coorse canteens had their card tables. There was constant quarrelling and fighting, although the Duke of York's regulations were strictly enforced as to the fighting lasting for three rounds only. If the combatants confined themselves to the mystic number of three rounds, there was no such thing as the guard-room or punishment awaited either the victor or the vanquished. But if the *fourth* round was gone into, both men were sent to the guard-room. This was itself a

punishment, as in those days most regiments had a practice of what was called "keeping the door"—a practice which it was hard work to abolish in the service. Even in my day I have known the "door to be kept," and as few soldiers now-a-days know what it means, I may as well tell you. When a man was confined, *he had to fight the door-keeper*, or the last prisoner confined in the guard-room, and then take *his* place, until another fight would relieve him of that duty. And here again the Duke's regulations were enforced; those who infringed this rule at the guard-room were placed in the cells, and an additional charge added to their crime. Paddy knew nothing about regulations, and was astonished when he saw two strapping young fellows quietly shake hands after three rounds of hard hitting, neither appearing haporth the worse of the game of fisticuffs in which they had been indulging. He asked the recruiting sergeant how it came about, and just as he was about to be enlightened on the subject, another row, caused by a dispute at cards, commenced at the table next to that at which he was seated. One of the disputants was a tall, powerful man, while the other was a slight, delicate young lad.

"You won't fight, won't ye," said this Goliath to his David; "thin, be japers, ye'll have to pay

for the whiskey I won fairly. Didn't I, boys?"—here he appealed to his audience.

"Av coorse ye did, Magee," one answered; every trick was fair; ye only wanted ten, an' ye had the five and Jack!"

"He had six cards," said the young fellow.

"Hear him!" said Magee, the big fellow, "hear the spalpeen; bad luck to ye, av ye wer worth the batin'—I'd bate you, so I wud. Bud yer not, ye crowlaun! So be off out av the canteen, or I'll knock the head off ye—or any man av yer regiment!"

Paddy Madden at this quietly turned to his friend the sergeant, and asked him what regiment the gossoon (the young fellow) belonged to?

"Why, yer own regiment," said the sergeant.

"Hurroo!" shouted Paddy. He jumped off the table on which he had been seated, divested himself of his coat and shirt, and to the astonishment of all in the room (for they wondered who he was) he walked up in front of Magee and addressed him—"Now, ma bouchal," said Paddy, "will ye be kind enough to show me the way ye have av knockin' min's hids off, for it might be worth knowin', an' yer welkim' to try yer han' on mine."

"I've no quarrel wid you" said Magee.



"No;" said Paddy, "but ye tould that slip av a youngster there, that ye'd knob the hid off any man in his regiment, an' as I belong to that same, why I'm thinkin—ye had better get up an' do it!"

In vain was Magee coaxed; they couldn't coax a fight out of him! At length Paddy wound up by saying to him—

"No is your answer thin? just, now, fair an' asy walk off, or be the rock o' Cashel I'll make smithereens av that hid av *yours*!"

Magee excused himself and left, and in the meantime Paddy resumed his duds, and sat down quietly with his friend. Had he the ability to dispose of gallons of canteen whisky, there it was at his disposal in reward for the *esprit de corps* he had shown, for it turned out that Mr. Magee was a bit of a bully and sadly required the kind of setting-down with which our friend had favoured him. And this was Paddy's introduction to his new comrades. It was not, perhaps, so much on account of the regiment that the cudgels had been taken up in the young man's favor, as the well-known disposition of the Irishman to side with the weakest; and Paddy saw that Smith (the young fellow), was no match for Magee. Where would you find a man now-a-days to strip and prepare to shed his own blood—or another

man's—for his regiment, before he had “passed the doctor, “or had been attested? “The service,” continued mine ancient friend, “is going to the dogs! The ould fighting “faughs” are no more, more’s the pity; nothing but science now! Well! perhaps it is for the best!”

■ So Paddy was attested in due course, and soon became a great favourite with his comrades. He was never known to quarrel, and was always ready to take his own, or a little man’s part; and yet frequently to hold two men at arms’ length until they cooled down and made up their disputes. Indeed he was a regular peace-maker, as soldiers very often quarrel among themselves for very trifling causes, and in a few minutes after are the best of friends. A quarrelsome fellow is generally disliked, and frequently has to suffer.

Magee was such a man, and the lesson he had received from Madden did him no end of good, at least he kept clear of the canteen during the time his regiment remained in Dublin.

But one fine morning Paddy had disappeared. He was reported absent; picquets were sent out, for it was believed that he was in the city; none of his new kit was gone, and when a man deserts, his kit generally goes too; but every article, save what he stood in, was found in his knapsack. His name was in the *Hue and Cry* (a military

journal, as you know, devoted to recording the absences of missing men, and scattered broadcast over the land and among, of course, the good people of Mullingar,) Paddy was well known to all the boys there—and the girls too, for the matter of that—and the police soon pounced upon him and marched him back to the regiment, in the same clothes as he wore the day he absented himself, barring that they were a little tarnished.

Whether or no, they saved Paddy from the charge of making away with his regimentals.

At orderly-room hour he was brought before his colonel, an old officer who had seen much service, and who was truly a soldier's friend.

After surveying the prisoner from head to foot, the colonel took up the report which had been forwarded by the police, and found that his man had been in Mullingar nearly the whole time of his absence. He had made no attempt at concealment; walked about the town; went to mass on a Sunday, and appeared every-where in regimentals. The constabulary had seen him daily, and imagined he was on leave. A friend in the force had questioned him as to how long he intended to remain, and was quietly told that soon he had got the potatoes and turf in, and had thatched the cabin for his mother, he would go back to the regiment. "For," said he, "the colonel told me the day he sent me home.



to make haste, and be the same token it was rainin', whin he said it!" He had been hard at work all the time he was away; he had got in the turf and the potatoes. The turf he carried on his back from a little bog about two miles distant from his home; he dug and pitted the potatoes; repaired the fence, and had nearly completed the thatching of the old lady's cabin when he was arrested. He begged hard to be allowed to finish it; this the police would not permit, but it was the opinion of the chief constable that he (Madden) would have returned to his regiment. He (the chief constable) had never heard of such a case before, and trusted the military authorities would take a lenient view of it. He also stated that Paddy's mother (whom he had been making as comfortable as he could) was a poor, respectable widow, with a large family of young children.

"So," said the colonel, "you wore your regimentals all the time you were absent! They look rather the worse for wear."

"I did, sur," said Paddy, "but I took off the jacket while I was carryin' the turf."

The colonel handed the report to the major; from him it went to the captain, who handed it to the adjutant, and all of them were very much astonished at the contents. At length the colonel said to Madden—

"Why did you go away, my man? If you had said you wanted to assist your family, you could have had leave you know; you could have had a pass."

"Bud," said Paddy, "*sure I thought your word was better than any pass!*"

"When," asked the colonel, "did I give my word you should go away?"

"Why," said Paddy, "the day I met you in the big street where all the fine things does be in the shop windows, and be the same token it was rainin'!"

"I don't remember making you a promise," said the colonel.

"No more ye did, sur," said Paddy, "but your honor called me, and says to me, 'go home my man, and make haste;' and be the same token it was rainin'."

The colonel bethought himself for a moment, and then ordered the prisoner outside.

"I remember, now," he said to the other officers, when Madden had been removed, "that I met this man in Sackville Street, staring at the shop windows. I called him and told him to go home—meaning barracks, of course—and, as he says, by the same token it *was* raining."

Every one laughed. "He must have thought I meant his native place. But what is to be done

with the fellow? He has been struck off the strength of the regiment and returned as a deserter. But if you are satisfied that he did not intend to desert, a representation to Horse Guards may have some effect." This was addressed to the major, who, with the rest, was quite satisfied that Madden had had no intention of deserting, and again Paddy was brought in.

"Did you intend to desert, Madden?" asked the colonel. "Musha, the Lord forbid!" devoutly exclaimed Paddy. "Is it me desart, and brake me poor ould mother's heart? for, sis she to me, sis she, 'Avic, machrce, I'm sorry to lose ye, bud now you *have* taken the shillin', mind you niver desart, for it would brake me heart,' sis she. Thim was her very words."

"Then what took you home?"

"Long Dan, that drives the coach, gave me a lift sur," said Paddy. "He knows me from a gossoon, and was a friend av me father before me. 'Is that you?' sis he. 'It is,' sis I. 'Where are ye goin'?' sis he; 'home,' sis I. 'What are ye goin' for?' sis he. 'To dig the praties, lay in the turf, an' put a wisp in the thatch,' sis I. 'Paddy Madden,' sis he, 'tell the truth an' shame the divil—are ye goin' to desart?' 'Divil a desart,' sis I, 'I like the sojerin too well!' 'Jump up,' sis he, and so I done, an' that's how I got home, sur;



and be the same"—"Yes, yes," interrupted the colonel, "we know all about the token. You had no other motive but to assist your mother?"

"Sorra motive, sur," said Paddy, "*barrin gettin the tin an' four pince was in the ould taypot beyant.*"

Here there was a hearty laugh.

"Did you find it?"

"Deed an' I did," said Paddy, "an 'spint it like a man, wid the boys I 'listed, the same as if I was a recruitin' sargint!"

"What boys are you speaking of?" asked the colonel.

"Thim boys that's outside, sur, at the gate, waitin' to come in the regiment with me."

"Call them in," said the colonel, "if they are there."

Now, this colonel had a curious way with him of looking at a man to whom he was talking, and he kept his eye upon Madden, who met his look without flinching. Just then, ten as fine young fellows as a recruiting sergcant of the most highly cultivated taste would wish to see, were marched into the orderly room. The commanding officer stood up and regarded them with surprise.

"Are these the men you spoke of Madden?" asked the colonel.

"Deed an' they are, jist," said Paddy; "all from me own place; all Mullingar boys!"

"Do you wish to join my regiment, men?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sur," was the answer, "av ye belong to Paddy's regiment." (The idea of Paddy having a regiment tickled him amazingly.)

"You have all been enlisted?"

"We have, sur."

"Very well; your friend, through his ignorance of the rules of the service, has got himself into a bit of a scrape, but I will see if I can get him out of it; for the present he must remain a prisoner in his room."

Here he turned to the other officers and said that he would go to General Blakeney (who commanded the district), and in the meantime ordered Paddy's recruits (who, he said, would make front-rank men in his grenadier company) to be sent for medical inspection; and, said he to Madden—

"Get a new suit of regimentals at my expense, and mind you don't get them wet this time."

General Blakeney heard the story, and gave the necessary orders for Madden's release pending Horse Guards' instructions, and Paddy's recruits were attested and posted to the Grenadiers—Paddy's company—for he was the right-hand man of the regiment. Moreover, the regiment being under the strength, Madden was sent back to Mullingar with a "beating order" in his pocket, and was

very successful in recruiting, sending some as fine *boys* from the town as need be—and girls, too, with very little beef at their heels, for smarter and cleaner women wein't in the regiment. The boys were a rattling fine lot of young fellows, with Madden at their head.

But the regiment was ordered on foreign service. The last American war had just commenced; the gallant 158th was one of the first regiments despatched from home, and, if report is to be trusted, the Mullingar boys had their own whack of what was going forward. They were a wild lot, the colonel said, but devils to fight, and always ready when wanted. Paddy could read and write fairly, and, but for his father's death, would have received a much better education than his poor mother could afford him, and in virtue of his "larnin," he became letter-writer to the Mullingar "boys," as the great strapping six-foot men were called. Repeatedly the commanding officer would have promoted Paddy, but he was eternally in scrapes—not of a heinous nature—but yet such as to have the colonel laughingly tell him that he would be hanged some fine day.

Madden remembered the saying. Upon one occasion, his company (the grenadiers) were stationed at an out-post when news was received that a party of Red Indians hostile to the British



were committing depredations some twenty miles up the creek on the banks of which they were stationed.

The entire company was ordered out to chastise the savages, and went in boats, and when nearly at their destination, were suddenly attacked from the bank on both sides of the stream. The men had been at the oars by alternate reliefs all day long, and were in consequence very much fatigued; but all their fatigues were forgotten when thus attacked, and they fought with the most determined courage. But the hordes of savages seemed to increase rather than diminish, and the men were falling fast; the captain and lieutenant were killed and the ensign wounded, and seeing the state of affairs, he thought it prudent to retire, but when about to carry the order into effect, a terrific volley was delivered by the enemy which scarcely left sufficient men to reverse the heads of the boats. One of the boats (in which the captain lay dead) had grounded, and Madden jumped into the water to push her off. As he succeeded in doing so and was preparing to re-enter the boat, he received a blow from behind which threw him senseless into the water. Fortunately he fell on his face, and the current carried him away. Another of the boats was upset, and the third, or leading boat, became an

easy prey to the savages, no one being left to defend it. Thus, in less than an hour, the whole party was destroyed. So much for trusting to the Indians, who, in giving the information that only a small party would be encountered, had led the devoted grenadier company into conflict with over a thousand men on the war-path. News very soon reached head-quarters that the fort had been taken and every man, woman and child put to death; for the Indians attacked the old fort, which was undefended, and slaughtered indiscriminately all whom they found there. The truth of this horrid massacre was verified soon after. The remains of the unfortunate garrison were buried, but no trace of the party who went in the boats was to be found, and the general opinion was, that they had all been washed away by the waters of the creek. These transactions cast a gloom over the entire regiment, and the sorrow was rendered more bitter and more poignant by the fact that the deaths could not be avenged as the attacking party had entirely disappeared.

The loss of the grenadier company quite upset the commanding officer. He had been wont to call them "*his* grenadiers," having been in the company from the time he had joined the regiment until he attained the rank of major.

He never spoke of forming another company ; nor would he believe that *all* his brave grenadiers were murdered. And he was right.

In about six weeks after the tragic occurrence related, there was a punishment parade of the regiment for a man who had endeavoured to desert to the enemy. When the court-martial proceedings had been duly read, the commanding officer spoke to the culprit very kindly, and the parade was dismissed in a very unexpected manner. The colonel addressing the man said—"I have used my influence with the general to remit the disgraceful punishment to which you have been justly sentenced. You are the first man in my regiment who has attempted to desert to the enemy ; none of my brave grenadiers would have disgraced me as you have done. I would sooner see them all dead—which I am afraid they are—than that they should even be suspected of a crime like yours. Join your company." The regiment was in square, and were then ordered to form line. While this movement was being effected, a man dressed half-soldier, half-Indian, with a beard guiltless of the sight of a razor for many days, marched steadily up to the colonel and saluted him !

"Who are you ?" queried the colonel.

"I'M THE SKELETON OF THE GRENADIERS, colonel !"



"What! Madden! you alive! Of my good and brave men, all have been shot or drowned, and the greatest scamp in the regiment has been saved!"

"You often told me I would be hanged, colonel," said Madden very quietly, "and a boy who is born to be hanged will never be drowned, you know."

"How did you escape?" asked the colonel.

"I got a knock on the head," answered Madden, "when trying to get into one of the boats, and remember no more until I found myself in a settler's hut. I had been swept away by the current, picked up and carried to the man's house, where I was attended to and cared for. My wounds were dressed, and, when I was well enough, he put me on the track of head-quarters. But you seem sorry that I'm come back, colonel."

The colonel held out his hand.

"No! Madden," said he. "I am *not* sorry you have come back. I am happy even to get my greatest scamp back!"

While he was speaking, the men said there were tears in his eyes—and in Madden's too; they might have added that all eyes were moist when they saw before them the solitary remnant of that gallant band which had left them, one hundred and ten strong, a few months ago!

Be that as it may, the colonel ordered Madden to get himself refreshed and attend afterwards at his quarters. When the parade was dismissed, there was a general stampede made for Madden, and he was as nearly being killed by kindness as he had been by the Redskins. Finally the mob of friends shouldered him, and such a cheer rang the welkin as had never been heard in that part of America, for "the boy from Mullingar" ! The colonel himself was seen to smile and wave his cap ; some said he shouted—but that, we think, is ■ fable.

After Madden had escaped from his friendly persecutors, and had made himself presentable, he proceeded to the colonel's quarters. Here he found all the officers assembled, and Paddy related the affair of the boats. The colonel then called Captain Westropp.

"Westropp" said he, "you will form a grenadier company. Here (pointing to Madden) is your color sergeant."

"For the sake of those who are gone, Madden," said the colonel addressing him, "be a changed man !"

"Then you don't think I'll be hanged, colonel ?"

"I hope not, Madden." You have yet time to rise in your profession, and if you conduct yourself

as you should, I shall not forget the Skeleton of my Grenadiers. Go now, choose your company. You will get 12 men from each."

And the name of one who had been the greatest scamp in the regiment, appeared that evening in orders as Color sergeant of the new grenadier company.

This was the turning point in Paddy's life. He was soon promoted to be regimental sergeant-major, afterwards adjutant, and was respected by officer and man.

When the war was concluded, the gallant regiment was ordered home, and in course of events was stationed at Mullingar. The colonel and the adjutant were riding out one day, when they passed a very neat little cottage, ■ short distance from the high way. Here the adjutant asked the colonel to pardon his absence for a moment, turned his horse's head towards the cottage, where he dismounted, and was speedily clasped in the arms of an old lady; and one or two very handsome young ones put in a claim for embraces. The colonel, seeing what was occurring, spurred his horse and rode on. The adjutant soon rejoined him. The elder man seemed haughty and displeased, and asked the adjutant in a somewhat supercilious manner, "who these people were?"



"My mother and my sisters, sir," said the adjutant.

The colonel pulled up. "Madden," said he, "forgive me! I have wronged you. Come, let us go back; and introduce me."

They rode back and were speedily seated chatting away in Mrs. Madden's best parlour in her well-regulated cottage, the comfort and cleanliness of which not a little astonished the colonel.

"All his doing, sir," said the old lady pointing to her son. "He sent me the money, poor fellow; and we are very happy."

Which the colonel saw, and expressed much pleasure in seeing.

"You see, sir," said Lieutenant Madden—for it was the *Skeleton of the Grenadiers* himself—"what a skeleton can do!"

On their return to quarters they were chatting over old matters when a slight shower overtook them. Slyly the chief looked at his adjutant—

"You're one of my brave grenadiers yet, Madden, *and be the same token its goin' to rain.*"

With that he galloped off and that night's mail took an order to the regimental agent to report that the money had been lodged for Lieutenant Madden's company.

"That Skeleton," said a listener, "hadn't dry bones anyhow."

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# THE POOR SCHOLAR.



## CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR GRUBB FALLS IN WITH THE POOR SCHOLAR, WHO, HAVING ENLISTED, BECOMES REGIMENTAL SCHOOLMASTER—BELLW DISOWNS HIS MOTHER, WHO DIES BROKEN-HEARTED—HE ENDS HIS CAREER AS A LOAFER IN INDIA.



"HE was a good son," said the mistress, "and deserved all he got. He wasn't ashamed to acknowledge his mother like the other fellow you once told me about."

"Aha!" said the old lancer "what man was that, Katherine, me deer?" "Sure you know," said the mistress, "the scholar, I think you called him."

"That bostoon!" said the old fellow. "Yes; that's the hero of another of Burns' stories."

The regiment it is unnecessary to specify. Major Grubb commanded the depôt in Londonderry, and returning in his gig one night, or rather morning, from a hunt dinner, his horse shied at an

object on the side of the road. As soon as the animal got quiet, the major endeavoured to discover what it was that had frightened the horse, and he eventually became aware of an object which would have frightened man or beast. It was in the shape of the human form divine, indeed, but the form belonged to one whose wretched and squalid appearance proclaimed him one of the miserable mendicants so frequently met with in those days on every public highway in Ireland. He was bare-footed, and nearly bare-legged, for the tattered remains of what, in the mediæval ages, might have been breeches, hung in shreds (not to say tatters) about his knees. His upper garment had been originally of corduroy ; but it would have puzzled the most experienced old-clothes-man in Rosemary Lane, to have put a name on the various fabrics by which it had been supplemented, or a painter to have described the wonderful gradations of their colour. The sleeves of this nondescript article of wearing apparel reached a little below his elbow ; the front was fastened across his chest with an old nail ; he was innocent of the modern refinement of linen ; his hair was unkempt, long and matted, and there was nothing between it and heaven to protect it either from the inclemency of the weather or the rays of the sun. Hat he had, certainly, with a rim limp and broken, the sides dinged and battered



beyond remedy, but innocent of a crown, and which but formed an apex to the raiment of probably as miserable a specimen of humanity as could be seen on a summer's day. The too-evident misery of the man was sufficient to have elicited the compassion of a much less tender-hearted person than the man who stood gazing on him with astonishment.

"Who, and what are you, my man?" asked the major.

"I am Jimmy Bellew the poor scholar," replied the man; "all the way from Castlecool in Fermanagh, sur."

"What are you doing here at this hour?" the major asked.

"I'm on me travels in search of larnin', which they tell me is to be found in the grate city av Derry," was the answer.

"What have you in that?" asked the major, pointing with his whip to a large satchel on which the man had evidently been seated when the horse shied.

"That satchel contains more treasure than often falls to the lot of one man—and that a poor one," answered Bellew. "They call me poor—but with these I am rich indeed!" And here he clutched the bag, raised it in his brawny arms, and pressed

it to his heart. "Would you," he continued, "like to hear the names of some of my treasures?"

"Yes," said the major, "I should—very much, Go on."

"You would—would you?" said Bellew. "Well, you seem a kind gentleman, and 'tis few of them Jimmy meets. He expected your whip when the horse shied; *that* is the kind of treatment he experiences from the gentry in these parts. But you, sir, have given the kind word, so I don't mind telling you."

Here he went down upon his knees, untied the bag, and one by one extracted several small parcels (regarding each with more or less devotion and caressing fondness) until the bag was empty.

"This," said he, exhibiting what appeared to be a bundle of rags carefully tied, "contains all my infantile treasures from A. B. C. to my 'rea-dy-me-daisy' (Reading Made Easy). They are what I call my first series, or the elements of youthful knowledge; and this (taking up another) contains spelling and reading with Goff's Voster. And here is Euclid—and that is English Grammar and History."

"Grammar and History," said the major, in a dazed kind of a way, and looking at the man as if he was in a dream.

"Yes," continued Bellew, "I have that, and Greece and ancient Rome. And here are Latin, French

and Greck, and even the phlegmatic German; supported by Atlas who supports the globe as well, sir." This he said with a half-grin, and proceeded to lift another.

"This," said he, "is—"

"That will do, my man," interrupted the major. "I see you have a large stock of knowledge; the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is nothing to you. Put away your treasures; jump into the gig, and I will give you and your miscellanies a lift into Derry."

The books were speedily returned to the satchel, and the poor fellow was soon being driven to the maiden city, so well known in history. During the journey, brief as it was, the eloquence of the major had the effect of convincing Bellew that the best market to which he could take his wares in the shape of knowledge and erudition was that of soldiering. "You are sure to be promoted," said the major. "I have a friend in the barracks to whom I will recommend you, and who will see to your wants till to-morrow morning, when you can enlist."

The major (whose quarters were in town) drove close to the barrack gate, where he alighted, called the serjeant of the guard, with whom he had some confidential chat; handed over the poor scholar to his tender mercies and drove off.



The sergeant and his charge entered the guard-room, where Bellew was placed near the fire, while the sergeant went, as he had been ordered, to the canteen, and soon returned provided with an ample supply of bread, cheese and beer, which soon disappeared down the capacious throat of the learned candidate for military honours. A couple of great-coats were given him, and placing the bag under his head he was soon fast asleep on the guard-bed, from which sleep he was not disturbed till the breakfast bugle sounded, when he found a substantial meal provided for him to which he did ample justice. After the morning parade was dismissed, the poor scholar was marched to the orderly room where his friend of the preceding night (without taking any notice whatever of the adventure), asked him several questions, to which he received apparently satisfactory answers, as he ordered sergeant Macgregor, who had enlisted him, to take him to be medically inspected. This important examination having been satisfactorily passed, Bellew was attested and left the paths of learning for the more thorny and dangerous ones of glory.

The revolution effected by the barber, the tailor and the shoemaker in the outward man of his recruit—the learned Theban as he called him—delighted the major, and he was quite proud of his protégé.

Sergeant Crabtree—the drill sergeant—swore by George, his patron saint, and the only one in the calendar to whom he pinned his faith and by whom he swore invariably, that “he had’nt had his hequal since that wild Hirish O’Sullivan went through his hands,” and “the very day which saw him dismissed from drill, saw his name in orders for lance corporal. He was then made assistant to the schoolmaster sergeant (■ very different kind of individual to the schoolmaster sergeant of this day). This worthy pedagogue was well satisfied with master James’ erudition, which, truth to say, very far exceeded his own, and in a very short time the assistant had every thing his own way in the regimental temple of instruction.

Upon one occasion the major visited the school, and was uncommonly pleased at all he saw.

“Well, sergeant,” said he to the old pedagogue, “how is your young assistant getting on?”

“Well, sir,” said the sergeant, “he’s quite beyond the common; I am highly delighted with him! I never saw such a steady, constant, painstaking young fellow in my experience.”

“I am glad to hear that,” said the major. “You know,” he continued, “I could never allow you to leave the regiment, although you *have* your time served out, to receive the pension you have

earned so well, until I had got a man who was worthy in all respects to succeed you, and to be as highly trusted as you have been. But if you have confidence in your new assistant, and think that he is worthy to take up your duties and hold your position, I will have no objection to allow you to appear before the next board."

The sergeant declared that he fully believed the young man worthy; and it was accordingly arranged that master James should become the *pucca* schoolmaster as soon as the old sergeant was invalided.

Soon after this had been settled among the high contracting parties, the depôt was ordered to Inniskilling, and the invalids were sent to Dublin to appear before the Invaliding Board, and as soon as the returns reached the depôt, James Bellew was appointed schoolmaster sergeant, *vice* Rider discharged. The young sergeant, meanwhile, was the "observed of all observers," regimentally. He devoted his whole time and attention to his duties and his school-room; indeed, he was never seen to go outside the barrack gate, saving upon Sundays, when he marched the children to church.

Recruiting parties had been detached to Castle-cool, Chanter Hill, Lisbellew Dewlish, and other places in the vicinity of the town, who were very successful in bringing men in. Several of



the men recruited, knew the schoolmaster; but he never recognized them. One man (who had often befriended him when he was very desolate, indeed, quite as much so as when the major found him) accosted him boldly, gave him, as they say in Ireland, "the time o' day," and asked him if he did not recollect him? But the sergeant said, no, he did not remember him, and coolly walked off. The young fellow looked after him, gave a long low whistle, and went about his business. But the mail that night conveyed a letter to Castle-cool, and two days afterwards, the person to whom the letter had been addressed, was travelling Inniskilling-ward.

It was a bitterly cold night when the sentry on the front gate called the sergeant of the guard.

"What in the name o' a the deevils in Inniskillin' is the matter," asked sergeant Macgregor, roused from a comfortable nap on the guard-bed. This was the same non-commissioned officer who had been on guard when the major inducted Bellew. He was a fine specimen of a hard-headed Scotchman of the old type.

"A woman at the gate wants to spake to ye, sargint," said the man.

"Aye man—a woman did ye say? heh sir's! some puir lassie, nae doot. I'll ga'ng and see her." And off the sergeant toddled.

When he went outside, he was accosted by an elderly female, dressed poorly but respectably, in the garb of the peasantry. She had a certain amount of hesitation and doubt in her manner, which the worthy sergeant was not slow to discover, and in his rough way he endeavoured to put her as much at ease as he knew how. It was some time before she mustered confidence enough to relate her *historiette*. She said that she had been in the greatest distress imaginable lately at the disappearance of her son—indeed, her only child—from the place where he had been born and reared and its vicinity, without acquainting her of his intended departure, or of his whereabouts when he had gone. She lamented her inability to have been of any assistance to him; as she was, she phrased it, “hard-set” herself to keep the wolf from the door. That she had heard from a neighbour near where she lived—who had a son recently enlisted in the regiment—that her lost boy was in it too, and she begged the sergeant, as he was a husband and a father, to take pity on her and help her to get speech of her son whom she longed to see and to embrace—no less a man than the new schoolmaster.

The sergeant, as good an old fellow as need be, was rather astonished at the latter part of the good woman’s recital. A good son, as well

as a good husband and father himself, he had some difficulty in reconciling the conduct of the schoolmaster sergeant to his own standard of what was due to a mother, and he asked Mrs. Bellew "if the son had never written to her since he joined?"

"No, indeed, sur," was the poor woman's dejected answer. "I might have been dead a thousand times, and so might he for aught I knew—or he let me know; and it was only by chance like I heerd av him at all at all."

"Weel," said the sergeant, scraping his chin reflectively, "that beats a'! Lord save us! I aye thoct that lernin was given a man to benefit his neebors—his family especially—but it seems to me that oor dominie has a different opinion! I dinna ken wha's richt; but I think it's no me that's wrang, ony way! Come in-bye, ma dacent woman, an' sit doon at the fire. I'll send the korplar o' the guaid for yer son!"

Here he addressed himself to the corporal of the guard.

"O'Sullivan," quoth he, "slip ye awa, an' bring the schoolmaster here!"

The corporal departed on his errand; the woman entered the guard-room, and the men made way for her and seated her at a turf fire roaring half-way up the chimney, which afforded her the



warmth her scanty apparel did not supply. Soon the corporal made his re-appearance accompanied by sergeant Bellew. The moment the poor woman saw him, she rushed towards him, her arms extended to embrace her son, but the heartless wretch repulsed her!

Stepping back, he exclaimed—"Who are *you*, woman?—I do not know you!"

The poor creature appeared totally confounded at this most unexpected rebuff; she trembled violently, and would have fallen but for the protecting assistance of sergeant Macgregor, who was ready to support her with his arm. After some little time had elapsed, the poor woman found words to ejaculate—"Oh Jimmy; oh my child! do you not know your poor old mother?"

"No!" was the fellow's dogged reply. "You are no mother of mine. I have no mother!"

The Scotchman, at this reply, felt the poor woman hang a dead weight on his arm, and at the same time the schoolmaster turned to leave the guard-room.

"Tak' yer time awae, man," said sergeant Macgregor. "Bide a meenit, till I get some water; this puir body has fented." The rough old soldier placed her, as gently as if she had been a child, upon the guard-bed. She was perfectly unconscious; the guard were standing round in all possible

attitudes of surprise and consternation ; and one of them broke the painful silence by asking if the poor woman was dead, to which another replied that he thought so. ■

“Do you mean to say, sergeant Bellew,” said Macgregor, “that this puir woman is no yer mither?”

“I did not come here to be questioned by you,” answered Bellew, who appeared anxious to leave the place.

“Did ye mind the nicht ye cam to the barracks versel?” continued Macgregor. “It was me that let ye in, an’ in ma ain sma’ way I hae been a freen tae ye sins’ then, tho’ its no muckle tae boast aboot. But if what this woman says be true, an’ ye still deny that she’s yer mither, by the Lord that made me ye’ll be nae mair a freen o’ Jock Macgregor’s. Ye can gang yer gait, my man !”

The poor woman still remained unconscious, and the sergeant and his guard found themselves placed in a rather awkward position. Jock scratched his head and pondered, and at length broke out—

“Man,” he said to corporal O’Sullivan, “this is awfu’ ! Women-folk should be here ; they ken yin anither.”

“Shall I call my wife sergeant ?” asked O’Sullivan,

"Aye, man," said he, "send her over, and go for the sergeant-major."

Mrs. O'Sullivan soon made her appearance, the sergeant-major following shortly after. The poor woman speedily recovered under the care of one of her own sex, the simple restoratives applied having had their due effect, and as soon as she had recovered a little, she was questioned by the sergeant-major. She adhered to the story she had told Macgregor when she had seen him first; produced the letter which had been sent by the young fellow who had recently joined (whose name was Sheenan), and who was sent for. He made his appearance and confirmed the woman's tale; he acknowledged having written the letter; said that he knew Bellew perfectly well; that this poor woman was his mother, and concluded by saying that there were many others in the depôt who knew both. All of the persons he named were called, and they were unanimous in their confirmation of the woman's story, and the end of the matter was that Mrs. Bellew was taken off to the quarters of Mrs. O'Sullivan, leaving the listeners and on-lookers of the extraordinary and unexpected scene under the full conviction that the statement of the poor woman was true, and that the conduct of the son was the most repulsive and dastardly that could well be conceived.



Fair play commends itself—as it should to every one—strongly to the mind of the soldier. The schoolmaster betook himself, gloomily and stiffly enough to what repose he might, and it was well for him he escaped hearing the comments which his unfilial feelings had aroused. They were the reverse of complimentary, and to use an expression of old Phil MacShane's (one of the guard who sat smoking a short, black pipe, staring at the great turf fire, and every now and again sending myriads of sparks dancing up the chimney by poking the blazing embers with a 'lump of a stick') "a dog wouldn't pick his bones."

"Bad luck from me," said Chatterton, "but it's true enough av ye set a beggar on horseback, he'll ride to the divil sure. That I suppose," said the old fellow, "is what the read—i—my daiscy fatches people now-a-days! Be dam, but its a queer lesson! an if I thought it was the kind av lesson the schoolmaster does be tachin the childer, I'd bring mine home to their mother!"

"Aye, faith!" said another. "They want a mother, poor things! This fellow av ours doesn't deserve a mother. Begorra, he should have been won at a canteen raffle and have nayther father nor mother! for he has no 'gra' to spare ayther."

By early morning the adjutant had become acquainted with the whole proceedings, and he, as in duty bound, communicated the same to the major, who heard the recital with the most profound amazement.

"Nonsense, Ferns!" he said—Ferns was the adjutant's name—"Nonsense! I can't believe it; the woman must be mad. Bellew disown his mother! I can't believe it; there must be some mistake; let all the parties attend at the orderly room and we will have this matter cleared up."

Meanwhile the guard was relieved; the news of the scene that had been enacted in the guard-room flew like wild fire through every barrack room in the dépôt, and the morning parade, being over, the whole of the interested parties appeared at the orderly room, and indeed those in no way interested were present also. Every officer in the dépôt was there, as Bellew was so highly thought of that they could not credit the rumours rife against his conduct, and wished to judge for themselves.

The poor woman was brought before the major. She reiterated the story she had told to sergeant Macgregor; the attestation of Bellew was produced, and from it she was questioned. She answered accurately in every particular, except in regard to Bellew's age. The document made him appear to be four months' older than the woman stated his

age to be. Upon this she was desired to withdraw, and sergeant Macgregor was sent for. He recapitulated the circumstances under which the mother had appeared the previous evening; asking for her son. "No," said the worthy sergeant, "sae weel put on, as she is noo! That cloak ye see on the dacent woman's back, is no her ain, major; that's Mrs. O'Sullivan's cloak. Lord! if ye had seen her last nicht when she cam! She was as badly clothed, for a woman, as Bellew was for a man, the nicht ye brocht him tae the barracks. Ye mind, major, I was the sergeant o' the guard that nicht tae! An' altho' I wad like to hae the saidle put on the richt horse—an' thocht a dale o' the schulemaister, I am fain tae say, that whan I took him to be attested, an' the attestation was bein' filled up, he said he wanted four months of bein' 18; but the clerk he put him doon *as* 18, so that his service micht coont! An' if this woman's his mother, Lord *she* maun ken hoo auld ~~her~~ ain wean is!"

The major felt the sergeant was correct. This was the only question, as has been said, which had been answered incorrectly, and the circumstance just stated by the sergeant swept away the only reasonable ground for doubt as to the accuracy of the woman's statement. For the major, in his own mind, was fighting the battle of a most unworthy man. He could *not* believe that



any man—much less Bellew by whom he swore—would be so callous and unfeeling as to disown his own mother. Further, a dozen other men in the regiment were produced with confirmatory evidence of the relationship between the parties. Still Bellew denied all knowledge of the woman, and the major hesitated to express an opinion upon the merits or demerits of the vexed question.

As a final resource she was again sent for. The medical officer was desired to examine sergeant Bellew's person for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any marks, not entered in his attestation, whereby he might be recognised, and which a mother must know of.

Here the poor thing's face brightened for a moment and was lit up by the fond hope that she had still a child who would call her mother!

"Do you know of such a mark?" asked the major.

"Yes, sir," the mother replied; "when he was a child, he upset some boiling water and scalded both his feet. The left foot was very much the worse scalded of the two, and was painful for many a day; but whether the mark which was left is still there or not I do not know."

But, upon examination, the mark was found, and this was considered by every one the crowning

proof of the identity being established. Every one except the major—he still held out.

“Are you acquainted with any one in this town?” he asked. “Any gentleman who can speak as to your antecedents—or recognise you and your alleged son?”

Yes; there was Mr. Burris—“Attorney Burris”, and the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, who knew her and her boy too when they had been in better circumstances.

Again she was committed to the care of Mrs. O’Sullivan. Sergeant Macgregor was called in and received the following instructions:—He, accompanied by Bellew, was to follow the major, and halt at the door of the house he entered. The corporal was to accompany the woman and follow the sergeant, halting where he halted. And when they entered the house O’Sullivan was to advance to the door and remain for orders. And in a very short time the procession was *en route*; the major went out of the gate followed by the two sergeants, while O’Sullivan, accompanied by the poor woman, brought up the rear.

Presently the major entered a house (that of Mr. Burris to whom Mrs. Bellew had referred), and found that gentleman at home. He heard the story, said he knew the parties referred to: the sergeants were sent for, and he at once

recognised young Bellew. He did more ; he told the major that this ungrateful scamp had induced the mother to part with her business and beggar herself that *he* might be educated ! He had lost sight of him for some time.

"Do you know this gentleman ?" the major asked Bellew.

"Never saw him in my life before," said Bellew with brazen effrontery.

"Go, sir," said the major, thoroughly enraged.

"Pardon me for a moment," said Mr. Burris. "I have a servant who knows him very well. Call Mrs. Wilson," he said to the man who waited. An elderly servant-woman made her appearance, and her master addressing her said—

"Tell me, Mrs. Wilson, if you know either of these men."

Mrs. Wilson looked at sergeant Macgregor and shook her head ; but when she regarded the other, she exclaimed—

"Hech, sirs ! this is Jimmy Bellew ! Man, Jimmy what has become o' ye this long time ? An' wheur's a' the book learnin' ye got ? Yer no in the Kirk, Jimmy ; yer a sodger laddie noo !"

"Now, sir," said Mr. Burris—"will ye say you don't know *this* woman ?"

Bellew was silent, but the old servant said—



"Oh no! sir. Jimmy will never say that. There's a hantle mair than me kens him."

The mother was now sent for, who was immediately recognised by Mr. Burris, who placed a chair for her, accosted her kindly by name, and enquired if she had seen her son?

"Sir," said the poor woman, in accents of the most touching despair, "I am a poor heart-broken woman. My son has disowned me before this gentleman and many others. I do not know what I have done to deserve this treatment; all I ever had was at his service! Indeed, indeed, *my heart was in him*, and this is his gratitude!"

The major was now convinced; he gave Macgregor orders to see the unfortunate mother to the barracks, and taking leave of Mr. Burris he started in a different direction. He met the clergyman, Mr. Kennedy, to whom he related the "strange, eventful history," and the clergyman said at once that he knew the parties and would go to see them. This he did, at once recognising Mrs. Bellew and her son. But no amount of conviction or identification could change the school-master's assertion that the woman was a stranger to him, and he still persisted in his declaration that she was unknown to him, and his persistence incensed the major to such a degree that he eventually ordered him a prisoner to his room.

This order was given in the hearing of the poor mother, who implored the major to forgive her ungrateful boy with so much feeling and pathos, that the wretch was forgiven. On his leaving the orderly room the once popular school-master was hooted and groaned to his quarters. A subscription was raised and the amount deposited in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, for the relief of the widow, but she died (the clergyman said, when he came to ask orders for the disposal of the balance in his hands,) broken-hearted in a week. The serjeant, Bellew, was reduced shortly afterwards and led a wretched life, despised and detested by every one in the depôt; and the result of a petition to the major, in which he declared solemnly that he had no recollection of any one *previous to the night of the major's picking him up*, was a consent to his transfer to another regiment where his base ingratitude was soon as well-known as it was known and condemned in his own, and haunted him to the last day of his embittered life. After many ups and downs he left the service, took to drink and became an outcast. Some years ago, the tall gaunt figure of a man arose with difficulty from the bench under the immense peepul tree in the general hospital compound, where he had been narrating the following story :—

It was in the Assam country. There were four Europeans about the station,—a magistrate, a collector, an inspector of police and a padri. This I had learned from the villagers, for I had spent the previous night on an old charpoy under a peepul tree, after a sumptuous entertainment of chuppatis and milk in the centre of a native village. I had four or five miles to walk before I could reach the magistrate's house, and I set off betimes in the morning. I readily found his bungalow, but as he had been described as a very stern man, and I was really hard-up, my heart almost failed me as I got nearer. Nathless, desperation assisting, I nerved myself for the occasion, and boldly marched up to the house. There were two gentlemen in the verandah cleaning their guns, and one of them, whom I took to be the magistrate—and I was right in my conjecture—paused and looked up at me. The other suspended his operations also, and took my measure as I respectfully stepped up and stood before them. My experience in cadging in this country was then, like most of the joint-stock companies now—limited, and I was rather bashful. Well, as I said, the magistrate looked up, and nudging his friend sang out—  
“Ah! hah! my pukka loafer. Here you are! Come on! You haven't had a bit in your mouth for three days, I know, before you say a word!”



"There was no use," said the story-teller, "in being meally-mouthed with a fellow like that, so I determined to take him on his own ground :—"

"Who told ye that?" said I.

"Never you mind," said he, "that's the tale of all of ye."

"It isn't my story," I said; "for to be plain wid ye, I got an iligant supper last night; a glass of grog to wash it down with; a clane bed to slape in, an' a hearty briquist before I started this mornin'. There now!"

"The devil ye did," said the magistrate.

"Troth an' I did," said I.

"Well then," said the magistrate, "why didn't ye stay where ye wor so well off?"

"Ah now!" said I, "would ye have me be so unpolite as to lave this part of the country wid-out payin' me respex to a gentleman who is celebrated all over his district for his kindness and charity, and more especially for the delicacy with which he assists his unfortunate countrymen?"

Now, this man was a notorious skinflint; he had rarely been known to do a charitable action, and it came into his mind, I could see plainly, that I was taking a rise out of him, as they say at home, and the look he gave me ought to have shivelled me up where I stood; and yet he had neither seen nor heard of me before,

and it was hard for him to believe that I could be making fun of him on his own door-step.

"Who told you all this rot about charity and politeness and delicacy?" says he.

"Oh thin!" said I, "it's not one but twinty that—"

"That'll do," said he, "take yerself off! If ye want money there's none in the house. If ye want anything to eat, my fine fellow, don't believe I've got to send five miles for bread and beef to give it away to *you*. Did you see the inspector of police on your travels?"

"I did not," said I.

"The divil doubt you," said he, "but that's the man you should have gone to. Did you see the parson?"

"Nor him, ayther," said I.

"He's paid a certain sum per annum to attend to the spiritual and temporal wants of such chaps as you, and I daresay he could afford to help you. I'm sure I can't. Come," he said to his friend, "let us go inside, and leave our peripatetic friend to pocket the charity, digest the kindness, and admire the delicacy he has found here! Mornin'," he said, and went indoors with his friend.

Well, sir, I didn't know *what* to do. He was evidently a determined card, and one not to be lightly

played with, but I was in a sore strait and bound to see it out with him, whether successful or not. While ruminating, a Madrasi servant came out; he crept up to me; said he was sorry for me; said that his master was not really a hard man, although it was said so, only rough at first; he gave me half a bottle of sherry and some sandwiches, and advising me to remain quietly until after breakfast, stole into the house. I despatched the sherry, the sandwiches followed suit, and I lit my pipe and smoked in rather a better frame of mind than before for a further argument with the "hard case." While I loitered about, I heard the clatter of the breakfast things, the hum of conversation, the sounds of laughter, and presently my friend and his friend lounged out on the small lawn before the portico. "Hallo,!" said he, "you're not gone to see the parson or the inspector?"

"Not yet," said I, "I'm restin' meself after my walk, and contemplatin' the beautiful place ye have ofid!"

"Are ye now?" says he.

"I am, sur," said I.

"Thin," he says, "I wish ye wuld find some other place for contemplashin, as you call it. Ye can contemplate best in solitude; we'll interfere with your reflections, I'm afraid."



He was looking at me half-amused, half-angry. "Don't ax me," said I, assuming an air of bashfulness, "to lave so good company; it's seldom enough I'm in it, God-knows."

Here his friend burst out into a shout of laughter. The magistrate joined him, and called his servant. He ordered me breakfast.

"Do you drink?" said he.

"Deed an' I do," said I.

"Of course! a gentleman of your experience in travelling must needs be possessed of that accomplishment."

"Yea, indeed," said I, "he wud be a curious lookin' fellow I wouldn't drink wid now!"

"I believe ye," said he; "give him something to drink, too."

He left me for his stroll with his friend; I had an excellent breakfast and a bottle of Bass to boot. He returned shortly, in much better humour than he had left, asked many questions about my wanderings and intentions, and finally left me, saying he would return immediately. When he did return, he held in his hand a sealed note.

"Did you pass the parson's house this morning?" he asked.

"Not unless it was a mud hut," said I.

"Well, it's not much better; the man's a deal too good for the house. I'll send a servant with you to show you the place. Deliver this note to him; it's not unnatural that if charity begins at the magistrate's, it should end at the parson's, I'm neither a rich man, nor a liberal one, but I'll spare you ten dubs. If you squeeze as much from the parson, you'll be set up! If it's any consolation for you to know it, the next nine fellows who come here loafing, will go unrelieved. My fountain of charity is dried up for one while." He was gone!

"Guided by the magistrate's servant, I reached the parson's house, and there receiving ten rupees more I was set up indeed."

The story being ended, the loafer arose with difficulty, and with the assistance of a stout stick, on which he leant heavily, he proceeded to his ward, followed by some not very favourable remarks from the group who had been listening to the story-teller. These remarks were put a stop to by an angry—"be-the-hust—" from an old sergeant who was present (the phrase means literally "hold yer prate"); "'tis little ye know of him, the poor *omadawn*."

"Arrah, sargint," said one of the hearers, jeeringly—"I suppose you know every thing; how should we know any thing?"

The sergeant regarded the speaker with a look of the utmost contempt—his remark having been received with a laugh—and left them.

A few evenings afterwards, a corpse was carried out at the back gate of the hospital for interment in the military burial ground, where it was laid in a pauper's grave. The funeral-party consisted of the hospital sergeant, whose duty it was to attend it, and the man who had silenced the group under the tree, and who remained until the grave was closed.

As he reached the gate, he was met by another sergeant, who asked if "all was over?"

"Yes, sergeant Macgregor," said sergeant O'Sullivan, "all is over now."

It was our old friend Phil O'Sullivan who spoke: he had been invalided for wounds received at Delhi, and was proceeding home; sergeant Macgregor was proceeding home also, his period of service having expired. The man whose remains had been consigned to their last resting place, and who had told the story of his adventures as a loafer, was—the poor scholar!

"God bless us!" said the mistress.

"Amin, me deer," said the old lancer. And so ends Jim Bellew's history.

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# HOOKY WALKER

OR

## THE ORANGEMAN AND THE SOGGART II.



### CHAPTER VII.

THE PRICE OF RATS AT THE SIEGE OF DERRY—HOOKY'S "STAKE"  
—CATCHES A TARTAR—GETS SPRINKLED WITH HOLY WATER.



"My bowld Hooky," said the old chap, was a smart, active fellow, and had been promoted for an act of great gallantry, which in our day should have entitled him to the Victoria Cross. His good-humoured smiling face, his lively and obliging disposition, and his Irish bulls rendered him a favourite with all, and procured his manumission from the consequences of many scrapes of a trifling nature, into which his heedlessness plunged him.

"Corporal Walker," a sergeant said to him upon one occasion, "take the orderly book to the captain, and ask him if he will see the men who leave for the hills to-morrow. Be careful; make no mistake!"

"Make a stake?" said Hooky, "I'd rather at one a good deal, so I would."

He went off to the captain's quarters, and knocking at the door, the inevitable "single knock," was told to come in.

Enter the corporal, one hand to his cap, the other stretched out with the book. Captain reads and returns the volume; the corporal salutes and faces to the *right* about, when suddenly bethinking himself of the verbal message, he faces to the *left* about, and salutes again. Asks the question and is answered "No!"

Corporal Walker strutted off to barracks, where he was accosted by the sergeant.

"Well, Walker, what said the captain?"

"Troth, then," said Walker, "he's mighty like a parrot I heard of wanst."

"Is it the captain you mane?" said the sergeant ~~had~~—huffed. "Bedad it is," said Hooky, "mind you, I'm not sayin' he's like a parrot in the face. He hasn't a *bake* like id, but an eye—be japers like a gimlit! Bud in his disposition, sargint, the parrot I heerd about *said very little but thought a power!* The captain only said 'No!'"

"Are ye sure," said the sergeant.

"~~Oh~~ then!" said poor Hooky, devoutly, "if I was as sure ~~of~~ the kingdom av hivin as I am o' that, 'tis to-night I'd die asy!"

"Well," said the sergeant, "that's queer. As a rule, he always sees the men sign their accounts; you must have made some mistake, Walker."

"Troth, then, sergeant," Walker retorted, "it would be very hard for me to make a mistake when only the *one* word was spoken."

"But *what* did you ask him?" enquired the sergeant.

"Sure I axed him," answered Hooky, "what you told me to ax, and sorra word more."

"Tell me what that was." "Well, sergeant," said Walker, "I thought I was forgetful, but it seems *I'm* not the only one who forgets, so we are in the same boat."

Whereupon the sergeant walked off in dudgeon, and a hearty laugh hailed the end of the conversation. He was discomfited, but not really angry, for hardly any one *could* be angry with the fellow. But he was detormined to see the captain, for he felt pretty sure that there must be some misunderstanding.

When he reached the captain's quarters, he knocked twice, *he*, the pay-sergeant, being the only privileged person in the company to give *rat* TAI at the door—the last being a faint echo of the first.

"Come in," said the captain, and forthwith the man in whom the captain had the greatest confidence, was in the presence.



"I told Corporal Walker, sir—" said the sergeant.

"Yes—yes ; I know," answered the skipper, "but I have altered my mind and I will go!"

"At what hour, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Not before to-morrow evening."

"The men are ordered to march at 2 a. m., sir."

"Well ; what then ! I'm not going with the men."

"But you said you would not see them, sir !"

Here the captain looked at the sergeant, to see if he had been taking "the last taste in life," but his confidential appeared to be as sober as his wont, and yet he could not comprehend him.

"Explain yourself, sergeant," said he.

"I sent Corporal Walker, sir, to ask you if you would see the men who are to start for the hills to-morrow morning. He returned and said you had answered—'No' !"

Here the captain burst into a loud boo-hoo of a laugh, and told the astonished sergeant that the corporal had asked him if *he* was to start for the hills to-morrow, and he had certainly said "No." "But," he continued, "I think I will run up for a few days, and as it was the corporal, by his blundering, who put the idea into my head, don't *you* get offended with *him*, sergeant—he's a fine fellow."

The sergeant declared he *was* a fine fellow certainly, and he would not get offended ; but

*mentally* he was damning Walker's eyes, and saying to himself—wait till I catch the fellow! And as he left the captain, that gentleman broke out in a fresh place, and the sergeant could hear him shouting with laughter until he reached the road some fifty yards from his quarters.

The sergeant was smiling to himself as he returned to barracks, which Walker (who had been watching for him) thought was a good sign.

"I'll go," said he, "an' get spache of him!"

"Wasn't I right, sergeant?"

"Ye wor; but he has changed his mind."

"Aha!" said Hooky! "'Tis *you* have done that! Bedad you could get him to sign his own death-warrant, so you could! Sorra man in the regimint has the power wid the officers *you* have."

The worthy "non-com" walked off, tickled by the flattery, and remarking to himself that Walker blundered sometimes, but was no fool for all that.

Walker hailed from the maiden city of Londonderry! Wasn't he proud of the distinction? He was, he said, a "rale discindant" of the man whose monument stands on the old wall! Well he knew the spot where the great boom, or chain, had been fixed across the river to prevent the fleet from entering the harbour. One of his great-grandfathers had built the wooden bridge and

laid the foundation of the "Diamond!" Every one knew, or *should* know the bridge and the Diamond, the two greatest engineering works known in those parts, and both executed by ■ Walker! He would drink the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" on the 1st and 12th of July. In fact it was *thought*, in the regiment that he was an orangeman, but none of them knew, and few of them cared. As for Walker, he didn't care a straw what they called him, providing always and declaring that they didn't call him late for dinner, for a celebrated trencherman was he.

"Begorra, boys," he would say—"this is fine mate. *What a power av money it would have brought at the siege of Derry, where rats were five guineas a piece?* It's a sin to waste it! Cut me another slice off the *roti*, Tom avic! Not so thick!—ach nivir mind! sure it's done! This is iligant bread, boys! Cook, bring another *stake*." And when the bread was finished before the steaks, or *vice versa*, the *gourmand* would have the supplies renewed until his appetite (which was enormous) was satisfied!

As for potatoes, the manner in which he would ~~account for them~~ in large quantities was perfectly marvellous. They disappeared down his trap as fast almost as they could be counted.



"No pickin', boys ; take the grate with the small *indiscriminate*, widout the smallest parshi—al—ity !"

And his libations were truly "pottle deep !"  
He would quaff a pint of whiskey at a draught, and go sober to parade. But his great ambition and delight was to gather a few shillings together, and when he had enough—say five—he would incontinently obtain a pass, that he might have a *good wet*, and no one be the wiser. On one occasion Hooky got a pass as usual, and started for a ramble, being bent on enjoying himself. He went off early in the morning after one of his gigantic breakfasts, and at the first place of refreshment he took a "wee drap o' the barely brce" to comfort himself as he journeyed. Indeed, truth to tell, he did little more all day than take little drops, and long before his leave had expired, he found himself incapable of further exertion or enjoyment, and determined to return to barracks, moralising as he went.

"There's something wrong with you, Walker me deer," he would say to himself. "What's the matter with you? It can't be the whiskey you know, Walker, me deer ! Sure ye only tuk—let me see now ! Ye only tuk half-a-pint at the Red Cow ! Yes ; and a half-pint at the Blue Lion ; but a pint with Andrews ; half a pint at the thug-i-mi-jig—

diedfull stuff it was—and a half-pint at the what's-his-name forninst the market! Bedad I forgot! Now I remember! One to the glo—rious—pious—im—mo—ycs—two mimory.”

Thus—and in such fashion he endeavoured to recall the quantities he had taken! But his memory—like his legs—began to fail. Yet notwithstanding, he made headway, as the sailors say, “by long boards,” tacking to windward and leeward, until at length arriving about 50 yards from the back gate of the barracks, he found that he was completely “overtuk,” and knowing by experience that it was useless to hold out, he quietly capitulated, and down he went all standing.

As has been said, the spot on which he had chosen to rest his weary bones was not 50 yards from the back gate, nor was the road much frequented at that hour, so he felt himself tolerably comfortable. He was not the least disturbed, as a more sensitive man might have been, at the novelty of his position, for, being at peace with all men, and in an equable frame of mind, why people should trouble themselves about him, he could not at all discover. But he found his happiness transitory, and the “soldier tired” had but a brief repose.

A certain Levite chanced to pass by. Unlike the one in the parable, he did not pass on the

other side, but drew nigh and stood there contemplating the fall of human greatness! "Come my man," said he—"rouse up! You'll get your death if you sleep here—" shaking Mr. Walker.

"Get away wid ye, ye sthrap," grunted Hlooky, —and off he went to sleep again.

But the Levite was not to be turned from his purpose, and he accordingly gave the sleeper another good shaking.

"Be off!" shouted Walker, "ye murderin' rabber!" Is it me money ye want? Sure there's little left; only the price av a half-pint! call it in, avic, and again he was as fast as a church!

No use, then, the worthy Levite thought, of playing with a fellow like this; so he gave him another thoroughly good shaking, and succeeded in rousing the sleeper to semi-consciousness.

"Let me go," shouted Hooky, "you thunderin' thafe av the world, till I get up, an' be the grate gun of Athlone, I'll lave a mark on ye ye'll carry to yer grave! I'll put ye in the guard-room for bein' drunk and shaking a non-commissioned officer! Ye'll be flogged an' drummed out, so ye will! You won't lave off? then be the hill av Howth, I'll leave you, that your own mother wouldn't know ye!" And up he staggered, fully intent on doing battle with the disturber of his rest. Rubbing his eyes the better to discover his tormentor, he staggered



backwards and certainly would have fallen but for the activity of the Levite who caught him just then. Hooky in vain endeavoured to get away; he had caught a tartar, in the shape of the Reverend Father McDonough, the regimental catholic clergyman, who, being a very powerful man as well as a powerful preacher, tucked mister Hooky under his arm, and walked him off to barracks!

There was no charge against Walker, he having been on leave, but such an occurrence as we have related was a great windfall! It made sunshine in a shady place! Only fancy! a popish priest bringing home a drunken orangeman to barracks! Walker declared it was all private spite, malice, and all uncharitableness directed against himself, "or why," asked Hooky, "did he try to shake the toe-nails off me? Wait, boys; if it's ever so long I'll catch him, and the first night I find him drunk I'll tare the shirt off him."

And he did watch, every week obtaining a pass for the purpose, when he would go to the good man's garden as soon as it was dusk, and conceal himself in the bushes till he heard the priest come home. Then he would crawl to the window, where he could, himself unseen and unsuspected, observe all the movements indoors. Several weeks passed, and on each occasion the orangeman returned sober to barracks after his long vigil. He never breedath

a syllable as to his motions, where he had been or what he had been doing, during the greater part of the night. No information could be gleaned from him, and although many jokes were passed at his expense, and all sorts of extraordinary proceedings laid to his charge, he remained perfectly silent on the subject.

Shortly after this time, Hooky was promoted to sergeant, and was detailed to have charge of a funeral party at which Father McDonough officiated. During the performance of the funeral rites, a few drops of holy water which was being sprinkled, fell on the sergeant, who looked very earnestly at the soggart, but could discover nothing from the pale, mild, venerable face, and all passed off well. But some of the sergeants who attended the funeral, had observed the occurrence, and when they reached the mess, they said that Walker had been baptized by Father McDonough! Talk of holy water in an orange lodge! Here was holy water on an *Orangeman*, and as soon as poor Hooky made his appearance, the basting match commenced from all sides and by all hands. For a little he remained still, until at length he rose and addressed himself to his tormentors.

"Comrades," said Walker, manfully, "all that has been told you is true. At one time ~~had~~ Father McDonough sprinkled me with holy water, I

should have thought it was the remains of an old grudge I believed he entertained against me, still smouldering. *Now I know it is not!* After he brought me into barracks I swore I would watch him, and (thinking he got drunk as I supposed every one else did) when I caught him I would tare the shirt off him! Well I *did* watch him. I watched him night after night and saw him—yes, boys—”, here he paused a little and looked round him calmly—“I saw him—”

“You saw him drunk of course,” one fellow broke in.

“No,” said Walker, “I did not see him drunk. I saw more. I saw—”

“What? man, speak out,” roared several voices.

“*I saw him—at his devotions every evening, where I hope any one who is watching will see us all to-night! Good night to ye.*”

And with this “Roland for their Oliver,” mister Hooky made his congé!

“That was a good exit,” I ventured to remark.

“Begorra,” said the old fellow, “it was as good as Chatham in the House of Lords—without the dying.”

“What became of the dacent boy?” asked the mistress.

“Became of him!” said the old man—“like the couple I heard ye tellin’ the child of this mornin’—he lived happy ever after.”

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# TOM COPLEY AND THE DURZEE.



## CHAPTER VIII.

COPLEY IS WARNED FOR THREE DAYS' DRILL—THE PROTESTANT GOAT—NED RONAN'S CORONET—COPLEY DISTRIBUTES HIS GOODS AMONG HIS DEAD COMRADES—COPLEY'S GOAT SUFFERS MARTYRDOM FOR CHANGE OF FAITH—COPLEY FINDS HIS WAY INTO HOSPITAL—FEELS SAFE UNDER NED RONAN'S PROTECTION.



"OLD Tom Copley," as he was called by his comrades, was emphatically a "queer fish." He was over six feet in height, well-built, and more active than many a man of far fewer years in age and service. But sure, he was gone here, (and, with that, old scarlet-and-blue *bate* his forehead). He would perambulate the barracks salaaming certain corners; at others he would expectorate; and some he would kick viciously. And an Irishman he detested. When his troop fell in, he would look to his right and left to see if an Irishman stood on either side of him; if so, he would fall back and seek some other place. Occasionally it happened that he *was* placed beside one, and then to watch his movements to rid himself of his disagreeable companion was most amusing. If mounted, the troop

might be proceeding at a trot; suddenly Tom would halt, and immediately afterwards, with a growl like a bear, he would dash his spurs in and get into line, but not in his own place, sometimes three or four files away, and there he would remain until the parade was over. Upon one occasion, for this little eccentricity Tom got extra drill—and once only.

"Copley," said the sergeant-major, "the captain has been ordering you three days' extra drill for falling out of the ranks to-day."

"All right, major," said Tom.

When he reached his barrack-room, he performed his ablutions, dressed, put on his sword and belts, and grasping his lance, he started off to the parade-ground. When he had reached what he considered was the very centre of it, he drew himself up to attention and performed the lance-exercise, himself giving the word of command to himself, in so loud a tone of voice as to be heard all over the lines.

The commanding officer was in the orderly room; officers and non-commissioned officers who had business to transact were in attendance. At the sound of Tom's voice all eyes were of course directed to him, and by the time he had concluded both ~~lance~~ and sword-exercise, not only those who had been outside when he commenced, but

groups of men from both troops (one on either side of the parade-ground) had turned out to watch Tom's manœuvres. When he had finished the sword-exercise, he picked up his lance, and commenced marching up and down, till a corporal who had been sent from the orderly room, told Tom that the colonel wanted him.

"All right, lad," said Tom, and he went forthwith to where the commanding officer was standing, halted and carried his lance.

"Why have you come out to drill, my man?" asked the chief.

"Because the sergeant-major warned me for three days' drill, colonel, and Tom Copley's not the man to disobey an order!"

"Very well, Copley," said the chief, "I'll forgive you the remainder of the punishment."

"Thank you, colonel," said Tom, and stalked off to his room.

When he reached there, and had been congratulated (in an ironical way) on his happy contrivance for "getting out of the drill," he paid not the slightest attention to the men, but kept cleaning up his traps, talking to himself the while, and occasionally patting a pet goat, the only living object the man seemed to care for. This goat was *primus in Indis* with Tom. He had the first-fruits of all Tom's offerings. He



breakfasted, dined and supped before Tom. He had as many tricks (taught by the men) as ■ wilderness of monkies, and was a general favourite in the regiment. He (the goat) marched in front of the band to church; fell away at the gate; nibbled without interruption at the grass and shrubs in the graveyard, until the service was over, and then fell in at the head of the regiment, and marched back to barracks. His conduct, (so far as church-going was concerned, was perfectly irreproachable, with the exception of one occasion when his curiosity overcame his appetite, and he wandered into the church. On this day, the usually respectable animal did so misconduct himself as to put all decorum to rout, and brought upon himself the dire wrath of his master, who sentenced him to be tied to the leg of a cot, and have no food for fourteen days! Luckily, for the goat, Tom was not always in the barrack-room, and it was a solemn moot question whether, during that fourteen days, the goat had ever had so much food in the same period of time in his life!

Now, in the troop to which Tom belonged, there was a man named Ronan, the very *ne plus ultra*, the pink and perfection of a tailor; a wild scamp, and one who fancied no young lady (or old one) could possibly pass him without being fascinated by his handsome face and figure. That

he had such attributes there could be no question ; but to negative these qualities—if they be reckoned such—he was as proud as the devil himself, and the consequence was that he was disliked by his comrades. He was ignorant and bigotted, and hated, with the hatred of a bigot of the first water, a man who was in *his* way quite as bigotted.—Tom Copley. Their beds were opposite, and between the two there was war to the knife. Every time Copley had occasion to come within a yard of Ronan's box, he would expectorate, and wave his hands over it ; and whenever the goat approached Ronan's premises, he would drive it away, saying, "Go to old *Dafty* (lunatic), your master !" And a wordy war would ensue.

This bickering was rather encouraged than otherwise by the wags in the troop, and upon a certain Sunday it reached a climax. Ronan found, on getting ready for chapel, the hour for parade being very near, that he had forgotten to clean his lance-cap, and there was not sufficient time to do so before parade. Here was a fix!—but there was one way out of it. Copley's cap was shining on the peg, and without leave or license, Ronan borrowed the cap, and away he went to chapel.

It appeared that, for some reason, Copley had removed the inner rim of his cap, and then had

replaced it, forgetting however to secure it firmly to the cap, so that it remained loose. The proverb says, "a stitch in time saves nine," and it would have, in this instance, saved the haughty "durzee" (as the men had nick-named Ronan) a vast amount of mortification—but it didn't. On entering the church-door with the crowd, the cap was of course removed, *leaving the rim—like a coronet—on the head of the proud tailor!* Unaware of his being so ornamented, he walked with the dignity of an Emperor up the aisle to the position he always took, as close as he could possibly get to the altar, where he seated himself, folded his arms *à la Napoleon*, and looked straight to his front, as was his fashion. He was quite unaware of his ridiculous position—and no one told him how he was accidentally bedizened—until suppressed titterings and whisperings caused him to look round with no small indignation to discover and suppress, if possible, the scandalous irreverence, when he found, to his astonishment, that every eye was fixed upon *him*, and an expression in every man's face which seemed to say, "Ned, my buck, we would laugh at you if we dared!"

This caused Ned's face to assume the colour of his ~~ragings~~ *ragings* (no pun intended—you needn't grin). To solve the mystery, he assisted his



thinking faculties by scratching the nearly empty ornament which adorned his shoulders! Upon other occasions, he might as well have expected to extract sun-beams from cucumbers, but on this, the act of scratching assisted him not a little, for he discovered the ornament which—oh! horror and disgust!—he had been sporting in presence of the entire congregation! It was instantly and most indignantly removed and dashed upon the ground! The head which it had so lately adorned was bent as low as it could be, and with shame and confusion of face poor Ned remained during the rest of the service. There was not in the regiment—or elsewhere—a more sensitive, thin-skinned creature (as is the case with all vain men—or women,) and his feelings upon the occasion may be very easily imagined.

When the men were dismissed near barracks, there was a loud shout, of course, at, and for, Ned! But he bolted into his room, and sent the unfortunate cap flying into a corner, much to the amusement of every one. Copley never for a moment expected that Ronan would borrow *his* cap; but when the discovery was made—and the cat soon got out of the bag—and a hearty laugh from his comrades irritated Ned still more and caused him to bestow a kick upon the innocent instrument of his discomfiture, exclaiming, and shouts of

laughter, "*Bad look to ye! What bett'her cud I expect for goin' to chapel in a protestant cap!*"—then it was that Copley discovered that his cap had been taken, and he was tremendous in his wrath. But when, with many illustrations and emendations, the scene in chapel was described, his glee knew no bounds. Yet, in the midst of his boisterous merriment, he swore a great oath that he never would wear that cap again—a cap which had been sullied by the head of a snip! He removed, with the point of his lance, the devoted chapeau from the corner where Ned had kicked it, but more he would not do.

"Tom," said one fellow—"I suppose you'll go with the Catholics next Sunday?"

"Why?" asked Tom.

"Because your cap went to-day, you know!"

"Oh!" said another, "Tom is sure to go, to look after his property. Ned never lifted the rim, and there it lies in the chapel yet."

Tom said nothing; he was room-orderly that day, and marched up and down the room, casting glances askance and expectorating at the cap, and when the goat commenced to butt it, he rewarded the animal's exhibition of contempt with a huge slice of "*roti*." Presently, when Ronan cooled down, he removed the cap to the shelf, where, in consequence of new caps being issued just then, it

remained. But Ronan took it down quietly one fine day, and cut it all to pieces—addressing the following adjuration to the inanimate fabric: “You protestant thafe! You’ll go to chapel again will ye? Begorra ye won’t, ye raskel! There!” and he kicked the unfortunate military *tile* out-of-doors.

It was observed about this time, that Copley was, as Ronan elegantly expressed it, “getting looney,” or “takin’ lave av his sinses.” He certainly was conducting himself in a most extraordinary manner, and he was lucky in being an old, and nearly time-expired soldier, or he would have fared as badly as others who (it was thought) were shamming madness—in other words malingering. But up to this occurrence he had done nothing so exceedingly *outré* as to bring him under medical supervision. At watering-order parade, one day, Tom found himself alongside an Irishman. He instantly reined back and endeavoured to get in the ranks between two Englishmen. To effect this he had to spur his horse, a remarkably vicious brute, which seized the leg of a man named Evans a little above the knee, and tore a piece of flesh nearly out of the unfortunate man’s leg. The “General,” as Evans was called, was for months in hospital, and ultimately had to be envalided in consequence of this injury.



On the following Saturday, after kit inspection, Copley tied the whole of his kit in his bed-setrings and set off with it. Several men followed to see what would happen, and what he would do with his kit, for it was evident to every one that he was insane. The poor fellow walked straight to the graveyard, and distributed all he had taken in the setrings on the graves of his former comrades !

He would stop at one mound where some poor fellow he had known well "slept the sleep that knows no waking," pause for a little, and taking a shirt from his kit, lay it gently down on the grave—

"There, Sam," he would say, speaking softly, but distinctly, "there, Sam, is a shirt for thee, poor lad ! The like o' that ye never was master on, though thee always made up the complement, lad !"

Moving on a little, he would halt at another grave, and apostrophise it thus : "Ah Dick ! thee was always a-borrowing buttons ; thee never had a set complete, more nor a day at a time ! There, lad, there ! there's a complete set for thee, lad !"

Proceeding to another grave he would say— "Ah ! Maſge, thee was a good horseman ; take the boots and spurs, lad !" To another— "the trousers will fit thee, Sutton ; many a time thee borrowed them for guard, lad."

Still moving, he deposited four jackets on the ground. "There be only four !" he whispered; "they'll fit Spencer, Milton, Self and Chummy Pearse !"

And thus he went on until he had put some article on nearly every one's grave, and then he left the graveyard. His comrades collected all he had deposited and brought them back to barracks.

Next day (Sunday) when the men returned from chapel, one of them sat down on the bed next to Tom's.

"Why, Tom," said he, "I thought you were at chapel this morning."

Just then the goat walked gravely in and came direct to the man who was talking to Copley.

"This is the good Christian," said the man ; "faith he's turned catholic, and went to chapel this morning; that's why I thought you were there !"

"Is that true ?" asked Copley.

"It is," said the man ; "that, I tell you again, is the reason why I asked you, were you there."

"Is he speaking the truth, Ned Ronan ?" enquired Copley.

"He is, Tom Copley," was the answer.

Copley made a sudden bound between the beds ; seized his sword and drew it, and before any one knew what his intention was, with a loud shout he severed the goat's head from his body !

What further mischief he might have committed was prevented by Ronan rushing upon the madman. He seized him by the right wrist and held it despite all Copley's efforts to disengage himself. Copley was a powerful man, but a mere reed in the hands of the Irishman, who released him as soon as the sword had been taken from him. The poor fellow lay panting on the bed, ejaculating occasionally—"You catholic thief of a goat! You'll go to chapel again, will you?"

Every one was sorry for the poor goat! When it was known through the regiment that Copley had killed the animal *because it had turned Catholic*, there were perfect howls of execration and shame on Tom.

"It's well he's a fool," one would say, "for by all the crasses on a thousand asses, Ned Ronan would lave doctor's work on him, so he would, tho' he's but the ninth part av a man! Be this an' be that, I pity any one he'd bring that iron fist av his on! 'Tis like a sledge-hammer, so it is."

"Yer right, Barney," another would say, "I felt it once myself, and niver wish to feel it agin! A clout from him is like a kick from a horse. I wonder they don't send Tom home; sure he's clane gone, an' his time neer in."

"Pity it's not in now," was the answer, "he'll do some more mischief—whist—here's the sergeant."



Enter the sergeant, who orders the last speaker to get ready for guard to relieve Copley, who has been ordered to hospital to attend on the sergeant-major.

"Attend on the sergeant-major! and four more men were told off for hospital guard in case they should be required.

It appeared that Copley, being on guard, had been marched to his post which was sentry on the paymaster's bungalow, some ten minutes' walk from the guard-room. Suddenly he halted, and, to the corporal's surprise, began to cut right and left! The corporal of course retreated as fast as he could, and reported the matter to the sergeant of the guard, who went for the regimental sergeant-major. That official, however, was not to be found, and great was the dilemma. What *was* to be done? "I'll tell you what to do," said one of the guard; "send to Copley's troop to bring a man ready dressed to relieve old Tom, telling him that he is to go to hospital to attend on the troop sergeant-major, who is very ill, and will have no one but Copley to attend on him. They both came from the same corps, and Tom will take the bait at once. Some men may be ready at the hospital in case he runs rusty."

"A brilliant idea!" said the sergeant "by Jove!"

So said, so done. All went well enough until Tom got to the hospital, when he *did* turn most

uncommonly rusty. He knocked down the apothecary and hospital-sergeant, and three of the extra guard shared the same fate.

Tom was about to leave the hospital when his old enemy, Ronan, happened (being a patient at the time) to see him.

"Sit down, Tom, here, by me, and I'll let none of them touch you," said he.

Strange to say, Copley obeyed him without a murmur.

"Send them away, Ned! Send them all away! I'll stay quiet with you!" and he sat down.

During the ten weeks he remained in hospital, he never attempted to break away while Ned was near.

When the poor fellow was at his worst, his constant cry was—"Put the Protestant cap on the Catholic goat—eh Ned?"

"What became of him?" I ventured to ask.

"Troth," said the old lancer, "he became possessed of common sense and a large property; opened a livery-stable, riding-school and shooting-gallery with Ronan as his partner, and General Evans as manager. All his advertisements for rough-riders or other employes for his extensive establishment—the firm was Ronan and Copley—concluded in large characters with the words—

"NONE BUT AN IRISHMAN NEED APPLY."

# JACK BURNS

OR

## THE BOY FROM SWEET TIPPERARY.

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### CHAPTER IX.

A FÁCTION-FIGHT—JACK DISAPPEARS—WRITES AT LAST FROM INDIA—RE-VISITS HIS HOME JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE GIRL HE HOPED TO MARRY, DIE—ELUDGES THE VIGILANCE OF THE GUARD AND ESCAPES THE "CAT"—ENDS HIS CAREER BEFORE DELHI.

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JACK was as smart a boy as ever handled a *kippeen* at fair or pattern, and for running or jumping, sorra bit of his equal was to be found in the next seven parishes—no—nor in the seven next to them. At hurling he<sup>o</sup> was a match for Jerry Egan, and sure Jerry had beaten the best man in all Munster! These were not Jack's only qualifications; he could dance the "Pieprah Dârg" till he was black in the face, but his vocal powers exceeded all his other accomplishments, and wherever he went Jack was a welcome guest. His father held a farm on easy terms from the Butler's who



were kind and good landlords and came of the rare ould stock. When old Burns died from the effects of a blow he "cotch" at the fair of Crick-na-hoola from one of the Egan faction, Jack became the head of the house. In those days faction-fights were at a premium, and not at all uncommon. Nearly at every gathering there was bloodshed (just to keep the hands of the boys in); the police were unable to suppress the riots, for, when pushed, the rival factions would make common cause and join against them, and drive them into their barracks, until they were reinforced. As soon as the police were safe in-doors, the factions turned on each other again, till the news was shouted through the fair—"The Soggarth! the Soggarth." Then there was the fun! Father O'Shea, whip in hand, was seen galloping to the scene of action, and the prospect changed as if by magic! The sticks were handed to the women who hid them under their cloaks; one fellow would exchange the stick he had been wielding with no small effect, for a switch and a rope which had held the pig he had driven to the fair to sell, and which his wife or daughter held during the fight, while the man who had the moment before been his antagonist stood bargaining with him!

"Divil a penny more will I give ye! take it or lave it! Nineteen an' six-pence is more than he's worth, only we're ould friends!"

"Tare an' ages, man, d'ye think I stole him to offer that price for *him*—for one of *his* breed? Faith, then, only for friendship's sake divil a penny under five an' twenty shillin's I'd let him go for, but sure friendship goes a long way,—take him for the pound an' a pint o' whisky!"

"Troth 'tis hard ye are, Jack Burns, but I like to dale wid ye for all that, so I'll take him in the name o' God, and pay ye by-and-bye."

"You'll find me ready, Jerry, when the Soggarth goes away. Here he is—God bless his riverince!"

Here the priest would strike in. "I find you at your old game, Egan! Luck or grace will never attend you, when you go on in this way; and you, Burns! you promised me never to lift a stick to Egan."

"Oh thin, yer riverince," Burns would say, "sure Jerry and meself has been huxterin' ever so long before he'd offer the vally (value) for that *shlip*—troth all the fair knows id—"

"Ah! that you have been fighting. How does ~~the~~ that blood come on your coats? Go! leave the fair before the police arrest you. Here they come!" And the two men would disappear among the crowd.

The police, now that all the "ruction" was over, would make their appearance, and the priest would address the sergeant.

"Mornin'—mornin' sergeant—every thing quiet!"

"Yes, yer riverince, now that you're come; but before *that*, the fair-green was like a forest, there was so many sticks in it!" the sergeant would reply.

"Have you made any arrests?"

"No yer riverince; better let them fight it out, and not interfere unless called on by a justice av the peace:—thim's our orders, and now yer riverince has come, there's little chance of that."

Here a little bare-logged *gossoon*, handed a slip of dirty, crumpled paper to Father O'Shea, who read the contents, and looking round asked who had brought it, but the messenger was gone.

Father O'Shea smiled and handed the paper to the sergeant, who read it, and when he had, he looked, as Burns eloquently expressed it, "completely flabbergasted!"

"Yer riverince is goin'?" he asked.

"Not a foot," said his reverence, "this is a trick; the man is in the fair, and as far from dyin' as ayther you or me: they want me away. 'Tis Egan the blagard; he wants to pay Jack Burns for the pig he bought; but I'll pay them both," and so he remained all day at the fair. The boys couldn't make him believe that the man he had seen well and hearty a few minutes before in the fair, should



be at the point of death, and Crick-na-hoola was as quiet as a convent. Not another blow was struck.

Burns and Egan were the acknowledged leaders of their respective factions, and although the pig was not paid for on that occasion—which meant renewing the fight—no great time elapsed before they were able to enjoy the pleasure of giving and receiving a broken head without the intervention of good Father Harry. He had gone to Dublin on business, and here was the time to try the strength of the respective parties. Each had hitherto claimed the pre-eminence, but now they would decide the question finally. Every man of both factions accordingly received notice to “grase his blackthorn,” and be ready for the fray.

On this eventful day, crowds of people could be seen on every road approaching the town, but all remained quiet until about 12 o'clock, when a stir told the people that the long-looked-for leader of the Burns' had arrived. There was a good deal of scuffling before he would leave his house, and no small amount of pressure had to be put on him, as a promise had been obtained from him by the girl he loved, that he would not engage, or lift his hand against her brother—who was no other than Jerry Egan—and who had vowed vengeance against him for presuming to ask the hand of his sister. The two men met in the fair: Burns

would have avoided Egan, but the latter was determined upon fighting, and addressed the most scurrilous and insulting language to Burns, who, however, did not take the slightest notice of him. At length, goaded almost to frenzy, he stood in front of Burns, and with a sweep of his stick sent his hat spinning among the crowd. Another blow was aimed at his head, which Burns guarded, and Egan's onslaught was so fierce, that it gave Burns as much as he knew how to defend himself. Still he remained cool and collected, not once attempting to return a blow. The fight soon became general. Egan went down; a stone whether intended for him or not, struck him with so much violence that he became perfectly insensible, and he would have been trampled on but for Burns, who lifted him in his arms and carried him to the nearest tent where he laid him down.

Suddenly he felt a hand placed on his arm, and a voice he knew and loved right well whispered in his ear—

"Murdered! Ah! what did you promise me? Away! save yourself; the Egans are coming this way. Never let me see your face again!"

The poor fellow was stunned for a moment, then with a loud shout he rushed into the thickest of the fight! It was soon ended; he was a host in himself; nothing could stand before him, and a

man went down at every blow. "Burns-a-boo!" was the shout through the fair. As soon as Jack found there were no more of the Egans to knock over, he disappeared suddenly, nor was he seen or heard of till long afterwards.

Egan slowly recovered, and at the next assizes manfully exonerated Burns. Still, no tidings of Jack! Bridget Egan learned the truth too late. She said no word, but bore her sorrows patiently, and went about her household duties as if there was no sorrow at her heart. But the colour had left her cheeks, the light in her eyes was dim, and the foot which had so often beaten time to the music of old blind Fogarty the piper, was never seen on the boards at Holy Cross. Years went on and the scene above related was nearly forgotten by all except the Burns' and Egans' families.

The first year of the potatoe blight in Ireland was a very trying one to most people at home, and it served to prove (had it been doubted) how the Irishman loves those who are far away from him. Remittances from all parts of the world were sent to the dear ones at home. Nor was Father O'Shea forgotten. A foreign letter arrived to his address. When the priest read it, he rubbed his hands, ordered the old black mare and rode off to Egan's.



"God save yer riverince," was the salutation he received as he entered Egan's house. Bridget dusted a chair with her apron, and placed it for his reverence, who sat down and again commenced rubbing his hands, smiling the while; every one knew when the father was pleased, and so they were delighted when they saw the genial old gentleman rubbing his hands. The Egans were all respectfully standing round, but Father O'Shea made them seat themselves and then drew out the letter.

"This," said he, "is from one you all thought dead. Now guess whom the letter is from?" and there was archness and merriment in his tone.

"Sit still, child," he continued, as Bridget half rose from her chair and held out her hand. "Sure I knew *you* would guess who it was from. There, then (handing her an enclosure), go and read yours, while I tell the good news to Jack's mother."

The letter was from Jack; it enclosed a money order and a letter for Bridget, sent all the way from Ingee. Sure he was goin' to fight the blacks, and after givin' them a good batin' he would come home and all would be happiness. Such was Jack's epistolary strain; he thanked Jerry for having exonerated him at the assizes; he had read an account of it in the paper.

There was joy in the two houses that night!

Jerry and his sister went over to Mrs. Burns. He said, only for the hard times, he would send out money to purchase Jack's discharge, but, thank God, there was no sign of the blight, and as soon as the harvest was in, why Biddy could get her wedding dress ready. So we leave the two happy families, to follow Jack's fortune.

Burns had been with his gallant regiment ~~through~~ Moodkee, Aliwal, Ferozeshah and Sobraon, and although he was always in the very thickest of the fight (and the Sikhs *could* fight), he escaped without a scratch. While bayoneting some gunners who would not leave their guns, his haversack was cut away by a round shot which killed the only artillery man who had been left alive in the battery. Many hair-breadth escapes had he, and still he survived the four days' slaughter. His regiment was shortly afterwards sent home. Jack had been steady; had saved his prize money; had made a little loot (glory be to God!), and had put away every rupee he could, of his pay; and having all this safe in the regimental savings bank, he could, when he landed, lay his hands upon a few pounds. The depôt joined in a day or two, and to his astonishment one of the recruits, as they were called, walked up to him and asked if he did not know him? For an instant Jack was uncertain; the next moment the men's hands were clasped in friendship; hands that had been

often raised against each other in bitter strife.

"Jerry!"—"Jack!"

Jerry soon explained that his all was gone! Famine and death had stared him in the face; they were *starving*; he could stand it no longer, and he had enlisted so as to save Jack's mother and his own sister, who were now living together. They were all that remained; some had gone to America, but had not been heard of up to the time of ~~his~~ "takin' the shillin'." "We thought they were dead, Jack, and we thought the same of you. I had no other way of saving them; I gave them all the bounty I got, which was not much, but it lasted till help came from across the water. Dinny sint tin pound, an' a week after that your second tin pound kim. I'm the major's servant, and what with my pay, and what I get from him, they are still alive, thank God!"

Jack obtained leave of absence and immediately went home, taking with him every penny of his savings. He reached home safe and sound; but it was not the home of his youth! The old roof-tree that so long had afforded him shelter, had fallen, but the cabin still held the only beings dear to him. He entered; there were several persons in the room whom he knew, and they welcomed him by a silent clasp of the hand. There sat his poor old mother, rocking herself to and fro. "Mother!"



he said, and she was in his arms in a moment. He led her quietly to a seat, and just then the priest came from the inner room. "Is she dead, father?" asked Jack, who intuitively knew the state of desolation reigning there.

"No, my son," said the priest, "you can see her."

It was a sorrowful meeting for the unhappy pair. The poor girl had never ceased blaming herself ~~for~~ the hasty words she had spoken to her lover in the fair, while under the belief that he had killed her brother. She struggled bravely with her sorrow and all the troubles which had fallen on them; had taken Jack's mother to live with her, and had attended to her wants before she attended to her own; but death had set his seal upon her, and she had gradually sunk day by day, hour by hour, until at length she had become utterly prostrate. After some little time, the mother entered the room, and a low wail from her told poor Jack, who was sitting in a remote corner, gazing through his blinding tears on the faded and attenuated form of her who had once been the light of his heart and the apple of his eye, that all was over! She had recognized him, asked his forgiveness, kissed him, taken a last farewell, and all Jack's happiness was as a tale that was told—

"A snowdrop on the river,—

"A moment seen,"

"Then lost for ever!"

Poor Jack !

He did not remain long after the funeral. He made such arrangements as ensured his poor old mother's comfort, and returned to his regiment, which had been ordered to Portsmouth.

When Burns went on furlough, he had given the greater part of his kit to Egan to keep for him till his return. Now Egan had to return to his duty, as the commanding officer objected to a young soldier being an officer's servant ; and having no place to stow away Jack's traps, he had asked the corporal of his squad how he would dispose of them. The corporal told him that he would put them into store, and they were handed over to corporal York, with one of the two suits of civilian's clothes which his master had given Jerry. About a week afterwards, York was orderly corporal, and the colour-sergeant sent him to town with a twenty-pound note to be changed for the purpose of paying the company. The sergeant had to attend a court-martial on that morning, and when he got back to his quarters he found that the corporal had not returned ; two other non-commissioned officers were sent to search for him, but in vain. The sergeant himself and all the non-commissioned officers off duty in the company, had equal bad fortune.

The news soon spread over the regiment, and when it reached the guard-room, where Egan

was on guard, he exclaimed—"They have deserted."

"Why do you think so?" asked one of the men. He told him about the clothes.

"Keep that to yourself," said the man; "take my advice, or they will try you by court-martial. You can purchase other articles for Burns before he returns; but first make sure they are not in store."

He found that they were *not* in store, and before he could replace the articles which had been taken, Jack returned.

The very day afterwards there was a kit inspection. Jack had only retained sufficient money to bring him back to the regiment, and there were no funds to replace the missing articles, as Egan had given him all *his* savings when he went away.

What was to be done? Egan generously offered to explain how the articles had disappeared, but Burns would not hear of this. Besides, it was his first offence, and surely the colonel would not be hard on him, give him a few days' drill and order him to pay for a new kit. But the colonel was on leave, and when the kit inspection took place, he was ordered to the guard-room for "wilfully making away with, or losing through neglect, certain articles of his regimental necessaries."

When he was brought up, he received such a tongue-thrashing from the major—all proceeding



from an erroneous hypothesis,—that he had not a word to say.

“So,” said that officer, “you get a furlough, and, instead of going home, you choose to get drunk, spend your money and sell your clothes.”

“He returned before his time, sir,” said the adjutant.

“Of course he did,” said the major. “He had no more money to spend ; then the publican turned him out ! Nice fellows you old soldiers are ! Remember, you’re not in India now. Send him back for a court-martial.”

“He is one of the best men in my company, sir,” said Jack’s captain.

“If he were the best man in the regiment, I should try him, captain. Take him away !”

“You’re in for 150, Jack, as sure as I go on sentry,” said one of the guard, as Jack was brought back to the guard-room. He said not a word, but lay down on the guard-bed.

He was tried by a district court-martial, and, on the third day afterwards, punishment parade was ordered. There was no other prisoner awaiting sentence, and it was perfectly understood that Jack was the man to be punished the following morning at ten o’clock.

The guard, of which Egan was one, were roused by the sergeant to change and dress for the day

—just as day was breaking. The day-room men came into the guard-room to do the same, as their accoutrements were kept there, when suddenly a man said—

“I can’t find my belts, sergeant, nor my cap.”

“Where did you leave them?” asked the sergeant.

“On this peg,” said the man, identifying it.

“Get dressed the guard; fall in the prisoners,” was the sergeant’s order.

*And Burns was missing.*

There wasn’t a rat hole in or about the premises that wasn’t searched for Jack, but as Egan remarked, “he wasn’t in it!”

Now the sergeant of the guard was considered the strictest man on duty in the regiment. The men said he slept with one eye open; still Jack had been able to reach the belts, which so invitingly hung over his head, and slip them on over his great-coat. When “sentry go” was called, he had jumped up, put on his cap, gone to the arm-rack and taken the second firelock, which was Egan’s, had answered to Egan’s number, and was planted on sentry without discovery. He was of course soon relieved by Egan—one long clasp of the hand—and Jack was off!

There was great “racing and chasing” when the defection was discovered, and it was difficult to convince the tight non-commissioned officer that

it was possible for a prisoner to "slope" while *he* was the sergeant of the guard ! But, at last, he was convinced, and sent the corporal to report the matter to the regimental sergeant-major.

"Burns has broken out of the guard-room, sir," said the corporal.

~~What ?~~ "What ?" roared the big man, flushing like a turkey-cock.

"Burns—has—broken—out—of the—guard-room," enunciated the man, "wid the double st<sup>r</sup>ipe on his arms."

"And sergcant Danger on guard !—Collins, I mean ! I will be there directly !"

And so he was : after due enquiry he proceeded to the adjutant and reported the case. The sergeant, the corporal and the sentries were placed in confinement, and the officer remarked that it would go hard with Collins.

The major was in a frightful passion when all these matters were made known to him. He ordered a court-martial to assemble on the morrow to try the sergeant, the corporal and the sentries. He was of a mind to try the whole guard. He (the major) would teach them how to soldier—he would have none of their Indian tricks with *him* !

The adjutant, with the usual *esprit-de-corps*, was very much distressed. As a rule, a plurality of court-martials in a regiment does not say much in favour



of the powers that be, from whatever point of view it is looked at, and he wrote to his chief, who was on leave, on the subject. The letter missed him, he having been from home; but on his return he started immediately, rejoined, and assumed the command. The serjeant and corporal had been reduced, but he reinstated both. The three poor sentries had ~~also~~ been tried, but as the charge could not be brought home to them all—or to any one of them, they were acquitted. The major went on leave a few days after, and ultimately, to the intense delight of the whole regiment—except his henchman—exchanged to another regiment. He was of opinion that the cat was the only instrument to be used by a disciplinarian. I have known more wonders worked by one word of kindness than fifty cats!

“What became of Burns?” I asked.

“He enlisted in my regiment, sir! He was a clean, smart, intelligent dragoon, and a universal favourite. We were on picquet one night before Delhi, when he related the story to me, which I have just been telling you as nearly as I can remember. He told me the regiment to which he belonged; and asked me to read, and destroy any letters I might find in his valise when he had gone, for he had a presentiment that he would be killed;—and he was shot through the head next day, when charging the enemy. He said that he never, under heaven, would

have deserted, *but for the thought of the disgraceful cat.*

I found in one of his letters, which was from Egan, that the corporal and his chum who had deserted, had been brought back, tried and imprisoned, and the truth about the kit made known to his colonel. ~~The~~ letter stated that all his regiment were sorry for Burns ;—and so were we when his body was brought in in a dooly. His singing, yarning, and general hilarity were long missed. The dread of the cat had driven him from a regiment where he was respected, to another where he had to gain respect. And he died nobly.

“I never liked them cats,” said the mistress.

“Neither did the men they scratched, me deer,” said the old fellow.

“But tell me,” said he, “did you ever hear what the drummer said on the same subject?”

“No,” said the mistress.

“Then, me deer,” he said, “no matter whether I hit high or hit low, the devil a one of me can please them.”

“Better times, now,” said I.

“Aye, faith,” said the old fellow, “and time too! ’Tis never too late to mend. Any how, here’s to Burns’ memory,” said the old lancer, as he finished the story—and his glass.

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# JACK DEL'ANY.



## CHAPTER X.

YOUNG JACK CONFINES OLD JACK TO BARRACKS—THE WOODEN  
LEG—THE TRUCE—THE GREATEST SCAMP ON THE HILL—THE  
FOSTER-BROTHERS—"INSENSING THE LARNING" INTO JACK—  
ADJUTANT DAY—THE NEW MADE GENTLEMAN IS HORSE-  
WHIPPED—OLD JACK BREAKS THE TRUCE—YOUNG JACK  
TAKES HIS LAST LARRUPPING—THE HUNT—JACK SEEKS  
GLORY IN THE BATTLE-FIELD.



JACK, the hero of our little story, had often been told by his comrades that he—

"Had left his country for his country's good."

That is as may be. One thing is certain, that, after he *had* left the green isle, or "the sod," as he fondly termed it, he never disgraced his country.

Jack, in his own imagination at least, was a born "hayro." With the utmost scorn he regarded the low spalpeens who were contented to be hewers of wood and drawers of water—*totidem verbis*—cut turf and dig praties. Long before he was able to carry a gun, he talked of doing as his father had done before him—that was, seeking his fortune in the battle-field.



"Arran who knows," Jack would shout, "what look is in sthore for me! Every sojer doesn't get a wooden leg, as me father got! Some get a goold chain, and that's the fortune av war." Jack's father—"ould Jack" as he was called, in contra-distinction to his son—had seen much service; had fought in many a stricken field, and numerous were his stories ("cuffers" they were called) touching and concerning his adventures by flood and field, and which, although founded upon fact, were allowed to ramble widely in the fields of fiction, and yet were implicitly believed in by his listeners. The man who had fought under Abercromby, Moore and Wellington in more than fifty pitched battles, must have seen some rainy days as well as basked in sunshine, and he was fond of dwelling upon one reminiscence which must have been connected with the masterly retreat of Moore to Corunna, which led up to confirm the fact that the "army, boys, was in full raytrate, an' for five days we lived on nothing but the smell av an oil-rag. Nor that wasn't all! By this book (and here he shook the ashes out of his pipe), that wasn't all. In that time we marched two hunder' miles an' fought three gineral ingagements!"

Thus "ould Jack" talked, and the young fellow listened, believ'ing every story and pinning his faith religiously to his father's tales; and he longed for

the time to arrive when he would reach the age at which he could himself become a soldier. Jack had all the materials about him to make a "rowing stone." The old man was well-off; he had a comfortable little cottage and a cow's grass. A sign hung over his door, on which was painted a legend that he, "corplor" Delany of the "fighting 50th—" some of the wags in the neighbourhood added "blind half-hundred"—was army boot and shoemaker, also racket-court keeper; so that with his good-looking shilling a day, the earnings of his trade and the proceeds of the racket-court, he was pretty comfortable in his old days. At least so said his neighbours; "but still he was not happy." "Sure, there was young Jack, the greatest scamp on the hill," (he would say). "He'll nayther go to school nor larn a trade." The old man had "put" Jack to almost every useful occupation he could think of, but all to no purpose. Jack had a foster-brother whose name was West, and whose family moved in a very different sphere from that of our hero. But the difference in their positions did not in the slightest degree influence the strong affection they bore each other.

"Young West," said the old man, "has put such notions into Jack's head, and such fine clothes on his back, that he's above larning a trade. The army is the only place to tame him. I've wasted

more stirrup-leathers on that fellow than I can well afford. An' he takes his punishment without a murmur. Jack does not cry like a baby when I flog him, but takes his whack like a man! Aye, like the man who took 999 lashes before breakfast, and *then* axed the drummers had they done?"

No one ever knew when young Jack was being lorruped. On those occasions, and they were frequent enough in all conscience, the boy would cross his arms on his breast after placing something between his teeth, and stand erect, until his father, tired with the exertion, had thrown down the stirrup-leather, when he would coolly say, "Are ye done father?"

But Jack had a Roland for his father's Oliver. Next morning, the shutters of the shop were taken down as usual, but the old shoemaker was not to the fore! Nothing was seen of *him* (unless the wooden leg could be considered a component part of his system). Young Jack was flying about, but the only relic of his father visible, was the wooden leg, which occupied the old man's usual seat. The fact is, that master Jack had walked off with the old fellow's leg in the night while the father was asleep, and the old man was *per force* compelled to remain in bed until he had entered into an arrangement with the young one, who dictated his own terms, for "*a truce*" as they called it.



That concluded, the timber substitute for the Delany flesh and blood left at Waterloo was returned. One day, while "ould Jack" was very busy at his lapstone work, an old officer entered the shop to make enquiry regarding a piece of work he had entrusted to the old man to execute. To him the cobbler answered—

"They are in hand, sir, and would have been finished ere this, only that boy of mine ran off wid my leg and confined me to barracks for half the day, until I had signed a truce for a couple of months. It was strict arrest, sir; for he stood at the *fut* of the stairs" (an old trap-ladder dignified by the appellation) "on sentry, wid the leg over his shoulder, dictating his own terms."

"You are spoiling that boy, Delany," said the officer, "petting him one day, and thrashing him the next. Go on with your work (the old man was standing at attention): "I'm afraid the boy is spoiled already. He has little or no education and—"

"Edjukashin is it?" thundered old Delany; "is it after me wearin out threc stirrup-leathers in *indeavarin* to *insinse* the *larnin* into him? The more I flogged, the more he played the truant, until a long truce finished his *larnin*, sur."

"You will repent your lenity one fine day," was the old officer's answer,

"Lenity?" said old Delany; "why, then, the divil a boy in Cork has got more floggins nor Jack for playing truant from school! He likes the larnin as the gentleman with the cloven hoof admires holy-water; and you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as tache him a trade. Nothing but the army will tame *him*, sur."

"Send him to my office," was the gentleman's reply. He was adjutant of the recruiting staff at Cork, and had served in the fighting 50th with Delany; indeed, they had been privates together; and for the sake of old times he gave the work of the family to Delany—that is, the *mending*. The *new* articles of course he procured in town. He wished the old man "good evening," and went away leaving the poor old shoemaker to moralise upon the difference in the luck of some people. "Ah," said old Jack to himself, "'twas the larnin done it!"

Suddenly a shadow came between him and the light, and looking up he saw it was the adjutant, who had returned to complain against Jack the younger, who had been horsewhipping one of his sons in the racket-court, which, as before said, was rented by old Jack, and where the young fellow, assisted by one Mahony, used to mark. The officer, who was very irate, said that he would be compelled to withdraw his patronage from the old

man if his children were to be so treated by Jack's son. The result was, that the inevitable stirrup-leather was well oiled and otherwise put in good and efficient condition to perform an operation on Jack's skin popularly and vulgarly known as "tanning."

When Jack returned, which he did soon after, the father without asking a single question, and taking the adjutant's version of the story for granted, gave the son a most unmerciful "hiding." The crowd which had gathered round the shop, cried "shame," but the lad never flinched; and when the entertainment was concluded, he turned round, and addressing his father, said—

"What did you thrash me for?"

"What did you do to young Day?" (That was the officer's name.) "Why did you horsewhip him and then break his whip, you young blaguard?"

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said young Jack, "I'd tell you why I horsewhipped him; but as I know you won't believe me, send for Dan Mahony, and *he* will tell you. Good-bye, father; that's the last thrashing you'll give me, as you have broken the truce." And off walked our hero.

The old man sat at his work for some time after Jack had gone, but he was far from being at ease. He pitched the shoe at which he had been working into the corner, consigned the Days, father



and son, along with his old leather apron, to regions the reverse of celestial, put on his hat and stumped off to the racket-court, where he found Mahony covering racket-balls. Old Jack speedily broached the subject of the quarrel between his son and young Day.

"Why, thin," said Mahony, "I was just comin' over to you to tell you how it was. 'Tis seldom, I'm sorry to say, that I have a good word to say for Jack—but *this time* he acted with a dale more discretion than I gave him credit for." "Go on, man," said the old fellow.

"Wasn't I goin' on when ye interrupted me," said Mahony. "Jack was in the coort knockin' the balls about, and young William Day came in." "I thought it was the youngest" said old Jack. "Well yer wrong," said Dan, "it was the ouldest," an' he challenged Jack to a game. They stripped and commenced; Day gave me his coat an' whip to take up to the gallery. They played away, and Jack who could have bate him any any time he liked, eventually won the game.

"Will you play again" asked Jack.

"No," said the other; "whin I play—I'll play with a man who doesn't cheat." "Bad scran to you," said Jack, "sure I didn't try to cheat!"

"You're a liar-you did, and if I had my whip here I would make you feel something more

‘than your cobbling ould wooden-legged father does !”

“ Jack turned to me,” continued Mahony. “ Bring down the whip Dan,” said he, “ and we’ll see what this *newly made gentleman* will do wid it.”

“ I would not bring the whip down until Day ordered me himself, and then I gave it to him. When he got it in his hand, he went to where Jack was standing and said, shaking the whip before his face, —“ Now, sir, what have you got to say ?”

“ I say,” said Jack, “ I am neither cheat nor liar.”

“ But I say you are !” the young man shouted ; “ and if you dare to contradict me I will lay this over your shoulders.” Some words passed, and then Day struck at Jack. The next instant the whip was snatched out of his han’ and laid over *his own* shoulders, while he roared and called to me for help, the big *bosthoon*, for he’s a head over your boy—and now you have the whole story—and ’tis proud of yer son ye ought to be this time, anyhow.

Day ran off without his coat ; but Jack leisurely put on *his*, and as he was leaving, he said, “ Dan,” said he, “ I think he’ll remember the cobbler’s son for some time.

“ Old Jack returned home—certainly more sad, if not more wise.

The day after this occurrence, Jack and his foster-brother had arranged to sail to Kinsale in a yacht belonging to the West's, which was under the care of an old retainer of the family named M'Carthy, an "amphibious ould sailor who died on the land, and couldn't live on the water." M'Carthy was to have the yacht ready at the stairs below Patrick's Bridge. Jack (who had not been home) was leaning over the battlements of the bridge waiting for West, who made his appearance, but not in sailing trim, for he was in scarlet boots and breeches, and mounted on his hunter. He was off to the meet; he had quite forgotten the appointment for the day. He handed Jack a sovereign; told him to go to Cove to enjoy himself, and off he galloped. Poor Jack was disappointed, but he was one of the happy-go-lucky mortals with whom this wicked world is blessed; and pocketing the gold, he was about going down the steps when lieutenant Day rode past, mounted on a splendid iron-grey horse, a recruit following, to lead the animal back to barracks. In a moment Jack changed all his plans—and he changed the sovereign too; gave M'Carthy ten shillings and was off.

Soon after, the recruit brought Day's horse back. He led him across the bridge, up the hill, turned to the right at the Upper Glanmire road, for the adjutant was allowed to ride and his horse to return



through the camp-field free of toll. (Those who know the locality, will know it is the "hapenny field" alluded to.) Before he reached the lower gate, however, he was met by a young man respectably dressed, wearing an "O'Connell cap," who told him (the recruit) to return to the office for a parcel, and he would take the horse home. The poor country lad, thinking all was right, gave up the horse and at once returned to the office, where he was told to wait, as the adjutant was then busy.

Meanwhile, the Repealer (who indeed was our young friend Jack) mounted the iron-grey and rode off, taking the same direction as young West. He went at a pace which would have enabled him soon to overtake that young gentleman, but *that* was by no means Jack's object. He wished to avoid him, and he succeeded. He was soon in full cry across country; nothing seemed to stop him, and many a "bravo green cap" greeted our hero as he flew over a wall or a double-ditch. He kept all this while at a distance from the field; and at length after a long run, the hounds ran into their fox. "Green-cap" was in at the kill; he secured the brush, and was in the saddle and away before the first of the gentlemen entered the field. Among them was young West, and although only about 300 yards off, he did not recognize in "Green-cap," his foster-brother, Jack Delany. I mentioned before

that Jack was always well dressed—his foster-brother took care of that, and he had purchased the cap he wore from a man who kept a stall at the end of the bridge before he met the recruit.

It was late in the evening when he led the jaded horse to Falvey's stables (then a celebrated hunting-stable in Cork). He told the hostler that Mr. Day (the owner), had sent the horse to be looked after for the night, and sent home next day. No questions were asked, and so far Jack was safe. He went on board the yacht (where he had slept the previous night), and where M'Carthy had a good dinner ready for him. After dinner he hung up the brush in the cabin and quietly went off to sleep.

M'Carthy looked at the boy's handsome face as he was slumbering peacefully, and muttered to himself—"Ayah! thin it's the thousan' pities that a fine, generous-hearted boy should be spoiled by an ould fool of a father. Little you know, poor boy, what trouble you've got yourself into to-day—if they find you out. But they won't, if Phil M'Carthy can help it."

Phil had heard the story about the horse being taken from the recruit by a boy wearing a green cap; and he was pretty certain who that boy was, for he saw him purchase the cap (for which he gave five shillings—it wasn't worth half a crown),

and Jack had told Phil about Day's affair. Phil could understand that Jack had followed the young master on Day's horse—and there was the brush—where did he get that? And where was the horse? in the camp-field perhaps; and arriving at the conclusion that the devil himself wasn't able for them youngsters, Phil began to cast about in his own mind for the means of saving Jack. "We were to have gone to Cove," he thought. "The sooner the better for this poor boy; I suppose the police are after him now. But how will they find the boy wid the green cap, who rode Day's horse? There are thousands of boys wearing them in Cork." He took the cap, tied a stone in it and sank it. Another tell-tale yet he thought; "you're a beauty, (to the brush), but you're rather out of place here on the bulk-head. We must stow *you* away—" which he did carefully.

By this time he was slowly dropping down the river—soon passed the New Wall, and in less than half-an-hour was safe in the little basin on his master's property. The lights were still burning in the big house; Phil went up and "got speech" of the young master, told his tale and returned on board, where, after waiting about half-an-hour, smoking his pipe and taking occasional sips from a wicker-covered bottle (from which sips he appeared to derive much satisfaction), young West came



aboard. They roused Jack, and after a long conversation in which Phil took part, and much discussion, the foster brothers parted—for ever!

The yacht was unmoored, her head put in the direction of the old Head of Kinsale, and young West returned to his father's house. Here he threw himself on his bed, giving orders to be called at day-break. While the yacht was cleaving the "blue water" when the sun rose that morning, Mr. Michael was on his way to the city, and was soon at Falvey's stables, where he found Day's horse.

"Why is the horse here?" Mr. West asked.

The man answered that Mr. Day had been in the country yesterday, and having to remain in town till late, had sent the horse to be looked after.

(It appeared that young West had been in treaty for the purchase of the horse.)

"What did he say to my offer," he asked?

The man said he was sure that Mr. Day would not take the money offered. "Then," said young West "I suppose I must give the other fiver?"

"Better," said the man, if you want him; "he's worth the money." "Then," said West, "here's the amount—give me a receipt; send the money to Day, and the horse to my stables." As soon as the receipt was in the young gentleman's possession he sat down and wrote a long letter to Jack, ordered ■

post-boy out and despatched him with it, and then sauntered listlessly homeward.

The letter conveyed to Jack the intelligence that his foster brother had been ordered back to college. He had been forced to apply to his father for the money to purchase the horse which Jack had ridden, to screen him from the consequences of that escapade, and he had obtained it, on condition that he would return to college and cease holding any further communication with Jack. This he might have told Jack on the previous night, but could not, and so he had written in preference.

The blow was a heavy one to Jack. To both young men doubtless, but heaviest to Jack. He shed some bitter tears, and in a few hours afterwards he had enlisted in the Company's service, and had become one of that glorious band, whose deeds of arms have won the deserved admiration of every true-hearted soldier.

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## CHAPTER XI.

JACK'S LIFE AT CHATHAM—SELECTING THE DRAFT—DINNIS  
BRADY—THE CANTEN—JERRY McQUADE—JACK PROMOTED  
TO BOARD-O-SHIP SERGEANT—JERRY McQUADE'S ADVICE.



WHEN Jack joined the depôt of the great Jehan Cumpanie Bahadoor at Chatham (for the Warley days were not as yet), he found himself emphatically in Queer Street. Possessed of youth, health and activity and a strong constitution; inured to hardships to which the hardest fare at the depôt were luxuries, and possessed withal of animal spirits which never flagged or failed him; and endowed, moreover, with all the chaffing proclivities and more than the usual amount of that readiness of repartee which is characteristic of his race, young and old, rich and poor, and being what Major Galbraith called "a proper man" into the bargain, Jack speedily established himself a favourite. It would, perhaps, not be out of place here to say, that, in those days, the depôt men were a strange lot. Recruits—*bond fide* recruits—of course there were; but a great number, it was notorious, had, without leave or license, transferred their allegiance from the Crown to the Company, and not a day passed, but there was an "all-hands parade"



to enable non-commissioned officers in quest of deserters to identify and march them off, if they could find them.

"John Company" was a good paymaster, and a liberal; there was infinitely more fun and less discipline than in the royal troops; but it cannot be gainsaid that battles were never fought better than those fought by officers and men of the Honorable East India Company, if indeed, they were fought so well. Comparisons are odious, every one knows; but the odium in those days, it was universally admitted, was all on the side of royalty. Shall we ever have better or more dare-devil artillery-men than the old Bengal Artillery? Or will the wild shout of a charging brigade of infantry ever sound more loudly than the shout of the "old Yeos"—the "dirty shirts" of yore! Terrible scamps in quarters, but steady on parade and Trojans in the field, they have left a name behind them which is imperishable.

As was usual in those days when selecting a draft, the whole strength of the *dépôt* was formed up, and men's names for embarkation called over. There was a good deal of plain-speaking at that time in vogue between officers and men, and if the commanding officer was a tartar (which he was pretty sure to be—or had need to be—with such a lot), some such conversation as the following hurriedly passed between the officer and the man,

"Ainslie!"

"Sir," answered the "canny Scot," who rejoiced in the good old appellation.

"You are going to a fine country; there's no parritch or pease-brose there."

"Better if there were, Sir," was the answer; "parritch is the life o' callants, and there's waur than pease-brose. Foh! a hantle better than ye're scawlds an' yer stews; your bakes and your burns! The kale's the stuff!"

Here he was pushed off to make room for Brady—Dennis Brady, afterwards of the "succund Yeos," a broth of a boy, who had plagued the adjutant, defied the sergeant-major, and had known every plank in the guard-bed.

"Brady!"

"Sur."

"Yer' goin'!"

"An time, sur, I'm thinkin'!"

"Ye may say that," said the colonel, "and 'tis a good riddance of bad rubbish."

"Ah! sur," said Dennis, "ye'll be sorry when I'm gone. 'Tis a poor divil that isn't missed, and I'll go bail ye'll have a long time to wait before ye meet wid a fellow who will take his pack-drill—and do it too—as pleasant as I done. But what wud ye say now," continued Dennis, "if I said 'twas *me* that

was glad to go, and get shut of the lot of ye! Bad luck to me if ever I seen, or will see, a brighter day—if the sun doesn't shine a bit, than the day I'll lave the sight av ye all! See now—" the remainder of the valedictory address was lost, and it soon came to Jack's turn.

"Delany!" said the colonel.

"Sur," said Jack, taking a pace to his front, looking every inch a soldier ("and there was good six fut av him," his sweetheart said), and beaming on all around with a face as bright as the day.

"Delany," said the old man, "I'm sorry to lose you. You may not think so, but I *am* sorry. It would have been better for you to have been left a little longer here. You would get more thoroughly grounded in your duty. I know you will do it, but there are ways of doing duty, *and ways*. You are young; you are as smart a fellow as need be; but don't get too smart, or what is worse, think so. Never be mean; tell the truth always; by so doing you may go to the wall occasionally, but it will come right at last. It is a fine thing for a captain to say to his commanding officer, "I have had this company so many years, *Delany has always been in it—and he never told me a lie!*" By God! Sir, that would get you over a general court-martial. Let your captain be a bloke



say this of you ; attend t<sup>o</sup> your duty ; improve yourself ; be kind, considerate and just in all your dealings with those above you and with your equals, and, please GOD, before I die you may write "captain" after your name yourself, and I may hear of it. Improve yourself on board-ship ; keep out of the canteen, the bazar and the sun, and so good luck to you. I'm sorry to lose you, but I'll keep an eye on you."

"The devil doubt ye," muttered Brady, "*six*, av ye had them ! Be this book—(here he turned his old forage cap round his finger and thumb), be this book, I wish ye hadn't so many eyes to spare as it is. Be gorra, yer like a paycock's tail ! Yer all eyes ! He has as many eyes as Janus !" (Janus).

"Ho !" said Jack, "Argus you mane ! Janus was two-headed ! Argus had all the eyes !"

"Had he !" said Brady sardonically, "be gorra, he ought to have had the kurnel's, and he'd be complate. Bud wid all his seein," said Brady, "here's the boy that could see as far through a stone wall as the kurnel could, av he was a listenant-general ! Specs an' all, he won't see through the canteen *Noora* ! Come on, Jack !"

And we are sorry to say Jack did as he was told, for "wasn't Brady the oldest sojer !"

The parade dismissed, all hands speedily found themselves in that elysium, or bower of bliss—the dépôt canteen. Ah me! the scent of the sawdust, and the crackle of the sand under foot are present to my senses still! The wonderful odours of beer, gin and rum; of ‘baccy’ from cigar and pipe, that peculiar, heavy *rechauffé* of all villainous smells which hangs about tap-rooms, and will *not* be banished by all the sanitary precautions in Christendom, hang about one yet! Here was the clinking of pots, of pewter and of tin, in all the sounds—major and minor—imaginable. Glasses were of no account and were banished by universal consent as of no value, and rather an encroachment on the enjoyment of good company than otherwise. The “pot” was pushed from hand to hand, the fluids disappeared by “word of mouth,” and although neither angel nor devil was at the bottom of the cup to be sorry there wasn’t a drop left for either, the contents were speedily absorbed. Enjoyment there was none; but a sort of frantic wish to become stupified and have the whole thing over, seemed to be paramount. Songs, marvellously out of tune, “made night hideous” by their being sung in most discordant strains; and if the author could have heard the way in which the “Young May Moon” was executed, he would have consigned the executioner to Hades! And every song had a chorus,

consisting of four lines\* of any verse, regardless of either rhyme or reason, which was sung by all present capable of exertion in such a way ; and to wind up, the termination of the song\* was hailed with such a clattering of the pots before mentioned, such thumping of tables and stamping on the floor, that a stranger, unused to depôt eccentricities on the eve of a draft embarking, would have wondered very much whether there was not more than a *soupçon* of Bedlam about the pre-mises ! But *the first post* scattered the assembly ; the orderly sergeant went his rounds and had more beer tucked under his belt than was good for him, or conduced to his perfect equilibrium. Yet he managed to clear all off before the watch-setting sounded ; and with empty pockets, aching, throbbing and sorely muddled heads, mistaking this room for that, and with steps which for waddling would have disgraced a respectable duck, the aspirants for military distinction in the Orient, gained their respective domiciles, and turned in "regimental," or as Jack has it, "all standing," for their ( for a time ) last night's rest in old England.

Jack Delany, be it understood was no confirmed tippler.—He could—

"Pass the glass,  
"To each loved lass,  
"And smack the cup in chorus ;"



but he stopped there, and although often merry, he seldom passed the Rubicon. His high animal spirits prevented, perhaps negatived, any craving for stimulants, and although it was quite expected, young soldier though he was, that he would be made what in those days was, and indeed I believe is still, called, "a board-ship" sergeant, Jack was not prepared for a summons he received while crossing the barrack-yard to wait upon the officer who was to have charge of the draft on the voyage.

"The master wants ye, Delany," said Jerry Macquade (his euphonious nickname was "big spud,") the captain's servant.

"Let him want!" said Jack, "an' want shall be his masther, for sorra toe I'll go near him. I'm smellin' av stale beer and bad tobakky like a tap-room this minnit! May be he'll say I'm overtuk, an' I have no intinshin av spendin' me last night in Chatham in the clink! (guard-room)."

"Devil-a-fear," said Jerry,—who himself had been, as he delicately expressed it, "lookin' at somebody drinkin';" he's in great humour, and there's no more clink in his head than in my pocket! Just folly me, now, an' ye'll be there in less than no time. And he strutted off in such devious fashion as would have given Jack some trouble to "folly" him, but for his natural idea of geometry, which enabled him to simplify some of

Jerry's angles very much and take "short cuts" to be up with him, thereby cutting down some of Jerry's conic sections considerably.

Thus led, Jack soon found himself at the captain's quarters, and in his presence.

"Delany," said he, "I have sent for you, first to satisfy myself that you are sober, and next to tell you that I intend, with the sanction of the colonel, to promote you to the rank of sergeant on boardship."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack, "but"—

"Ah!" was the rejoinder—"But—eh? I don't know anything about buts—unless indeed the butt of a musket when it's not clean" (and here the captain laughed at his mild joke). And I expect you will listen to what I am about to say, and what is more, to do what I am about to tell you. I think I can trust you; anyhow I am about to do so. You may be confirmed in your promotion or not, as may be; but you will be of great assistance to me on the passage. You will ground yourself in your duty and fit yourself for promotion when it comes. The position will be infinitely preferable to a private's, and I expect that you will conduct yourself in such a way as to deserve the confidence the colonel seems to have placed in you, and justify the opinion I have always held myself.

"Might I ax, sur," said Jack "what *that* is?"  
 "Deed and you might," briskly answered the captain—"and here you have it. You will make a fine soldier if you're devilish well looked after! There now; and I'm going to look after you, and you're going to be a—"

"What, sur?" said Jack.

"What I told you—a sergeant on board-ship—and very well looked after—"

"But I would rather not, sur," said Jack,

"Not looked after?" queried the captain.

"Just so, sur," said Jack.

"Ah!" said the captain, "see how great wits jump! How many people there are this minute besides yourself that would prefer *not* being looked-after! But, all the same, you're about to be."

"Yes, sur," said Jack.

"Looked after," said the captain. "And a word of advice I'll give you before you go—do you mind taking it?"

"No, sur," said Jack (a little put out at the coolness the captain exhibited,) "what is it, sur?"

"Delany," said the captain, motioning to Macquade to bring him the boot-jack which that gentleman held in his hand (as Delany said "like a balance-pole"), "Delany"—nodding to him kindly—"look-after yourself, and you'll save other people a deal of trouble. You can go. Call me at reveillé



sounding, and I'll give you your final instructions for marching. Good night."

And with that Jack Delany found himself outside on the landing—a brevet-sergeant! "An' don't you be tryin yer han' putting any av the boys in the mill to-night, Jack," said Macquade, "for ye see yer promoshun doesn't take place till yer on board. 'Practice makes perfect' was a copy-line I had at the school—but I wouldn't rekommind ye to try it on to-night. Not but that ye ~~may~~," said Macquade, considering, "*av ye pay for it! Ye can pud me in the guard-room av ye stan' a half-gallon, and sorra word I'll say about it!*"

Alarmed at Jerry's proposition, and laughing at the idea, Jack scudded off to his barrack-room to think of the colonel and the captain's kindness, and wondering what old M'Carthy would say if he knew he was sergeant already!

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## CHAPTER XII.

JACK STARTS FOR INDIA—HE SAVES A MIDSHIPMAN'S LIFE—DOINGS ON BOARD SHIP—MICK COOGAN A DESPERATE CHARACTER—MICK GETS THE LUCKY NUMBER—TIM DARCY'S JAWBONE—MRS. CLIFFORD—WILCKY—SCALDINGS—JACK DISARMS THE LUNATIC—CROSSING THE LINE—JACK DOES THE DECENT THING.

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JACK then, duly promoted, found very speedily, as he expressed it, that "he had a dale more nor a dish to wash." "Bad luck to them for sargents", said Jack, "I wud rather be a full private, twenty times over. What wid stowin' away kits, an' stores, an' the devil knows what, sorra bit o' me knows whether I'm on me hid or me heels. Bud I suppose like the 'eels wid the skinnin', or the lobsters wid the bilin, I'll get used to it in time."

Soldiers, be it known to all men, are slow to shake down on board-ship. Every thing is so strange to them, that unless a complete and thorough system is at once organised, no end of difficulty is experienced in getting the men to take the places they should. Such a system was at once established by the officer commanding. He had an excellent lot of non-commissioned officers, foremost of whom was Jack with the brevet rank, who having his "sea legs and all his jawing tacks

aboard," was invaluable. Our friend the captain had his eye on Jack (of which that young gentleman was perfectly aware), and it was "watch and watch" with them.

A good, steady breeze favoured them on the day but one after they had left, and with everything drawing that could draw in the way of canvas, the "trooper" ('drogher' Jack called her) made her way down channel. But just as she was in what are called the "chops"—"that the devil may ate them," said Jack—it came on to blow a whole gale of wind, the ship sprung her foreyard and was obliged to put into Deal for repairs generally, and especially for the purpose of rehabilitating themselves with a new "stick" in place of the disabled one. Here a circumstance occurred which, if any thing were wanted so to do, placed Jack in a semi-heroic position in addition to the reputation he was fast making for himself. While the new yard was being slung, one of the midshipmen engaged in assisting or overlooking the operation accidentally fell overboard. Jack saw him, and was after him like "a strake of lightning through a gooseberry bush," and contrived to support the young gentleman, who was no great swimmer, until a boat reached them, which was not for some time, during which there was much excitement on board. The captain's gig



and two other boats had been sent to the dock-yard for spars, &c.; the long boat, and another, keel-upwards on the deck of the ship, were the only ones left, and it took some time to cut the lashings, get them off the chocks on to the davits, and over the ship's side; but at length the dripping pair were rescued, and Jack, on his putting foot on the deck after his immersion, was loudly cheered and complimented for his gallantry, which was the more apparent for there being a pretty considerable bit of "sca on," as sailors have it.

At length, the repairs were all executed; men began to shake down in their places, and once clear of the channel they bowled along snoringly. Among the voyagers there was a man named Coogan—Mick Coogan—he was 6 feet 4 in height, built in proportion, and a good natured fellow at bottom, but a desperate character when roused.

Poor Mick, by some fatality, was wrong wherever he was, and if any depredation was committed, serious or trifling, no matter who the perpetrator really was, until he was discovered, suspicion always pointed Coogan-wards. Now Mick and his confreres very speedily found out that it was the custom of the ship's cook to put a ham in soak once a week that it might grace the cabin table for Sunday's dinner. And it was determined by some of the

boys, that the ham should be annexed and devoured. The ham was accordingly appropriated, and boiled in the cocoa which was being cooked for the men's breakfast, as Mick said "to give it ■ flavour," eaten up entirely, and the bone, picked as clean as a whistle, carefully put back where the cook had left the ham. He was a Frenchman, and when the discovery was made that the bone was there, but the *mate* was gone, he seized the ham-bone and gesticulating with much vehemence and flourishing it above his head, as Coogan said, "like a kippeen av a stick," made his way to the cuddy to state his doleful complaint to the Captain; where he told his story to the immense amusement of the listeners, but with no satisfaction to himself.

"Ah," said Mick Coogan, when laughing heartily over the adventure, "it's a christian charity to rob a cook' at say. Bud what do you think now av robbin a cook, an' a French one too, ashore? We weren't hungry nayther," he went on, "but I think it was done more for the divilment than anything else. Ye see, boys," said Mick, in a whisper, looking carefully round to see that there was no marplot listening, "I wouldn't like to tell ye the number av the régiment I was in *then*, for that might be inconvanient, but I don't mind tellin ye the number of the dish we tuk. "Holy Nelly," ejaculated a listener, piously, "is it the dishes numbered?"

"Aye faith," said Mick, nodding, "and high numbers too! Ye see it was in Dundalk we were, and a fine dinner party was given by the officers to ould Lord Roden an' all the gentry round for miles. The two mess-waiters would be nowhere waitin' on such a party as that, and a dozen of men were sent on fatigue, each of them clanc an' cliver, an' wid a white apron on, av ye plase, to take off the soger look they had on them. So they wot-fell in in the hall av the officers' mess, and every one of them was to go to the kitchen and bring a dish, lave id on the table above, an' the mess-waiters wud take it inside! Oh then" said Mick, licking his lips at the recollection, "'twas me that had the lucky number, an' I had no business there at all, but slipped in unbeknownst! Twenty-two, be gorra, as fine a round of corned beef as iver ye seen in your life—risin out av the dish like the Hill av Howth out of the say!"

"Be gorra," said Tim Darcy, "that was a rounder!"

"Ye may say that," continued Mick, "I rounded on it anyhow."

"How?" asked eager voices.

"Why then," said Mick, "instead av takin the dish an' the round up-stairs, I tuk it out av the buildin' entirely be the back way—brought it over to the barrack-room where the boys were playin'



all fours, an' put it down on the table before them. Boys deci ! av iver ye seen a disappearance, that was the time ! We didn't do very badly with the ham, but I give ye my oath that sorra a bone was left av number twenty-two—that you could recognize it by, any more nor ye'd know the jawbone av an ass !”

“I'd know that any where,” said Tim, who grudged Mick the glory he was getting from his yarn. “Be gorra an' ye wud,” said Mick, “*considerin' yer scrapin' wan every mornin' !*”

At which there was a shout of laughter at Tim's expense.

“Were ye found out ?” asked a listener.

“Found out, is it ?” asked Mick with lofty contempt. “The devil a find ! There was ■ great to do, but no one split ; so we ate the mate an' weren't bate ! Oh no, me dasher ! we didn't take it to be found out. Among all the fellows on fatigue—they had their names av coorse—no Coogan's name was in it ! They were all paraded, but sorra man could recognize the fellow who walked off with the lucky number, an' small blame to them, seein he wasn't there !”

“Ah ha !” continued Coogan, “I'm goin' to make number twenty-three av that suckin' pig ould Frinchy intends to give the cabin passengers their dinner off in a day or two, and av we had a trifle

of something to make it go down asy, for sometimes them cooks, bad luck to them, do be over doin' it, it would be all the better."

"Stale the suckin' pig, is id?" said Darcy.

Mick Coogan give him a look, as he said, would "wean a foal," and rising left the knot of listeners to themselves!

"I'll have him to-night," said Tim Darcy, after he had gone; "he's a big divil wid his jokes an' his capcis, but he gets credit for more than he does, an' he'll be for sentry to-night over the beer. (There was a cask kept lashed to a gun on the main-deck and a sentry over it at night.) "We'll tap it; we haven't had a swig for a night or two; an' no matter who takes it, Mick Coogan will be blamed." So the beer was drank, missed, and as a matter of course poor Coogan had to bear the brunt. He was confined and he resisted; but he was ultimately secured and fastened on the poop, hand-cuffed and leg-ironed. But he contrived to get loose however, and sallied round the deck kicking the doors of all the hencoops open, and giving the inmates their liberty. Geese, ducks and fowls were flying about the deck, overboard, perched in the rigging; and in the confusion of hunting for them it is to be feared that some of them found their way into a pie-dish instead of their coops and went to the cooks to be baked! There

was more than biscuits baked in the oven that day ! Coogan got some slight punishment, the rage of the commanding officer having evaporated in the laughter caused by the eventuation of the beer-drinking episode.

If, as the old saw has it, one fool makes many, the same apothegm would seem to have held good in respect of rogues. One rogue made many also ; and the tricks that were played on the passage—for when one came to investigate the matter, unless he took altogether a sombre view of affairs, there could scarcely be said to be real roguery at the bottom of any of the pranks, which were innumerable. It is true there was generally something to eat at the end of most of them ; but then the boys—the “black lambs” as they began to be styled—invariably took from those who could afford to lose. Like Robin Hood and his merry men, they never harried the poor. And to confess the truth, the French cook was the man on board who suffered the most. He had to keep a remarkably sharp look-out for his stores, and to excite his mates to do so likewise ; for there was not a move upon the culinary board, to which the “lambs” were not down. They assembled at evensong, we will say, that is, about half-past seven, nightly, when the word was given “all hands pump ship,” and gangs of the men (soldiers) with a will used to work the great old crank-



pump, until the "Mary Jane of Cardiff" (that was the name of the trooper), was as dry as a bone. The cabin passengers had all dined, and appeared on the poop—the young gentlemen with their pockets filled with spoils of the dessert, which they threw to be scrambled for among the delighted children. One man played his flute, another his clarinet, another his violin, and so on; there was no lack of singers, both solo and "*consorted*," as Mr. Coogan said, and not many songs escaped being murdered—or well "executed"—from the most ancient to the most modern. And the songs were highly amusing; a little too suggestive, perhaps, for very polite society, but still the hearers were not very strait-laced, and they passed muster tolerably. There were many "step-dancers," "male an' faymale," on board, and, on a Saturday night especially, when all hands did what they could to make "sweethearts and wives" of it, as is the well-known custom 'on board-ship, there was no lack of the "light fantastic" business to help the lagging hours along. A married woman, named Clifford, used to "*handle her feet*" very decently, and Mick Coogan was the only man in the ship who could dance her down. The infinite variety of steps, and the dexterity with which they were changed, together with the knowledge of tune and time exhibited by the pair, afforded a very fair salutary exhibition, and one which, with a favourable

audience, such as the performers had at their service, afforded high satisfaction. The musicians suffered a good deal, it is true; but being enthusiasts, they didn't mind it. Let it be understood that the pair named were not the only merry-makers; for, as Tim Darcy said, "begorra av a Saturday night they're all merry," and while the crew were admiring the dancing, and listening with delight to the singing, the skirmishers of the "black lambs" were always on the look-out, not for squalls, for they were pretty well used to *them* by that time, but for waifs and strays either prepared or in course of preparation. The daily batches of bread freshly baked for the cabin, had, notwithstanding all precautions, disappeared as soon as "drawn," in the most mysterious and unaccountable manner more than once, and other unconsidered trifles followed suit; and so well were the plans of their marauding campaigns laid; and so thoroughly their secret kept, that no trap laid seemed to deter them, and fortune favoured them upon every occasion on which they courted the smiles of the fickle goddess.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Coogan, although full of mischief, was the only perturbed spirit on board. There was a lump of a recruit known by the name of Whacky. He was, as the nickname implies, a bit of a pugilist, or, as the Yankces have it, "he bruised considerable." His bold and manly

bearing had commended him to Jack's notice, and the two were great chums. Whacky was a handy fellow, and washed for the steward, and it was that functionary's custom of a Saturday to reward the boy with the full of a tin-pot of "old Jamaica," to warm the cockles of his heart withal. Now, one fine evening, the sharpest young officer on board happening to be walking on the poop, and see Whacky leave the cabin-companion with a tin-pot in his hand, called to him to return. "Not for Joe!" Whacky said to himself; he was conveniently deaf just then; and notwithstanding his being called to to run as the officer was after him, he walked leisurely forward and turning into the cook's galley, hooked the tin-pot on to one of the bars in front of the stove, lifted another containing boiling water, and was about slowly to retrace his steps, when in the door-way he met the gentleman, and had an altercation with him respecting his not turning back when called. During the altercation the officer laid hold of the hook and took the pot out of Whacky's hand; but he found it both too hot and too heavy, for the hook burnt his fingers and the water scalded his feet in its fall, so you may depend, he dropped it fast enough and was off to the doctor. Whacky, at the top of his voice, cried out "scaldings," after which he had a hearty laugh with the steward at the officer's discomfiture, and drank "sweethearts and wives" in peace. Master Jack enjoyed this



bit of fun amazingly, and took more kindly than ever to his mischievous young protégé.

They made bad weather rounding the Cape. A gale, which had blown for some days, steadily increased one night to a hurricane, and top-masts, sails, the lighter spars and such top-hamper as was exposed to its influence, went all standing. On the morning of the following day, the hatches were battened down, and grog was served out to the men who were assisting the crew, but some of them got too much—among them Coogan. He was, as has been said, a very powerful man; and being completely mastered by the liquor he had imbibed, he conducted himself in a most excited manner, and flourishing a heavy hand-spike, which he had got hold of as if it were a reed in his hands, he recited all his supposed injuries, and in his drunken frenzy called upon his comrades to revenge themselves, and defied all the world generally. By some means Jack Delany got in rear of him, and while Coogan was winding up one of his rhapsodies with a wild hurrah, Jack laid him on the flat of his back, removed the dangerous weapon, and calling upon all good soldiers to come to his assistance, succeeded, not without a good deal of trouble and some hardish knocks, in making the lunatic fast. The poor fellow, when the storm had abated and the fumes of the liquor had gone, was sorry enough for what he had done; but

the mischief had been effected, and Coogan was finished for the voyage.

The commanding officer knew, of course, the manner in which Jack had acted. At a parade of all the detachments he complimented him highly on his courage and presence of mind, and declared his intention of causing Jack's appointment to be made permanent. "I do not doubt," he said, "but that my representations will have the desired effect; but whether or not, all I can say is, that we feel very thankful to you. You have saved us from a great calamity, and I cannot help wishing that we had fewer Coogans and more Delanys amongst us! Fall away!"

Crossing the line there was, as usual in those days, great shaving going on. A dead set was made at Jack; but after running up the rigging, and being hard-pushed, he took refuge on the poop. Here two of the crew dashed at him, but he felled one of them, and, seizing the other, bounded overboard with him, but let him loose when he fell into the sea and himself struck out for the ship, the poor tar, however, kept floundering about like a porpoise, till Jack went to his assistance and, amid the laughter and jeers of his shipmates, he was fished out of the water more dead than alive.

The last of Jack's escapades was in the Hooghly. The Bay was safely passed, and, after a very long passage, the "Mary Jane" of Cardiff took a pilot at the Sandheads. Coming up the river, the ship was,

as usual, surrounded by shore boats with fruit, &c. &c. It so chanced that a poor woman, who, with her children, was coming out to join her husband, purchased some fruit from one of the vendors, and in payment gave him, in her ignorance, half-a-crown, which the wily native at once put into his mouth, and plunging from the ship's side took to the water like a duck ! Jack hearing the lament of the poor woman, was after him in a jiffy !

"Sharks," roared one fellow ; "alligators," shouted another ; "crocodiles bigger nor whales," screamed a third. "Begorra," said Jack, as he struck manfully out, "I hope not, till I make that fellow digest the half-crown he has aten." He caught the thief, brought him back to the ship, had him well bastinadoed, confiscated his fruit, and altogether did, as he said himself, "*the dacent thing.*"

That was Jack's last adventure on the voyage, for the next day the ship arrived at the "Reach." When the men mustered to go ashore in the flats, the captain of the ship (at whose expense every man had a glass of grog given him, and every three women a bottle of port wine) wished the men and their belongings every success in India. Jack he singled out, said he had been the life of the ship, and hoped to hear, when he next came out to India, that he had received further promotion. And with that the men gave him three cheers, and three more on the flat, and the long voyage was over.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

ON REACHING INDIA IS CONFIRMED AS SERGEANT AND IS ORDERED UP TO UMBALLA—SERGEANT HAMLET—THE WOMAN WITH THE TIN CHILD.

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THE reader must remember that in the days of which we write, the troops, "horse or foot," belonging to Jehan Kumpanee Bahadoor, thought themselves, in the language of the poet, "no small pittancees," it was their boast, in those days, that they had infinitely more pay and more liberty than the Queen's troops (for even in that remote time, Her Majesty (GOD bless her), was on the throne; and one of the first victories under her crown, long, long before Lord Beaconsfield had caused (metaphorically) the purple drapery of Empire to adorn her shoulders, or the triple crown her brows, was won for her with the help of the free lances of the Company.

The Queen's troops, as they arrived, had to bestow themselves at Chinsurah, while the infantry and the artillery of the Right Honorable the East India Company took up their quarters among the shot, shell and guns of all dimensions of Dum-Dummah!

What difference between those days, and the days in which we write! Chinsurah is deserted

now; Dum-Dum still remains, but not the Dum-Dum of the past! Farewell, the jolly license of thinty-eight and forty! There was no "pegging up", in those days; you got, in Jack's language, "as much as ye could pay for, and soira quistin' axed," and no one ever ventured to enquire where the money or "the stuff" came from. One wonders, at this distance of time, where it *did* come from, or where it went. The fortunes made in those days (and even later) by the canteen sergeants, were something wonderful. Didn't "ould Dansey" a celebrated canteen sergeant of the then stamp, say, when he had a brisk day, "make haste, boys, its hot an' dry. I want to make a goold watch and chain out of ye this month for the misthriss; an' a pair av cots, a pianny an' a double-bristed almirah for Etty (his daughter). Sure ye wudn't have the girl goin' home to strange people widout a dacent stick or two!" An old hand talking to Delany on the subject, in answer to a remark from Jack that the sergeant seemed to be a brick, made answer:

"Be this book, thin!" (He had a tin-pot in his hand, and it wasn't empty, depend upon it) "he's a thousan' of *thim*! He's not a mean fellow, like some of *thim* I've seen. He makes money av cooise, an' he'll tell you so, and say that he wants to make more. And every one belaves him, the more so that it's true. I could tell ye, sergeant

Delany, a couple of quare stories about canteens—and I will too, when ye have time."

Jack professed himself perfectly willing to hear them, but said he was for the orderly-room and couldn't wait just then.

The commandant had ordered Master Jack to attend at the orderly-room, as Johnny Tighe said, to "listen to the commints *he* had to make, wid his GOD save all here. He's a dacent man enuff," Johnny added, "but he's not a gentleman I'm fond av seein' myself, *unless he's a long way off*. He's like me mother's cabin at home!"

"How's that, Johnny," asked a recruit, "how can a curnel be like a cabin?"

"Why, thin," said Johnny, "I'll tell ye. I'm always glad to afford information! It's worth havin'! He's like me mother's cabin because he"—"Aye!" said the youngster.

"Looks best at a distance," said Johnny, marching off, amidst the laughter of the men.

When Delany got there, he found the "judges had met—a terrible show." But Jack was in high feather, and when he found himself surrounded by all the officers who had come out with him, and many more, he wasn't a bit afraid of the commandant, although he *was* a tartar.

Jack saluted the commandant, who addressed him thus.—"Sergeant Delany," he said ("begorra,



it's *sargint 'in airnist now*," thought Jack,) "I have much pleasure in reading you the order confirming your promotion. I have heard from these gentlemen how you conducted yourself on board-ship, and must tell you that they have interested themselves very much in procuring that confirmation. It is quite a special case—for you are a very young soldier—and I hope you will endeavour to deserve the praise you have received, and gain more. Your brigade is at Umballa. It's rather a warm shop up there I'm afraid, and the time is coming when all the best qualities of a soldier will be required; when they will have to prove themselves as brave in the field as they have proved themselves steady in quarters. I do not fear for *you*. Remember there is no rank you may not attain; be resolute, be cool. When daring will serve you—dare the devil himself; when it comes to the other thing—which is seldom, but it comes sometimes—why, do the best you can; and whatever you do—do hard! That's all; your draft goes up to-morrow; you have a long march and I hope to hear of you hereafter. You can go."

Jack was very grateful, and contrived to say "thank ye, sir," before he left the presence—which he did, followed by all his "board-ship" officers, who heartily congratulated him on his luck. One of them said to him, "Delany, I haven't an

acquaintance in the brigade, much less the troop you are going to; but never mind for that. There's a cousin of mine in the ninth Lancers, if ever you heard of such a corps."

"Oh, deed an' I did sur," said Jack "sure—"

"I'm sure ye did," said his friend; "well, I have written to him about you, and here's a letter (handing him one), which you can deliver yourself when you have an opportunity. It's always well to have a friend!"

"Deed an' it is, sur," said Jack, "and I never thought to have so many as I find here."

"You have made them, my boy; make more and—deserve them." They all said their farewells and good wishes, and left Jack wondering a little that he was getting on so well. "I must be a great fellow" thought Jack, "an' didn't know it till now. Sure it's better late nor never."

The orders were speedily issued afterwards, and the draft with which Jack was to march had quite enough to do. He was pretty busy himself and not a bit the worse for the helping hands which were willingly lent him by his comrade sergeants, and Jack was in his glory! His promotion had been antedated; he had rupees in galore, he had youth; he had good spirits; he had the highest health; what were a hundred Sikhs to Jack on this day, when he was to start on the morrow to meet them?

And when he had completed all his preparations, as it was a moral impossibility—then as now—for those warriors, old and young, previous to their donning the war-paint, and taking to the war-path to “die and make no sign,” Jack, with his comrades in arms was bound to make one of as jolly a company as ever met within four walls, assembled in the sergeant’s mess. There were old sergeants and young ; men who had never seen a shot fired in anger, and men to whom blood and fire and death were as familiar as household words !

The caterer for the mess and the canteen sergeant were particularly lively upon the occasion, both of these gentlemen having a word or two to give Jack in the way of advice when he got to the front. Said Dansey<sup>n</sup> (a fat man—who made up for a bald pate by a moustache of prodigious size, indicating thereby that he belonged to the horse brigade) to our friend—he was the canteen sergeant:—“Jack, me boy, whin ye get to the front, take a month or two’s spell. Niver mind what the people say about stoppin’ behind, but just you sit down and take a walk, and whatever you do, try to git into the canteen or the mess. Bedad they may say what they like, but they’re both of them snug places. And by the look of things at this present spakin’,” ye’ll have plenty of chances of gittin’ near the Sicks (as he called them) “after ye have made a few rupees to send home to



the ould people, av ye should happen to be knocked over."

"Aye," said another, "an' don't you be swagerin about *after ye do* get a few rupees, like a fellow I knew of ours onst, whin this same brigadier of ours was a captain. His name was Hamlet—the sarjint's I mane—an' we wor a marchin to Meerut from this very Dum-Dum, whin this poor chap's wife died, an' a couple of his childer on the march. An' when we did git to Meerut, the captain, thinkin' to do the fellow a good turn, an' him out of debt, put him into the canteen. Well, me deer, certainly he ped his debts; bud after that—whoo! ye'd think it was the greatest buck that ever stepped down Dame Street in Dublin was in id! Be ~~dad~~, he had *before this*, nothin' bairin his rigimentals, but *after*—see him! wid his round tail-coat, an' a billy-cock hat wid a sthreamer av a puggree, an' it wud be a flag for an admiral streelin behind him and hangin' down his back like a tail! An' see now! he had a lump av ■ watch like a young eight-day clock in his pocket, made fast wid a gold chain which wud howld ■ horse! Well we used—the non-commissioned officers—aye and the men too—to knock about a good deal in plain clothes, and not much notice taken; but this fellow went clean off his hid altogether wid his thricks, and wan day he sat down in the mess to dinner in plain clothes. Ould Nobby

—that was the captain's flick-name—was goin' round, and he sees me bowld undaunted Hamlet. So after he<sup>o</sup> had axed were there any complaints, and the sayniur sarjint said no, says the captain, fair an asey—

“Did any av ye see sarjint Hamlet?”

“Sarjint Hamlet, sur,” said the sayniur.

“Aye,” says the captain.

“Sur,” said he, and he was just about to say “there he is,” when, in ■ minnit, another fellow, who knew well enough what the captāin meant, which was that the sarjint shouldn't be there in plain clothes, gave this fellow a poke, and whispered to him to be off out av that an' get on his regimental duds. Hamlet was off like a shot, and back again before the captain left—for he<sup>e</sup> waited for him—and came back in his regimentals av cooise. Well! when the captain came back agin up the room, he said agin—“Did any av yc see sarjint Hamlit!” an' thin he twigged him, and he says: “Ah! here *is* sarjint Hamlit!” “Sarjint Hamlit,” he went on, an' the divil luckin out av his face, “sarjint Hamlit, go to yer room a prisoner, an' I'll see if I can't find somethin fur ye to do that'll keep<sup>o</sup> ye from goin' about the station like a Yankee pedlar, an' sittin' down at a mess table in owld close, as av ye wor ashamed av the uniform of the rigimint.” ‘Bad luck to me av he didn't try him an' brake him, and another man got the binifit av poor Hamlit's puppyism!’

"Aye," said another, "a fellow can't be too careful. An' the canteen's a quare place. Did any of ye ivir hear the story of Mistress Haycs an' hir tin-child?"

"I niver," said Jack; "let's hear the story av the tin-child at any rate. That's a quare kind of humanity."

"Well," said the sergeant who had spoken, "it was quare, but it was true. We had a woman in the troop, a dacent, honest woman, who worked hard and was a great Bagdadder—that's sellin tots to men on the sly. She used to get the boys to bring her grog from the canteen; she staid outside wid a lump of an imitation child made of tin in her arms, and begorra 'twas a fine child, for it could howld a matter of three or four gallins! Well; nobody iver knew, at laste the authoritics didn't, where Mistress Haycs got the grog to sell. Until one fine day she had a terrible ruction wid another woman in the troop, and this same woman tould the sarjint-major. Says he, "I'll go an' have a luk at Mistress Hayes' child this very night."

"Well, at canteen time he marches off, and sure en'uff there was Mistress Hayes, outside the door, nursin what was like a child, as those not in the saycrit might suppose it to be."

"God save ye Mistress Hayes," says the sarjint-major, "whose child is that?" for she had never a child av her own,



"Oh thin, sur," says Mistress Hayes, "'tis Mrs. So-and-So's child, I'm bringin' out for a sthroll, poor Paythur; not be'n well, ye see."

"Oh!" said the sarjint-major, "I thought I scen ye givin the child somethin as I was comin along."

"Just a taste of glog, major," says Mistress Hayes, to take the wind off its stomak, poor craythur!"

"Aye-aye," says the sarjint-major, "but I don't think it's good for the child."

"Bad for any one, child or man," says Mistress Hayes, "av they take too much av id."

"Yes faith," said the sarjint-major, "let's have a look at it."

"I think its gone off to sleep, sur," said Mistress Hayes, making believe to cover the child's face, and hushing it, while she was edging off from the sarjint-major. Glug-glug went the grog in the interior av the machine. "What's that?" said the sarjint-major; "I think the child is sufferin' from grog on the stomach."

Wid that he made a dart at the child,—and Mistress Hayes let it fall with a great crash on the ground, and took to her scrapers wid all the haste she could muster. By this time a lot of fellows had gathered round the sarjint-major, and there he stood wid the mistakin' child in his arms, his whip and gloves lyin' on the ground at his feet! Barney

Hennesy—every one knows Barney—comes up to him and he says :

“ Why then, sarjint-major, which av the childer is *that* (the sarjint-major had no childer) that ye’re bringin’ to the canteen at grog time ? And ye must be very fond of it, that didn’t bring the ayah wid ye ? Give it to me, sur, an’ I’ll take it home wid me” says Barney.

“ Will ye now ?” says the sarjint-major, “ bedad I’m thinkin’ a good many av ye has had a couple of tots or more from the same child before this !”

“ Ah now,” said Barney, “ I’m fond of me tot—but it’s not wid a child I’d be drinkin’.”

“ Well, *out av it*,” says the sarjint-major, “ if not *wid it*.”

“ Oh Nelly !” says Barney, “ we’re fallin’ on the mirakilous days agin ! A grog—producin’ child ! A God—send to a poor man, sarjint-major !”

“ Aye, or woman,” said the sarjint-major, “ an’ I think Mistress Hayes has made her fortune out av id. But we’ll bury it dacently for her, now it’s dead, poor thing.”

“ Give it to me, sur,” said Barney, “ and I’ll bring it home and *wake it*.”

“ Thank ye for nothin’,” said the sarjint-major ; “ we’ll stretch it out in the orderly-room for to-night, and the captain will hear the mother’s story in the

mornin' ;" and among all their laughin' he walked away wid the image.

"Sure enough there was a proper wake in the orderly-room next day. Amidst the laughter of all assembled there, and in the presence of the afflicted parent, the child was undressed, and about a couple of gallons of commissariat rum produced from the intayrior.

"Strong dropsy, sur," said the sarjint-major to the captain.

"Yes, said the captain, *very strong dropsy!* I don't think ye ever seen stronger, doctor?" he said to the doctor who was there to assist in the *post groggem* examination.

"Be George, sur," said the doctor, "I niver seen any dropsy half so strong! *or the liquor tapped wid so fine a smell an it.*"

"I should say not, indeed," said the captain. And there was great laughin' over id. But at anyhow the grog was confiscated, and Mistress Hayes was warned not to be caught rearin' any more "grog-producin' childer," as Barney called them.

"Mistress Hayes," said Barney, as that lady was wending her way to the padgerec, sorcly discomfited at the wiggings she had got from the commanding officer, "they say in the skripter that a virtuous woman is a crown unto her husband,"



"Go on wid yer jokes, Barney," says Mistress Hayes.

"But what kind of a woman must that woman be to her husband, who has grog-producin' childer on hand, day and night?"

"Oh thin, Barney," said Mistress Hayes, "many's the tot you've had out av the same article."

"I might have had, me, dacent woman," said Barney "*unbeknownst* ; but av I had known where it kem from, I don't think I wud have drank id !"

"*Wudn't ye ?*" said Mistress Hayes, in her most scornful mood, "Barney, me fine fellow, *the Lord might change yer heart, but the devil wudn't change yer stomak !*"—with which fling, Mistress Hayes left in high dudgeon !

Jack, as did they all, laughed heartily at the story.

There were many more told that night, which "insinsed" Jack a little in the habits of the queer men, women and things awaiting his experience ; and after a couple of hours good fun, Jack bade his comrades a hearty good-night, received many wishes for his success, and took leave of them to make his final preparations for the start for the frontier in the early morning.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

JACK HAS HIS SHARE OF FIGHTING AT MOODKEE, FEROZSHAH,  
ALIWAL AND SOBRAON,

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WE will leave our newly fledged sergeant to find his way up-country, while we take a retrospective glance at the position of affairs at the time of which we are writing. It was known to the Government, soon after the death of Runjeet Sing, that the Sikhs would soon make an effort to measure their strength with ours. Preparations were, therefore, quietly made, and as quietly carried out, to enable us to meet them. "Me bowld ould Jan Kumpani Bahadur," as the Government was familiarly and fondly called, sent every man he could muster to strengthen the brave little handful of an army in India, and as we all know, our friend Jack was among them. He joined in due course his brigade at Umballa. After his long up-country march, he hadn't much time on his hands then for philandering or "meanderin," as Darby Doyle called it, or engaging in a closely run game at rackets, which Jack dearly loved.

"Oh, then, the divil rackit ye, ye born limb," his troop sergeant-major would say to him, "the time will soon be here whin ye'll have other kind of balls

to dafe wid, and a biggar coort to play in'." "Divil may care, says Punch," Jack would answer; "a short life and a merry one!"

"Go on, alannah!" the old man would say to him, "sure I did the same myself."

"Deed and ye did, an' more, I'll go bail—but sure we may as well have a pleasant day or two before the storm comes."

It was about this time reported that the Sikh army had crossed the bridge of boats on the Sutlej, and that Ferozepore was in a most critical position, on account of its almost immediate vicinity to the Sikh capital, and it was feared, moreover, that before our troops could reach it from the different stations in the Sirhind Division, it might even fall into the hands of the enemy. But a brave old soldier, Sir John Littler, was in command, and although the Sikhs surrounded the place, he made such a disposition of his forces, and so many determined demonstrations, that the important stronghold was saved. Loodiana, again, was another important position, which was nearly reached by the Sikhs, until at length the little fortress was garrisoned and the remainder of the troops withdrawn to Bussean, the place at which it was intended by the authorities that the army should assemble. The 1st Umballa Division had reached Moodkee on the 18th December 1845; our cavalry picquets had driven in their feeling



parties. Soon after, we arrived on the ground, and, at about three o'clock, our little disposable force was under arms to meet 20,000 Sikhs with 40 guns, which was the force the enemy intended to attack our camp with. But our general, being good-natured, of an amiable disposition, and (no doubt) to save them the trouble of marching such a distance, set out *to meet them*. This was a disappointment—vulgarly “a scil” for the Sikhs; and had our numbers been any thing like equal to theirs, they would have retired to their strongly fortified positions in rear; but when they saw the lilliputian force we had the assurance to bring against them, they determined upon showing fight. And there they were, advancing in serried ranks towards us. Sir Harry Smith, meanwhile, was quietly riding along the front rank of the infantry line, chatting affably, and congratulating gratified commanding officers and pleased men.

“Hah!” said the wily old fellow, as he rode along, “Hah! by Jove! you should be proud of your regiment, colonel! Yes, sir, they look as clean and soldier-like as if they had just left barracks. No one would think, would they now, eh? that they had marched 180 miles up to their ankles in sand during the last five days.” (Here the old general halted a little.) “Fine fellows, colonel! clean, steady, and always ready! You must keep them back, sir! or they will beat the

enemy before the other regiments get into line! By Jove! fire-eaters, your fellows, sir; I know them of old! Let them have an extra dram when they return to camp!"

*That* was the climax for these fellows: shouts of "Hurrah for ould Harry," resounded on every side, and loud cheers followed him as he rode on to the next regiment.

Here he would change his tactics. "I am not going to say anything to the men, colonel; no, no! You're men don't want talking to. (This to the 50th regiment.) There they are, rough-and-ready and no pipe-clay! You are called the blind half-hundred! Yes! you're blind to danger! I don't think the Sikhs will find you blind presently; be careful of them. Colonel, I know your men will keep up the name of the fighting fiftieth—awful fire-catchers, and the devil with the bayonet! Let them drink my health when they get back to camp."

Then he came on the flank and pulled up in front of the troop! "Hah! how are ye; Brooks? Eh? Fine young fellows—and *fine-looking* young fellows, Brooks! Young hands; let them keep up the honour of the old Bengals! Rake the brushwood; and show them what the Bengal Artillery can do! Men and horses must be tired; give them a dram a man when they get back to camp!"

Thus the general ; the shouts which rent the air as he rode along the front of each regiment, told how he was idolized by the men, and almost before he had finished his brief inspection and encouragement, our artillery was in action. Well did they maintain their cosmopolitan reputation, and although the Sikhs were much better gunners than any we had previously encountered in India, yet our shot and shell, as Jack Delany said, "played the devil with their constitutions." Still, manfully they stood to their guns, aye, until they were cut down at them. At length our cavalry turned both flanks on to their centre, the infantry went in with the bayonet—and the fight was over !

That, ~~then~~, was Moodkee. We speedily got back to camp and drank our own, and Harry Smith's extra tot, which rejoiced us exceedingly. This was Jack's first battle, and no small curiosity was evinced to know how he had fared on the important occasion.

"An' how did ye feel, Jack ?" asked a comrade.

"Begorra, thin," said Jack, "I felt all over alike till the firin' began, an' thin, says I to myself 'Jack avic, you're yer father's son, divil a lie in it ;' and from that till the fight ended, I was as right as a trivet."

"Where did ye get that tulwar, Harry ?" (This to a fellow named Shean, who was drawing his finger



along the edge of a splendid blade which he had somehow looted in the fight.) "Why, then," said the man, calmly returning the sword to its leather-scabbard, "ye see I was sponger at the gun, and had just rammed home, when a party of the enemy's cavalry made a dash at our guns, but were met by the 3rd Light Dragoons who put them to the right-about, barin' the leader, a fine ould fellow wid a beard on him like Moses an' Arun. He rode straight at my gun and tried to cut me down, bud, me darlin', before he had time to ax me fur the loan an' a sack, I hit him a wipe on the side av the hed wid the sponge-rod, an' he lay on the ground as did—as—as—if he had been did since the time av the Fayros!" Here there was a great guffaw. "Se," continued Shean, "I tuk his *soord*, an' as we had to advance just thin: divil a sight av him I seen since! We heard after, that he was a great chief; at last, so Bully Brooks sed, whin he put me in orders for bombardier."

"You in orders?" said one.

"Aye, faith," said Shean, "why not—sure it isn't the first time!"

"How long were you bombardier, Shean," queried one of the group.

"Ah! now!" said Shean, "ye're mighty curos, so ye are. I was bombardier—till I was *reducted*—how could a man be longer!"

"What wor ye reduced for, Shean?"

"Ah! for nothin', sure, but only sellin' three Sikh camels I caught strayin' in the jungle. Av coorse I brought them in, an' sould them, an' we drank the money, sorra haporth else!"

"But," said another, "they turned out to be commissariat camels, didn't they Shean?"

"Well," said Shean coolly, "I belave they sed so; but them was lyin' raskils." The fact was that Shean and some others had been wandering over the field after one of the numerous skirmishes which were of everyday occurrence, had seen some camels which they affected to believe belonged to the enemy, and had brought them into camp where they sold them. In a dry way so they were claimed by the commissariat, and Shean was identified as one of the men who sold them. He would not "split," as it is called, on his comrades, and he was reduced.

Although Moodkee was a stirring little affair enough, Ferozeshah, which was fought on the 21st and 22nd Decem<sup>ber</sup>, far surpassed it. The little army had been re-inforced by two European regiments and a division of heavy guns, and Sir John Littler succeeded in forming a junction with the division from Ferozepore. As soon as this was effected, our force attacked the Sikh entrenched camp.

The Sikhs opened the ball from 40 heavy, and 110 field, guns. Our lighter guns checked them

only, and the whole of our infantry, under a perfect storm of shot and shell, attempted to carry the entrenchments. They threw themselves upon the guns, which were covered by a powerful force of Sikh Infantry who poured in such a deadly fire, that, notwithstanding almost superhuman exertions, we could not carry the entire entrenchments before the night fell. Our reserves were brought up, and led to the charge by Harry Smith himself; they carried all before them at the point of the bayonet, and the 3rd Light Dragoons charged and took some of the most formidable batteries. But with all this, the Sikhs still held a considerable portion of the entrenchments, and in the middle of the night they advanced a heavy gun which played with deadly effect upon our troops, till the Governor General took the 80th regiment, and captured it. They advanced no more guns during the night, but when the moon gave an occasional glimpse of our position, they blazed away at us who held the ground we had so hardly won. At day-break, the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief placed themselves at the head of the right and left wings respectively, and advanced. The Sikh masked batteries blew away sections; they silenced nearly all our heavy guns, and blew up our tumbrils into the bargain.

. But steady as a rock, on moved the little army! The victors of a hundred fields—the Khalsa



Contingent, hitherto invincible—poured in their galling fire, and, under all, still the little army advanced to victory—and death! The village of Ferozeshah is at length theirs! Still they advance, cutting their way through the Sikh camp! They change front on the centre, sweeping the camp and driving all before them. Shout England, shout! the day at last is won. Shout Ireland, shout, for the great chief is your son! And shout Scotland, shout, for *your* sons are also there. And they *did* shout—the remains of that devoted band, as the two chiefs, the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief, rode along the line.

But where was Tej Singh, the great Sikh chief? Where could he be after losing the battle? Why, he was making the best of his way to Lahore to report that all was lost! Was he indeed? Not at all. He had gone certainly—but *it was for more troops*; and in a very short time he had returned with 30,000 Ghurchurras and renewed the engagement. He drove our picquets in, and made a dashing effort to regain the position of Ferozeshah, but failed. “Try again,” was his motto, and he did so. With more troops and a large artillery force he tried our left flank—and again failed. Then he made a demonstration against the captured village, so that the little army had again to change front to the right on his guns. While executing this manoeuvre, their artillery

maintained an incessant fire, which was dreadfully annoying as we could not give them a single shot in return—the reason being that we had none to give! Our artillery had not a round of ammunition, and there was nothing for it but the sword and bayonet. Thus situated, and nearly exhausted, the little army menaced both flanks with cavalry, and the centre with infantry; but Tej Singh, like Bob Acres, thinking discretion the better part of valour, retired and left us to collect the wounded and bury the dead.

The number killed and wounded upon this occasion was 872, and Jack Delany began to realize how glory was gained upon a field of battle. He had achieved neither the gold chain nor the wooden leg! Patience, Jack; the war is not yet over. There is sufficient time for distinction yet. Tej Singh, Lall Singh, Mehta Singh and Ajudiah Pershad are not the men to run away while they have four armies remaining intact, chiefly composed of Runjeet Singh's warriors, who have never been defeated. Think you, these brave soldiers will allow us to enter Lahore without firing a shot? No, no! So you may get the gold chain or the wooden leg yet, Jack.

These two fights are only Quatre Bras and Ligny; the Waterloo of India has to come. Let us, then, prepare for that! The Meerut division has not yet

arrived. There are lots of brave soldiers on their way; and if the Sikhs are only content to "bide awae," we soon shall have such a force collected, that, however brave, resolute and numerous the enemy may be, they shall stand little chance against us when the final struggle comes.

Rest, then, for a month; plenty of duty, be sure. On the 8th January, Harry Smith was sent against Sirdar Rungoor Singh who had crossed the Sutlej from Phillour at the head of a numerous force. He endeavoured to cut off our communication with Bussian, and threatened Loodiana. But here he was checkmated by Harry Smith forming a junction with Wheler and Godby. Cureton commanded the cavalry, and *now* Mister Sirdar you are bound to catch a tartan, no matter how you entrench yourself. You are doomed. Blaze away with your two and fifty guns, waste your powder; for every one of those guns is *ours*.

Yes! there they were; 28,000 men, among them the battalions of the brave Available, who had never met a reverse till now.

Harry Smith has no time now to ride along the line and crack his jokes with the blind half-hundred, or the men who were all pipe-clay! More stirring events are in the air!

At 10 o'clock on the 8th January, the Sikhs opened a fierce cannonade from their entire line.



The old Bengal Artillery were soon in their glory, and although their numbers were few compared with those of the enemy, yet they contrived to silence several of their guns, and when the infantry and cavalry had made their attack, Lawrenson with Turner's and Alexander's troops dashed at the flying foe and committed tremendous havoc. The 53rd carried Aliwal at the point of the bayonet, while the 31st and the "blind half-hundred" carried every thing before them. The gallant 16th Lancers did what they had always done on every stricken field in which they had been in India—and that is, won fresh leaves for the chaplet of laurels already woven for them. We took the entire camp of the enemy, their stores and 52 guns, with, as Jack said, "all the odds and ends lying loose about the place, an' begorra *them wor plinty*," but our loss in killed and wounded was 589 men and 353 horses, which showed what a resistance had been made—for natives—who upon this occasion "done some fighting, and showed a bit of a leg."

An incident occurred during the fight, which must not go unrecorded: lieutenant Holmes and gunner Scott crossed the river under cover of our fire and spiked two of the enemy's guns, and one in the middle of the river. This brave feat was much applauded for the determined gallantry by which it was distinguished. For this the gunner was

rewarded by—an extra dram of rum, and thought himself well off! We do not know what reward was bestowed on the officer. Perhaps *he* got a *brandy and soda*! There was no V. C. in those days, and the old fighting dogs were content if a kind word or an extra *tot* rewarded them for deeds of valour that, in these degenerate times, would be considered worthy of some great distinction. That genus however—the grim old warriors of '45 and '46, are now nearly defunct. Another class of men has taken their place, who will no doubt adhere to the traditions handed down to them, and maintain to the full the prestige of the British soldier.

Our friend Jack was very nearly more highly elevated than his best friends would wish him—that is blown up—in this action. The enemy had mined the ground likely to be covered by the operations in all directions, and Jack's quick eye detected a slow match in the hand of a Sikh who lay, apparently wounded, but in reality waiting to fire the mine as soon as the guns were on it. It was a very near thing, but a slash from Jack's *talwar* sent the Sikh's hand, match and all, in quite another direction. After our men had passed the spot, the mine was sprung, and it blew the Sikh, who was actually sitting on it, into the air, in a thousand fragments! It was said that men volunteered for that duty, and gloried in being blown up. Similar explosions

had taken place at Ferozeshah, but our men had got more cautious. Indeed, there were quantities of mines about, which our sappers afterwards destroyed. So Aliwal was finished.

Our friend was with Harry Smith's force when it returned to camp, and our fellows imagined the war was over when they had driven the Sikhs pell-mell across the Upper Sutlej. But they were mistaken. The glory they had gained at Moodkee, Ferozeshah and Aliwal, had been gained in mere skirmishes compared to what was yet before them, and that was an enemy about 36,000 strong, the cream of Runjeet's army, which had crossed the Sutlej and had fortified their position by a treble line of entrenched earth-works, fascines and redoubts, with 70 guns and about 200 tumboorahs, or swivel guns. This was what our men really had to face, and be assured that Harry Smith's fighting brigade was loudly cheered when they reached camp, as were also the men who brought the siege train. The Meerut division and several other detachments had also arrived, and every one was ready for the fray. Sir Hugh gave out extra drams and general orders of an easily swallowable nature, in the way of soap to keep all up to the mark.

The enemy had posts of observation at Rodeewalla and little Sobraon, and as it was found necessary to give them a broad hint to "lave that," the Goorkhas were sent to give them notice to quit.



On the morning of the 10th of January our attack was made. It was irresistible, but the Sikhs fought like so many devils. When the gallant 10th entered their batteries (without firing a shot), every gunner had to get a dose of cold steel, or be clubbed with the butt-end of the firelock before he would leave his gun. There was what Jack called the "pelting," when our fellows got under their fire! With a wild rush and a tremendous hurrah they were upon them, and when the smoke cleared away—here were the victors, there the dead! The Sikhs never knew how to spare an enemy, even when he lay wounded, and they did not expect any mercy to be shown to them. "Bad manners to ye, you thafe av the world," said Jack to a lump of a wounded Sikh who ~~tried~~ to cut him down as he was getting a drink of water for him, "is that yer gratitude for me givin' ye a drop to wet yer whistle! I'll not bate you nor abuse you, but I'll do as the Quaker done to the donkey when he kicked him, I'll *compute* it to yer ignorance;" and master Jack walked off, leaving the unlucky and ungrateful Sikh to his fate. Meanwhile the work of slaughter went on; the bridge of boats was smashed by our artillery, and thousands were drowned in endeavouring to escape. Never was victory more complete. Immense munitions of war and the whole of their camp fell into our hands, and all was over before nightfall. Every regiment

suffered more or less, the total loss in killed and wounded was 2,383, and now the sad task remained of collecting the wounded, and giving those brave fellows who had so nobly done their duty, a soldier's grave. The excitement and turmoil of battle was over. Many a comrade was remembered with all affection for the best traits in his character, while his faults were entirely forgotten. So ended the first Sikh war.

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## CHAPTER XV.

JACK IS MADE SERGEANT MAJOR--THE BATTLE OF RAMNUGGUR  
—JACK SAVES THE LIFE OF AN OFFICER OF HIGH RANK--SA-  
DOOLAPORE--CROSSING THE CHENAB.

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"HERE we are again," soliloquised Jack, "back in quarters! Campaigning for the season, the Governor General says, is over. Where is the gold chain, Jack me brick, you said you were going to get to carry home wid you to the Hill av Cork! You won't get trinkets like them in the time av pace! Begorra, ye're more likely to get an enlarged '*kaleji*.' But what are ye growlin' at, when ye're in comfortable quarters at the head of all the non-coms in your brigade, and sure you're only a *Mick*! So content yerself for the present; who knows what may turn up!"

Jack had been appointed sergeant-major of the brigade, the man who had previously held the post having received a commission as riding-master. The manner in which Jack had conducted himself in the different actions in which he had been engaged, showed his officers the stuff he was made of; and as several of the non-commissioned officers had left the brigade by promotion, and but few remained on the roll before him, not one murmured when Jack was put at their head. The troops were at



practice one morning when an officer rode up with a newspaper in his hand, in which was an account of the murder of two officers at Mooltan—Vans Agnew and Anderson. Their blood cried aloud for vengeance, and a terrible example must be made of the murderer, Mulraj! Shere Singh was imagined to have gone to bring in the head of the assassin, but that gentleman proved traitor, and 32,000 troops had to be collected to take Mooltan, while Shere Singh was concentrating an army to turn the British out of the Punjab. It was expected that he would attack Lahore, and Cureton was ordered to move against him, and reached the Ravee just in time to prevent the destruction of the bridge of boats. They had burnt some, certainly; but the 14th Light Dragoons gave them notice to quit before they had proceeded very far in their acts of incendi- arism.

There was a hurry-scurry sending troops to Ferozepore from all quarters; every day increased the number at that station, until the whole force intended to meet the Khalsa army had arrived, with the exception of the heavy guns, which had not arrived from Delhi up to the 13th November 1848, when we crossed the Sutlej under the command of Generals whose names shine among the brightest on that scroll of imperishable fame on which heroic names are inscribed.

"Yes sir," roared the old fellow, as he told the tale, making the legs and arms of his chair creak — "We had Thackwell, Gilbert Mountain, Godby, Pennycuik, Hoggan and Campbell for the infantry, and Tarrent for the artillery command; Cureton, White, Hearsey and Salter for the cavalry. There were others, too, well known to the whole army. These were the men to go into action *with*, and have full confidence *in*, my fine fellow!"

"You have forgotten one man," said I, "a host in himself."

"Who, in the name of all historians, might he be?" asked the old chap.

"Why Pope," said I.

"Faith, yes!" said the old fellow; "and I wish to heaven our great chief had forgotten him too! Every one expected that General Thackwell would have got the command of the cavalry division, and Scott, Campbell and White the brigades. But both of the former were left to look after the empty barracks at Meerut and Cawnpore, while a poor old man who had to get on a chair to mount his horse, got a dashing cavalry brigade!"

"Bad," said I.

"None of yer sneerin'," said the old man; "hadn't ye a General in the Crimea wid an ould stockin' round his face when he came on parade?" Here the old man chuckled, and said "that's for you me dear!"

We halted two days at Lahore and then marched in the direction of Ramnuggur, where the enemy were busily engaged in erecting field-works. On the morning of the 22nd November, Lord Gough advanced with a strongish reconnoitering party on the Sikh position. As we advanced the enemy retreated; our artillery made them move a little more smartly towards the ford, and had we been content and rested where we then were, all would have been well; the Sikhs would have crossed to their entrenched position on the right bank of the Chenab, and we could have taken up *our* position. But in the eagerness of our officers to distinguish themselves, our artillery dashed into the dry bed of heavy sand and blazed away, but were soon obliged to "lave that," as the Sikh's heavy guns were playing old gooseberry with them. When the order was given to retire, it was discovered that one of the guns was so firmly fixed in the sand that even Jack Delany, with all his previous luck and present energy, backed by all hands, who worked tooth and nail, was unable to move it. Every expedient was adopted; every spare man and horse with drag-ropes strained to their utmost tension—and all this, mind you, under a galling and heavy fire of shot and shell—but no; there the blessed gun was fixed, as Jack said, "like the hill av Howth!" Thrice the order had to be given before the old Bengals would



leave their gun ; but finding the fates against them, they had at length to do so. Captain Ouvry with the 3rd Light Dragoons covered the retreat, and charged a large body of the enemy, clearing all before him. Nor was *that* the only charge in which that brave and dashing officer led the glorious 3rd on that day. And that day was a day of charges ! The "*beau sabreur*" Michael White ("old Micky" the men used to call him) led them and the 8th Light Cavalry, in several other charges, until the Sikh Infantry, who lined the nullah, made the place too hot for them, and the Brigadier, seeing the men falling fast, wisely took them out of harm's way, as it was perfectly evident they could do no good where they were.

We had now got out of the sand-beds and were taking it easy watching the enemy, who boldly advanced until the gallant 14th Light Dragoons dashed furiously at them, hacking (literally) their opponents, nobly supported by Alexander of the 5th Cavalry. Every man, like Harry Wynd in the Fair Maid of Perth, was for his own hand, and struck home until his arm ached. Here we lost the great soldier Havelock. Another grand soldier, Cureton, also bit the dust in this engagement. With the loss of two such gallant officers and 84 men, the victory was dearly won—and that was Ramnuggur.

When the cavalry got rid of the enemy, Lord Gough ceased operations, although the troops under Thackwell, Gilbert and Pope had arrived on the ground.

The camp was soon pitched and we settled down, awaiting the arrival of the heavy guns and engineer park. The men had enough to do in guarding the camp from the raids of the Sikh Cavalry, who were ever on the alert, endeavouring to find the weak spot in our defences; and some of our men had actually been captured by them a short distance from camp. On one occasion, an exciting scene took place in front of the main picquet. Many officers were in the habit of riding out beyond the videttes, and on this particular day an officer rode to the front on a pony, and after having had a squint at the enemy, turned back. The instant he turned, two Sikhs, mounted, darted from a tope in pursuit. The distance between pursued and pursuers was becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," and still the officer seemed unconscious of his danger, for he did not in the least increase his pace, but cantered leisurely along as pleasantly as possible. A dozen lancers had leaped into their saddles the moment the Sikhs had made their appearance, and were riding for bare life, endeavouring to reach the ground before the Sikhs could seize their victim; but it was evident

to the looker-on, that the distance was too great for them to accomplish their object, and unless the officer quickened his pace, the black fellows would be on him long before the lancers could reach him.

They were fast closing on the officer ; one was mounted on a splendid grey, which was about 50 yards in front of the second man, who was mounted on a bright Chesnut. Intense excitement, as a matter of course, was exhibited by all who saw this "race for life," as a few more strides of the grey and all would be over, the officer being apparently unarmed, and the lancers still some distance from both. But—look—look ! the officer has heard his pursuers and turns in his saddle, while, at the instant, the Sikh lifts his arm to give the deadly blow ; the pony is turned to the left and the Sikh passes him. The next moment the horse is pulled nearly on his haunches and with a bound flies in pursuit. Again the distance is lessened, though the pony ( which was a splendid little animal ) is put to its utmost speed. They are now in front of the main picquet, the grey's head nearly touching the pony's quarters ; again the arm is raised, the tulwar glittering in the sun ; every noise is hushed ; every man holds his breath in the throes of expectancy, and then all are startled by the report of a gun fired from the battery near which they were standing, and the Sikh is blown out of his saddle !



On seeing this, the officer jumped off his pony, caught the grey, took up the tulwar of his late pursuer and faced the man on the chesnut; but the latter seeing the fate of his comrade, wheeled about and wisely made for the topc, for, had he engaged, he would have fallen an easy prey to the bows and spears of the lancers, even had the officer failed to account for him. The gentleman whom all thought so near his death, rode up to the picquet to receive the hearty congratulations of all and sundry. It is needless to say that the report of the gun had brought many officers from the camp, amongst others General Thackwell, who had been appointed to command the cavalry with charge of the camp and all out-picquets. When the "brief, eventful history" was narrated to him, he enquired who had fired the gun, and our bold, undaunted Jack was brought to the front. The General gave him the highest meed of praise he could bestow, and said he would mention the circumstance and Jack's name to the Commander-in-Chief. In brief, Jack was the hero of the hour! On the following day Jack was sent for to His Excellency's tent and there received another ovation; and it was rumoured that the gentleman whom Jack had saved was of the very highest rank and standing, and besides having done a humane and gallant act, Jack *unbeknownst* had done the State no small service. "Bedad," said Jack, to his brother non-coms,

"they made as much fuss over me as av I tuk Mooltan."

"Did they ax ye to drink, Jack," asked a red-nosed farrier-major.

"Bad luck to yer thirst," said Jack, "ye'd drain the Liffey. Is it drink in the chafe's tint? Where wor ye brought up? Sure them niver drinks before dinner unless in the field."

"An what are ye to get, Jack, ma bouchal? Are ye goin' in the Commissary? Go and good luck t'ye; and when I send a chit over for a gallon or two, just *counter signature* that same, and send it back wid the syce!" Whereat there was a hearty laugh.

Our heavy guns having arrived, every thing was in readiness to attack the Sikh entrenchment. Sir Joseph Thackwell was sent with a brigade to cross the ford at Wuzeerabad, which he did, with his usual gallantry, and with the loss of very few men and horses. Here there was considerable delay, for Jchan Kumpany Bahadoor's pets had to be fed, and it was not considered safe to take them into action till they had cooked their rice and chappatties, and lain in grub sufficient to last a week. During this heavenly interval for the pets, the Europeans were diverting the hunger off themselves the best way they could. The sepoy being now fed

and oiled *and* greased, after the manner of their kind, they dressed, the ranks were formed, and they marched at 2 o'clock. They covered 12 miles of ground, halted for the night, and were not at all disturbed. Next morning (Sunday), the force marched in the direction of the Sikh entrenchment, but had not advanced more than 6 miles, when an order was received that the General was not to engage the enemy until reinforced by another brigade, the officer commanding which being a remarkably religious man, did not think proper to break the sanctity of the Sabbath. Sir Joseph Thackwell *alone* had to meet the whole of Sher Singh's force. He (Thackwell) retired about 200 yards for the purpose of affording a clear front, and ordered the men to lie down. This encouraged the Sikhs to advance further than was prudent for them, for Jack Delany sent a charge of shrapnel with such precision among a large body of the enemy that he scattered them like chaff, and elicited a shout from his comrades of "bravo Jack." Then the whole of our artillery went to work, as the old Bengals knew how, and for two hours an incessant fire was kept up with such precision and rapidity, that, although the Sikhs had all their heavy guns in action, besides a strong park of field artillery, they could not shut the mouths of our bull-dogs. Their fire after this began to slacken, and ultimately ceased altogether, and as our



ammunition was nearly exhausted, our fellows were ordered to cease firing. At this juncture, the question was mooted as to where the "blue lights" (the other brigade) could be, and when it was suggested that they were "at their devotions," there were loud murmurs of dissatisfaction, for it was believed in the force that had they crossed the river we should have attacked the Sikh position that evening and not allowed Shere Singh to get away, as he did, in the night. The men of the force denominated "blue lights," were dreadfully annoyed at not being able to participate in this glorious artillery fight. Our loss was 72 men and 66 horses, and thus ended the day of Sadoolapore.

The General rode along the line and was received with hearty cheers by the men, who gloried in fighting under a veteran who had served under Wellington and had left an arm at Waterloo. He was dear to the heart of every soldier in the force, and was perfectly idolized by Jack Delany.

"Sure," said Jack, "his arm an' me father's leg are close companions, and may be his son's arm an' my leg will be keepin' company one of these days, for 'tis little he thinks av the balls that does he whistlin' about his ears."

The General halted where Jack was standing, and congratulated Colonel Grant, the artillery commandant, on the efficient way in which the guns

had been served. That officer turned to Jack, and tapping him on the back, said to the General, "To this man and his brave comrades all the credit is due!" The General recollected Jack, and praised him as he deserved to be praised.

"Arrah man!" said the old lancer, "there were grand officers to serve under in those days! If our present officers are like them—and I don't see any reason why they should not be,—it's a blue look-out for the Afghans!"

"Well" asked I, "how did it end?"

"As it always *did* end av coorse! Sir Joseph intended to attack at day-break, but when morning came, it was found that in the silent watches of the night, Shere Singh, with his entire force, had vanished just in time. The 9th Lancers and 14th Light Dragoons were pushed across the Chenab at the main ford, and would have reached the scene of action—had Shere waited—in time to account for his guns. Not finding him where they expected he would be found, they pushed on in an endeavour to overtake the retreating force."

"Begorra," said the old fellow, "ye might well call them 'flying lancers;' the word of command certainly had been "trot," but the pace was more like a charge."

"The night closed without their having obtained even a sight of a ragged horseman, of whom there

were 'lashins' in Shere Singh's camp. *That* was the passage of the Chenab.

"The cavalry halted near some villages, and here a circumstance occurred which is perhaps worth narrating.

"Two 'boys,' as bright as ever robbed a hen-roost, strolled off 'permiskus' to a village close by, but not a soul was to be seen, and they were disappointed of the loot they had anticipated. But it was not in their idea of the fitness of things to return empty-handed: one annexed a bullock, which he found tied to a stake; the other a good sized dubber full of ghee! Meanwhile, the jemadars with some syces had arrived with the line-gear for picketing the horses: the men were busy driving in picket-pegs, and, in consequence, the mallets were in great requisition, but one was carried off and used for knocking down the bullock; his throat was cut and it was thought he was as dead as mutton! The worthies accordingly began to cut him up; they had cut off several pieces, and given them to their comrades, who were soon busily engaged in cooking at a fire near where the animal lay. 'Here you are, Dick,' said the gheeman to the bullock-driver, who was still at his butcher's work, handing him a piece of beef—*rather* under-done certainly—which Dick commenced devouring with much gusto. Just then the bullock gave a roar which startled the



worthy pair in a way hardly to be imagined ; the beef fell from their hands, and had a shell burst near them, they could scarcely have been more astonished. It appeared that the poor animal's windpipe had not been severed—only partially cut, and they had laboured under the impression that the animal was dead, when it was only stunned. The beast was immediately despatched, the head severed from the body, and when the cooks arrived, the carcase handed over to them and properly done and dished up. Darby Meehan said to the boys that it tasted *as beautiful as if it was kilt naturally!* No cruelty or torture was intentionally meant, for cruelty is an offence that every soldier detests : and there was an end of the matter—and the bullock !

“The following day the cavalry and guns scoured the country for miles, and all they could learn was that Shere Singh had retreated to the Jhelum.

“Our camp was now pitched at Haylah, where we passed our Christmas merrily. There were the usual extra rations and grog served out by the commissariat. The troops had their Christmas dinners given them by their captains, of the best that could be procured, and as Jack remarked, we had lashins an' lavins av every thing. Let us leave them to their enjoyment and close the chapter.”

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CHAPTER XVI.  
THE STORY OF HANDSOME JIM FOSTER—MORE HARD FIGHTING  
—THE FEOS.

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ON the 12th January, the force marched to Dinghec, a distance of about 12 miles from our late standing camp, and here was posted a strong outlying picquet, which was further strengthened by two guns, brought to the front by Jack Delany. As Jack was riding off after having performed this duty, one of the picquet chanced to remark on the fine appearance our friend Jack presented, and what a good-looking young fellow he was, which, indeed, was nothing but the truth, when Bob Dalton, the volunteer, said—

“Bah! you should have seen handsome Jim!”

“You’re always talking of him,” said another, “why don’t you give us *his* history?”

“No, lad,” said Dalton, “I’m afraid I couldn’t do it justice; and what’s more,” he added, shaking his head, “I’m afraid you wouldn’t believe the half of it!”

“Yes we will, old soldier,” was the answer of the entire picquet present, who had gathered round the old man.

“We’ll believe every word of it—and more.”

“Very well,” said old Bob, “here you are!”

“When I came to this country, my regiment was commanded by an officer who held a tight rein on

us, and to tell the truth and shame the devil, a tight rein was sadly wanted, for we were a precious lot of wild young scamps, who required to be kept in hand. The colonel was strict, but kind, and would often strive to reclaim a young fellow who, he thought, was going the wrong way. He would give him good advice, and perhaps promote him when he expected to be punished ; and he often succeeded in effecting a reclamation by kindness when punishment would have failed. Our stay in Calcutta was short, our destination being Cawnpore. We marched up the river in boats—

“ *Sailed* up, you mean,” said the sergeant of the picquet, who was listening with the rest.

“ True for you, sergeant,” said Bob, “ we haven’t all had the benefit of being educated in the Duke of York’s school.” (This shut the sergeant up, as he had come to the regiment from the Duke of York’s school when a boy.)

“ Yes ; we sailed up, as the sergeant says, and mighty fine sailing it was ; not unlike the manner in which the boy went to school, for occasionally we went as far back in one day as we went forward in two. In this way of travelling, and frequently grounding, our progress was necessarily slow ; and yet we were a happy lot, and many a lark we had on that same passage, particularly when a boat containing married people got on a bank. The women



screeching, the children bawling, and all the *landis*, as the boatmen of the craft containing the fleet were called, shouting,—why Bedlam was nothing to it. Then two or three boats would be sent to give assistance, and *they* would get fast as well, which completed the confusion and made it more confounded.

We had no end of fun and diversion, not, however, without danger to life and limb, though this was little thought of. When an accident *did* occur, there was no lack of stout hearts and strong arms to face danger, and risk even life itself in endeavouring to save the lives of others. Handsome Jim could swim like a duck, and on the occasion of any one falling into the river, if he was in the vicinity, Jim was after him or her, and seldom failed to effect a rescue. All acknowledged that a braver heart than Jim's did not beat in the regiment ; he never thought of danger ; in he plunged, thinking only of the face he saw as it sank, in the dark, rushing waters. Then in eager silence men, women and children stood gazing on the spot where the dauntless young Irishman had disappeared, and many a heart-felt prayer ascended to heaven for his safety and his success during the short time he was under water. Then the cry of joy as he rose to the surface supporting the unconscious form of a comrade, or perhaps the beloved child of an agonized mother ! On one occasion he

saved the life of master Willy, the youngest son of the colonel, and the pet of the whole regiment. No wonder Jim was beloved by all, from the last joined recruit to the commanding officer. Well, boys, it was slow work sailing up the river—not marching this time, sergeant—and in those days the truth of the proverb that misfortunes never come single was verified, for cholera broke out in the fleet. That was a terrible time! To hear, night and day, the groans of the poor fellows who were attacked by the fell disease, was enough to try the nerve of the stoutest of us all. “Give me one drop of water for the love of heaven,” one poor fellow would cry; and although there was no stint of water-supply, we dared not give him a drop. Then, in a paroxysm of delirium, some one would break away from the orderlies appointed to watch him, and throw himself into the river, when he sank to rise no more. This might occur during the night, and sometimes the body might be recovered, but more frequently the reverse was the case. The medical men of the regiment were unremitting in their attention, and would, I believe, have given their blood to have saved the lives of their patients, although they were railed at for not allowing them water! It was truly melancholy to see so many fine young fellows—in perfect health in the morning—carried to their graves in the evening, for we anchored every night. So soon as the graves were ready, the

dead, sown up in their *griddries*, were buried. The spot selected was generally under a large tree, on which a tin plate bearing the names was nailed, and *that* was the last we saw of them ; then the sick were collected and removed to the hospital boats and the melancholy duty of the day was over. The hospital boats were moored in the centre of the fleet, for convenience of course, but some were malicious enough to suggest that it was to give every one a chance of getting cholera. I remember a man named Dan Shea ; he was digging his brother's grave, when he was himself attacked. "Make the hole bigger, boys, said Dan, and lave us both together !" He died also, and two of the finest and most powerful men in the regiment were placed side by side. Some of you young fellows have never seen such things, but you don't know how soon you may ! It is well to know the bitterness as well as the sweetness of a soldier's life in India. "One thing," said Dalton, rubbing his chin, "I'll assure you of—*few men out here get cholera more than once !*" (He chuckled at his own grim joke—the young ones were evidently scared.)

Well, one evening after our work was over, all hands got leave to go on shore. The cook of our boat, who could speak a little English, said to me—

"Bab, Sahib, you come bajar ; money bring ; hum jonta bouth daroo."



I had heard of this liquor, but had never drank any, and as we were about to start, handsome Jim (who was sergeant of my boat), said he would accompany me, and did so. We soon reached the village; the cook purchased the liquor, of which he manufactured punch, and we made ourselves comfortable. The liquor had a wonderful effect on Jim, who in the height of his hilarity was dancing and singing like a madman. Seeing the state in which he was, I became anxious to get him back to the boats; the vessel which had contained the *daroo* was again filled, and placed on the cook's head, and off we marched; but as bad luck would have it, we met the colonel's lady and her two handsome daughters advancing towards us. I was the first to recognise them, and used all my efforts to lead Jim behind some bushes while they passed, but you might as well have tried to move the hill of Howth as move him out of the straight, or I might say, crooked, road he was travelling. The cook and I got out of sight, but not of hearing, and Jim was left to his own devices. He's bringing ruination on himself," said I.

"Bery much run, sahib," said the cook; "sergeant sahib no run; why no?" I shook my fist at the cook, and he remained silent. The ladies were now quite near Jim, the young ones smiling, the elder lady with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"God save yees, ladies," said Jim. The party stopped, and the old lady looked up.

"Good evening, sergcant," says she.

"Ah! thin," said Jim, "'tis blooming and beautiful entirely ye look this avenin," says he.

"Thank you for the compliment, sergeant," said the lady.

"Troth, then," said Jim, "'tis *me* that ought to thank *you* ma'am, for allowin' the light av them angels' beautiful eyes to shine upon a fellow like me," says Jim; and says he, "the stars hasn't half the light that shines in them same eyes," says he, "but that's not wonderful" says he, "for 'tis no hard matter for them to be beautiful, when your Ladyship is so very handsome," says Jim. (Bedad I was afraid of my life, said old Bob, at the impidence av the divil.)

The old lady seemed pleased, for she smilingly said—"You're a handsome man yourself, sergeant!"

Jim drew himself up to his full height, which was six feet, and there he stood as straight as a lance-pole, and the ladies looking at him! What *their* thoughts were I cannot pretend to say, but I thought I had never seen him look half so handsome as he did on that occasion. He was a picture of manly beauty, and had a painter been there to paint his portrait—if he could—begorra he would have had a fine subject. His cap was in his hand, and his hair, black

as the raven's wing, and half-wave, half-curl, was a little dishevelled, but to my eye, looking all the better, for it shone in the evening sun. His face was a little flushed, but yet he proudly said—

"I won't gainsay you, ma'am," says he, "an' 'tis the only fortune I have," says he.

"You may rise in your profession," said the lady.

"Even then, ma'am," said Jim, "the girl I love would think me beneath her, so I am doomed never to be happy!"

"She must be hard to please if you are unable to win her," said the lady.

"Her friends are rich and powerful, and would never consent to her marrying a poor fellow like me," said Jim.

"But if the girl loves you, sergeant, surely the parents would never make her unhappy. I know all the girls in the regiment, and think you a match for any of them," said the lady, warmly. "But are you sure she loves you?"

"I believe she does ma'am though I niver axed her, but if you have no objection I will," said Jim.

"I have not the slightest objection, sergeant, and if I can assist you in any way in my power, I will," was the answer.

Jim took two paces to his front, and down he went on his knees.



"Oh ! Miss Lucy," he said, "you hear what your mamma says—be mine ! be mine !"

Miss Lucy burst into tears and flew to her mother's breast ; her sister looked daggers at Jim, but the old lady was calm and collected.

"Rise, sir," she said, "I did not think that you intended the honor for my daughter, but I respect your feelings, and shall, at present, say no more."

"Oh ! Miss Lucy," said Jim, in a most imploring tone, "say but one word ; you know how dearly I love you though I never told you before. Let me hope—let me hope, even if I die in despair."

Jim was still on his knees. "I must inform the colonel of the honor you intend him, sergeant," said the lady.

"And tell him, ma'am," said Jim, that he may get a man with more money, but he will never get a better, or a man who loves his daughter more dearly than Jim Foster !"

"Foster, Foster !" said the lady, starting, "surely that is the name of the sergeant who saved my Willy ! Are you the man ?"

In an instant Jim was on his feet, but made no reply.

"Yes, mamma, it was he who saved Willy," said Miss Lucy.

"This," said the lady, "is another surprise—and much more agreeable, sergeant ; I owe you a deep

debt of gratitude. How can I reward you for such noble conduct? I could not even thank you at the time, having been unwell. When you came into the boat, now I recollect what Miss Lucy said."

"Oh! don't mamma"—cried poor Lucy.

"I'll say nothing at present, child," said the mother, "but now I understand your conduct. Sergeant," she continued, turning to Jim, "I will talk to you again; I must now wish you good evening. But pray accept this little present, as a token of my gratitude for having saved the life of my child"—handing Jim a valuable ring. She then held out her hand, which he took like a gentleman as he was. "I can only say," continued the lady, "that I deeply feel for you, as I fear yours is but a hopeless passion. However, as I have said, I will see you again," and she shook hands with the handsome fellow.

Just at this instant master Willy dashed up and jumped into Foster's arms! The boy had become exceedingly attached to Jim.

"Come here, Willy, I have something to tell you," cried the elder sister—thunder in her face and lightning in her eyes. They went a little apart, but Willy soon came bounding back, and with all the impetuosity of childhood cried—

"Oh! Lucy, I am so glad you love sergeant Foster!"

"Be quiet, Willy," said his mother.

"Ellen told me;" said the boy. "I see you are all angry with me; I'm off to papa!"

And off he went accordingly, at which Miss Ellen looked pleased, and when he *had* gone, the thunder left her brow, albeit the lightning remained in her eyes. Smiling, she held out her hand to Jim, and thanked him for saving her brother. Miss Lucy also gave *her* hand, but spoke not a word; "'twas *water* not *fire*—a smile and a tear combined—was in *her* eyes!" and here the old volunteer paused.

"Did *she* love him, Bob, do you think?" asked one of the picquet.

"Love him!" answered Bob, "aye, faith! as truly and fondly as he loved her."

"Well, boys, they went away, and Jim looked after them and broke out into a strain of singing,—

"Kathleen, you're *not* goin' to lave me."

And all of a sudden he shouted—

"Bob ye divil! where are ye?"

"Here I am," says I.

"Where's the cook and the poteen," says he.

"Here he is," says I.

"Come out, fnan, an' give us a drop av the cra-tur," says he. Out we went and had a dose of it, and then started for the boats. Here Jim drank more and went off to sleep, but not before the regimental sergcant-major and orderly-sergeant had come on board, inspected Jim, and placed him under



arrest.\* He was tried and reduced. Master Willy had done the mischief; he had run to his father with the tale his sister Ellen had told him: the colonel questioned the ladies on their return, when he learned, to his surprise, that the sergeant had asked (did ever any one hear such presumption!) for the hand of his daughter! He concluded that the man must have been drunk, and sent to have him inspected—with the above result. It is useless to say that the whole regiment were sorry for poor Jim. We reached Dinapore a few days afterwards, and the ladies left by dâk, but not before Jim had seen Miss Lucy and her mother. He never told what transpired at that interview; but when we reached Cawnpore he said to me—"Bob, will you come with me?"

"Where to," says I.

"Ameriky," says he. "Is it talking nonsense you are; or more—taking lave of your senses," says I, for I thought he was going crazy, the way he was prating.

"I am about to lodge the money for our discharges," says he.

"Where did ye get it?" says I.

"Niver you mind," says he, "I kim by it honestly."

A month, two months passed away, and I heard nothing more from Jim about the money; and Miss

Lucy's name was never mentioned till one evening we were out walking, when he said—

“ They have sent her away, Bob.”

“ Where to ? ” I asked.

“ I do not know for certain, but to Scotland I think,” he said ; “ she has been very ill for some time, and Willy tells me she is insane. What I propose to do is to leave, as they will not give us our discharges nor return the money. Will you come ? ”

“ I gave him no reply, and we returned to barracks. A few days afterwards, two men of B troop were reported absent, and in less than a month their names were reported as deserters, and from that day till this one of them has never been heard of. In one of the Calcutta papers about the same time there was an account of the abduction of a young lady from a private lunatic asylum in or near Calcutta—and that's all, boys.”

The old volunteer suddenly started up in a sitting position on his bed, and sprang to the middle of the tent ; he looked round, tapped his forehead, went back and lay down again.

“ What's up, old man ? ” asked one of the picquet—he was then pointing his finger in the direction of one of the tent poles.

“ I swore,” said he, “ that I would never tell more till I saw him, or was on my death bed ; and if I didn't see him there just now, I'll die to-morrow

So I will tell you now, *I* was Warder in the lunatic asylum in which Miss Lucy was confined ; she had quite recovered and *I* communicated to her that Jim was near ; she consented to go with him ; it was *I* who knocked down the other Warders who endeavoured to prevent her escape ; and she and Jim got off safely. I got three months in jail, and after that I was sent back and tried for desertion. He is a rich man now ; my father was poor, *and his unfortunate foster brother dies to-morrow*. He turned on his bed and went to sleep.

That was Bob Dalton's story.

"Did he die on the following day," asked the mistress who was wonderingly listening.

"Yes, indeed he did ;" said the old fellow, "the army was engaged, a dreadful fight it was ; we had 100 officers and 2,300 men killed and wounded, and the old volunteer was among the slain !"

"Well," said the old man, "let us get back to the outlying picquet. We marched the next morning (13th January) and came on the enemy's picquet, which was posted on a mound. We very speedily put them to the right about, and on gaining the eminence, saw the enemy drawn up in battle array in our front, which was a dense jungle, and our chief's intention was to leave them alone in their glory till the next day—this being far advanced ; but Shere



Singh, thinking we were a good deal too near him to be pleasant, sent a few missiles in our direction to induce us to depart. Strange to say these missiles had quite an opposite effect, and to show (as if it had never been shown before) that we knew *that* game perfectly, *our* heavy bull dogs began to bark, and were soon answered by *his* whole pack; 62 guns, heavy and light, blazed away as fast as the Sikh gunners could serve them. Had we pitched our camp and lain down quietly, being peaceably disposed at least for that night, there was nothing to prevent the enemy from advancing his guns in the night and pouring in a *feu d'infer* on our encampment, a circumstance which would considerably disturb our repose! This would have been a terrible state of affairs; much better retire on Pingee—or any other Gee then remain where we at present were. Wah! retire—and let it be said that a British army had been defeated by a few round shot! *That* would have raised the whole Punjab; and the grave question arose what was to be done? We wished to be on friendly terms with our neighbour, but he was surly and inhospitable, although he certainly *had* given us a warm reception; and the only answer seemed to be that ~~we~~ must fight the fellow! Very good.

The heavy guns opened the ball and kept up the fire for about an hour, by which time the enemy was nearly silenced and the left division was ordered

to advance. The gallant 24th, although composed of young men, steadily advanced through the dreadful fire which literally hailed upon them: they had received orders not to fire ■ shot, and were unsupported by artillery, yet with a wild cheer they dashed on the guns! Large numbers fell, and were supplid by others only to be mowed down by a fire of grape and round shot. They took the guns and began spiking them, when suddenly several Khalsa regiments from behind the guns, opened such a deadly fire upon them that they quailed before it; they were shot down in sections, nevertheless, dauntlessly, and with another cheer they dashed at the enemy, and again fell by dozens. British pluck availed nothing, for the bullets of the enemy fell like rain on the devoted heroes, and forced them to retire, as the Sikh Cavalry were now on them. The 24th, now under the command of Captain Latimar, fought against overwhelming numbers, and as they retired inch-by-inch, dealt death and devastation around them. Colonel Brooks with 23 officers and 500 men were killed: here also Pennycuick fell. Young Pennycuick strode across his father's body and there nobly fell, but not before he had made several bite the dust. Thus they were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." May their memory ever be green in the heart of every British soldier.

When the 24th were driven back, Sir Colin Campbell (brave Colin) advanced at the head of the 61st, and on nearing the guns poured in a volley of musketry. Then followed a cheer and a rush, and the bayonet gave them possession of the guns the 24th had been obliged to abandon, and dearly did the Sikhs pay for their brief success, for they were clubbed and shot down by the score.

Gilbert led "The Yeos." Let one of the old fighting dogs tell the story—\*

"The word came for the Infantry to advance—'Fix bayonets!' 'Load!' 'Deploy into line!' 'Quick march!' And just then came a roll of musketry which drove us almost to madness. 'Quick march,' and into the jungle we plunged, in line, with a deafening cheer, the roll of musketry increasing every moment. On we went at a rapid double, dashing through the bushes and bounding over every impediment: faster rolled the musketry; crash upon crash, the cannon poured forth its deadly contents. On swept our brigade, and gaining an open space in the jungle, the whole of the enemy's line burst on our view. 'Charge'—ran the word through our ranks, and the men like angry bull-dogs, bounded forward at the word, pouring in a murderous fire. The enemy's bullets whizzed above our heads, the very air seemed alive with them; man after man was struck down

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\* The Journal of a Subaltern,



and rolled in the dust. But a passing glance was all we could bestow upon the fallen, and on we went on our line with a steadiness which nothing could resist. The enemy fired a last volley, wavered, and finally turned and fled, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded. Pursuit in a jungle where we could not see 20 yards before us, was useless, so we halted and commenced to collect our wounded, when, all of a sudden a fire was opened on us in our rear. A large body of the enemy had turned our flank in the jungle, and got between us and the rest of the troops; another party was on our left, and we found ourselves with one light-field battery completely surrounded and alone in the field. The word was given, 'Right—about—face,' and we advanced steadily, loading and firing as we went. Captain Dawes' battery was the saving of us; as the cavalry were bearing down, the brigadier shouted—'a shower of grape in there,' and every gun was turned on them, the men working as coolly as on parade, and a salvo was poured in, that sent horses and men head over heels in heaps. If it had not been for that battery, we should have been cut up to a man. The fire was fearful; the atmosphere seemed alive with balls. I can only compare it to a storm of hail. The balls rang about my head and ears so thick that I felt that if I put my hand out, it would be taken off. A man was knocked over on either side of me, and I

expected every moment to be hit, so incessant was the storm of balls. I thought about you all and breathed a short prayer—it was all I had time for, for we were obliged to be everywhere at once keeping the men in line, a task which, owing to the jungle, was extremely difficult. Our firing was beautiful; every man was as steady as a rock, and fired low and well, while the sepoys on our right were blazing away into the air, and taking no aim whatever. All this time the enemy were dodging about bushes, banging away at us, and then disappearing. At last General Gilbert rode up and said to Steel—‘Well, Major, how are you? Do you think you are near enough to charge?’ ‘By all means,’ said Steel. ‘Well, then, let’s see how you can do it: Men of the 2nd Europeans, prepare to charge—charge!’—and on we went with a storming cheer. Poor Nightingale was shot in the head, and fell at my feet. The Sikhs fought like devils, singly, sword in hand, and strove to break through our lines, but it was no go; and after a short struggle we swept them before us and remained masters of the field.

This is only what happened in our part of the field. We were on the extreme right, and the thickness of the jungle prevented our seeing what was going on elsewhere. We took three of their guns in our second charge, and spiked them on the ground. Numbers of the Sikhs were bayoneted by

our men in the act of raising themselves up and taking aim at the officers. Several of our wounded were cut to pieces in the rear, where we had been obliged to leave them in the charge. Surrounded as we were, it could not be avoided, and fearful was the retaliation the Europeans took, for not a man was spared. The battle lasted three hours, and so maddening was the excitement that it seemed scarcely half-an-hour. The colors were carried gallantly by De Mole and Toogood, the two senior ensigns, and were shot through and through. Our own loss was about seventy killed and wounded; and our not having lost more may be attributed to the beautiful order we kept and the admirable way we were supported by Captain Dawes' battery. I had two or three very narrow escapes; a man's arm was taken away with a round shot touching me. I had one shoulder-knot shot off, and a fellow who was lying with a leg smashed about ten yards in front was taking a steady aim at me, when I rushed forward to disarm him; the ball whizzed past my ear, I tried to save him, but before I could interpose, he was riddled with bayonets, and so I am sorry to say were almost all the wounded. There is no holding in the men when their blood is up.

And here we will close this chapter.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

CHILLIANWALLAH—"UP A TREE"—JACK ADDS LINKS TO THE  
GOLD-CHAIN—SELLING THE KEY OF HEAVEN—LOVING ONE'S  
ENEMIES—PETER'S ENGINEERING—GOOZERAT—JACK GETS A  
COMMISSION.

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THEM'S "the Yeos," said the old lancer.

"Well," said I, "the old Yeos are a great old corps."

"You're right," said he.

"Go on now," I said, "with the good looking balance of your story!"

"Then," said the old fellow, "the 29th upheld their old reputation and captured several guns; nothing could stand before them, and onward they rushed, dealing death and destruction at every blow. The 5th Light Cavalry and Unit's grey Squadron of the 3rd Light Dragoons were ordered to charge Outar Singh's force after Brind had raked them with his artillery. This was done in the style of the old Bengals. On went our cavalry; the trumpet sounded "charge," when a volley from the Sikhs sent the 5th to the right-about,—but Unit led on the gallant greys and went right through cavalry, infantry and artillery, leaving 45 men behind him. On the right, Brigadier Pope advanced the four regiments in line without a single squadron in support over-lapping the artillery. To correct this error, he gave the word "*threes about*," when it should

have been '*threes right*.' (It was never ascertained to a certainty *who* had given the word ; but the probability is that Pope, who was wounded just then, to add to his other infirmities, was confused and gave the wrong word of command). However that may be, '*threes about*' was distinctly heard, and the 14th obeyed. At this time a large body of the enemy's cavalry seeing our men retreating, boldly pursued them ; the guns could not be brought into action ; there was no commander, and the men knew not what to do. Colonel King (as brave an officer as ever drew a sword), was not aware that Pope was wounded, and the consequence was that we lost some of our guns, some (though not all) of which were recaptured by Hope Grant, who commanded the 9th Lancers. But where was the man who *should* have commanded the Brigade ? Had John Scott been in his proper place instead of doing 'sentry go' over empty cantonments in Cawnpore, no such mismanagement would have occurred. This great cavalry soldier was sadly missed. And now, night was fast closing in, and darkness mercifully hid the dreadful slaughter going on. The ruffianly Sikhs spared none of the wounded who were left on the ground, nor did they respect our dead, whom they mutilated. Murder and plunder went hand in hand, as was apparent, the following morning, when we were collecting the wounded and the dead, among whom

there were 89 officers and 2,357 fighting men. And that was Chillianwallah."

"I have heard you tell many stories about that wonderful victory," said I, "which you have omitted."

"True for you, me dear," said the old man, "and it would have been well that a great many other *story tellers* had done the same. But I will tell you of an occurrence which took place on the right. Captain Pawis (of the 9th Lancers) who was senior, asked Captain Yule (of the same regiment) to take command: 'Yule,' said he 'you take command, and I'll do the fighting.' Yule *did* take the command, and Pawis did the fighting to such purpose that the balance of the Sikhs who came near them went back to Russool, in the manner Tom O'Shanter left the witches, while our only casualty was one officer missing. Where was he? There was his horse; but where the rider? A party was sent over the ground we had traversed, but he was not to be seen. The wonder was where he could have got to, for the Sikhs would not have carried him off; and just as the men were about to abandon the search, they heard him shout to them 'to 'come on!'. They followed the direction from which the sound proceeded, and found ~~that~~ was the centre of a clump of jungle, ~~but~~, when they got there, nothing could be seen.

"'Come on, can't you,' said the voice, which the men knew well to be that of their officer.



" 'Can't see you, sir,' said one of the men.

" 'Dimmit,' said the officer, 'you must be as blind as myself!'

" At length he was discovered literally hedged in in a manner which rendered it impossible for him to extricate himself. The gentleman was near-sighted, and did not observe the limb of a tree which lay right in his path, the men in his front avoided it, but it took him clean out of the saddle and lodged him—like a military Charles II, with a difference, where we found him. A dozen sword blades soon cut a passage for the involuntary member of the ancient order of foresters, and he got down safe enough, barring the damages which the regimental tailor could repair. We all laughed heartily at the figure he cut, but he was safe and that was all the troop cared for, for he was a great favorite with the men.

" 'Did he laugh himself?' I ventured to ask.

" 'Begorra he did,' said the old fellow, 'the loudest of us all.' 'Boys,' says he, 'I'm glad to see you. I've often heard one fellow say to another, 'he's up a tree,' but I never knew what it was to be *up a tree* before!'

— " The mighty Bob Dalton was slain at Chillianwallah. He was found near his dead horse, with thirteen wounds in his body, and five dead Sikhs around him. He sold his life dearly.

"Meanwhile, Jack Delany was gaining honor and glory; he was adding link after link to the gold-chain he was bound to carry to the hill av Cork! Many a dusky Sikh had bitten the dust at the sweep of Jack's regulation toasting fork; but with all his prowess he could not save the guns which had been lost on the unfortunate occasion we have mentioned. But Jack was well mounted, and joined and charged with the 9th when they recovered some of them. Hope Grant (the commanding officer of the 9th Lancers) brought our friend Jack to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, for his gallantry upon that occasion, and if the faculty of blushing was left in Jack's possession, or if a Bengal Artillery man *could* blush after all he had gone through in that campaign, Jack *must* have blushed at the way in which Lord Gough complimented him. The enemy fought like fiends; they not only defended their guns but defended every bush ('and begorra,' said Jack, 'twas all bushes bar the openings; and when you came to one of them you got a volley in all directions'). And still the brave fellows fought on, capturing position after position till we were masters of the whole ground, and the enemy had retired in utter discomfiture.

"I must," said the old fellow, "tell you a most laughable incident which happened in connection with this fight. An officer in a Native Infantry regiment had been desperately wounded, and was taken to

our hospital. He was a great friend of our commanding officer's, and a man was ordered to attend him. He was well known in the regiment, 'for the rayson,' as was said, that we had been quartered in the same station; he was a God-fearing pious man, and used to visit the prisoner and the sick to impart godly instructions. Upon one occasion he went to the 'Congee House' of the 9th, and asked the provost sergeant, if he had any prisoners. The sergeant replied that he had only one—an old bird. 'I suppose I know him,' said the captain. 'Deed an' ye do, sur,' said the sergeant. 'Never mind coming with me, sergeant, thank you, I'll find my way;' and the officer went towards the cells, where he found a man of ours named Barney Richards, whom he had seen there before. •

" 'How did you get here, Richards,' said the officer, 'this time?'

" 'Musha thin,' said Barney, 'sure *I sold the key of Heaven.*'

" 'Well,' said the captain, 'I knew you to be fond of liquor, Richards, but I never thought you were ■ blasphemmer.'

" 'Sure you don't call it by that ugly name, captain,' said Richards; 'I knew it was bad, but not so bad as that, captain.'

"After some further conversation, the captain left, believing Barney to be a greater sinner than he had



previously thought him, and so he told the sergeant, who was also a pious individual.

“‘I do not say but that he’d sell heaven itself for drink, captain,’ said the sergeant, ‘if it was in his power ; but selling the key is not *quite* so bad as you think, for it is only a Catholic Prayer Book !’

“‘Oh !’ exclaimed the captain, ‘is that all ?’ walking off something less horrified with poor Barney.

“Now it so happened that this very Richards, being the first for duty, was sent to attend upon the wounded officer—his friend of the ‘Congee House.’ As soon as he entered the tent and saw the dreadful manner in which the officer had been mauled and hacked, all his manly feelings were enlisted in the endeavour to relieve the sufferer. His sympathy called forth the thanks of the patient ; and loud and deep were his anathemas against the Sikhs who had maltreated the officer. This drew down on Barney’s devoted head a lecture on Christian charity. The officer told Barney that we were bound to love our enemies, and just then the cook arrived with Barney’s dinner—and what was more to the purpose—his grog. The captain knowing Barney’s paramount predilection, again addressed him on the evils of drinking, and told him that liquor was his greatest enemy ! ‘Arrah, captain,’ said Barney, ‘didn’t ye tell me a while ago that we should *love our enemies* ?’

And as this is the greatest, sure I ought to like it the most,' and he tossed off the dram with infinite gusto.

"Well, the battle was over, and here we were in camp; and such a camp!—up to the knees in water. There was a piece of ground in front, about thirty yards square, which was high and dry above the rest of the camp, on which the guards and picquets were wont to parade. Orders were issued to drain the camp, and the superintendence of the sanitary arrangements was conferred upon a worthy, whom I shall designate by the apostolic name of Peter. Now this powerful engineer—to whom Sir Andrew Clark was as nought—had an idea that he would on this occasion distinguish himself in some extraordinary way; 'and who knows,' said he, 'that I may not give Brunel the go-by, and transmit my name to *previous* generations!' Not being much engaged, from the nature of his regimental avocations, in the fighting department, he knew there was small likelihood of his transmitting his name in *that* way; but here an opportunity was afforded him, which was not lightly to be thrown aside, of earning distinction. He collected all the pickaxes, spades, shovels &c. &c., and had a hundred men placed at his disposal. To work they went, therefore, with the sanitary arrangements; day after day the work was carried on until a pretty deep tank was dug; drains were then made; but there was yet

no water in the wonderful reservoir. Deeper and deeper still the drains were dug, and more earth was taken from the reservoir; but somehow Peter the Great (as he was sometimes called) could *not* get the water into his tank.

“At length the Commander-in-Chief had his attention attracted to a communication in the newspapers, to the effect that he was entrenching his army, and that the works were nearly in a condition to receive the guns! This communication rather astonished the worthy Officer, and having been told, on enquiry, that there were some works in progress on the right front of the camp, he rode off to inspect them. Arriving on the ground, Peter the Great saluted his greater chief, and, in answer to his questions, replied that he was only draining the lines.

“‘Oh!’ laughed the chief, ‘you are trying experiments—a brilliant idea!’

“‘Sure, your Excellency, it was the only dry bit of ground in the camp. ‘Tis the rheumatics the boys would be getting if I took them in the water.’

“By this time about a dozen officers had come flocking round our dear old chief, who was laughing heartily. The men had all ceased working, and stood spade in hand enjoying the fun. Hope Grant rode up at this time.

“‘Capital engineer you’ve got here, Grant,’ said the chief; ‘he should have been at Mooltan instead



of Cheap ; he would have changed the course of the Indus and drained the city !

"All could see that Sir Hope was very much annoyed ; but the noble-hearted old fellow could not long be angry with any one, and he soon joined in the general laugh.

" 'Wouldn't you be the better for a fall somewhere about ?' asked the chief.

" 'A what, sur ?' asked Peter.

" 'A decline, to facilitate the drainage ?'

"Peter was scratching his head foraging for a reply, when a voice with a magnificent Munster accent was heard to exclaim :

" 'Oh ! thin, sur, 'tis little he knows of falls—unless 'tis a fall from his ould garran of a horse !'

"A tremendous shout of laughter greeted the Irishman's appreciation of his countryman's engineering faculties, and the grog having arrived on the ground just then, the chief's health was drunk with most uproarious cheering ; and the sapping and mining party with the Engineer-in-Chief were dismissed to their tents, and Peter's hopes of distinction vanished into thin air !

"But he became famous on yet another occasion, which deserves to be placed on record. Peter's fame—our Peter the Great, not the Russian ship-builder—having spread far and wide, the P. W. D. (Public Works Department) of this great and glorious

country were anxious to secure his services, and the executive engineer in charge of the new station to which the regiment was sent, 'after the war was over,' made tempting overtures to him, but the only concession he would make, was to superintend the building of his own regimental barracks. To work he went—not after the manner of the other engineers, 'poor ignorant cray thurs,' who commenced at the foundation. Our great man commenced at the roof!"

Here I shouted.

"You may laugh," said the old man, "and think I'm *stretching*; but you may rest assured 'tis a fact, and there are still many now in India will tell you that the now cavalry barracks in Wuzeerabad were commenced at the roof, and then the foundations were dug!"

"How was that possible?" I asked.

"Well," said the old fellow, "Barney Hennessy explained it in this way. He said, 'Jerry, (his comrade), Jerry', says he, 'there's nothing impossible to Peter! Sure he would have made water *run up a hill*, only the Commander-in-Chief put a stop to him! and now ye see he has built the barracks on a *perpendicular slope*."

"'But,' said Barney, in a solemn tone, 'that's nothin' to what he'll do next.'

" 'What's that, in the name o' God,' asked Jerry.

" 'Why then,' said Barney, 'he's goin' to commence at the bottom to dig wells.'

" 'Yerra git out,' said Jerry; 'yer takin' a rise out o' me.' 'Isn't the one thing as easy as the other?' asked Barney; but here again the great man's intentions were frustrated. The tyrannical P. W. D. would have no innovations; they would tolerate no infringement of existing regulations, and to this day the old system of commencing to dig wells at the top holds its original place, and the fame of our regimental Brunel is unknown save regimentally. So much for Peter the Great.

" We had remained inactive exactly a month, when Sher Singh vanished bag and baggage, no one knew whither.

" We struck our tents on the 15th February, in one of which was rolled up Tom Copley's pet, an ugly Pariah pup; and, strange to say, on unfolding the tent, the pup tumbled out alive and kicking. Sher Singh took up a formidable position at Gooze-fat. We sent out skirmishers, and although the enemy endeavoured to prevent their advance, little or no harm was done. At length Jack Delany tried his range, and the effect of the shot was to make no small stir among the Sikhs, and to change their line into column pretty smartly. Our artillery opened fire, immediately after Jack's opening the



ball, with such effect and precision that the enemy's guns were silenced in a very short time, the infantry advanced in line and poured in volley after volley, the enemy's centre gave way and occupied a village flanked by two Sikh batteries. Here they made a desperate resistance; the 2nd Yeos (now the 104th) were ordered to storm the place, Penny led them, and they did their work in the usual masterly manner, though it cost them 6 officers and 150 rank and file killed and wounded.

"Jack Delany was in front: he had galloped up to the assistance of the 2nd European regiment (the Yeos). It would appear that this troop had a species of roving commission, as, soon after, they caused the greatest confusion among the Sikh Infantry. In vain did one of the Sikh chiefs endeavour to lead his men on to the guns: Jack sent such a shower of destructive missiles amongst them, that they could effect no formation, and, stricken with terror, they bolted.

"The whole line now advanced, the enemy stood fast, and poured in a most destructive fire of grape and musketry; but our artillery compelled them to retire in utter confusion. Another village was carried by the 10th under their old leader, fiery Franks: they also had their work cut out for them, as the village was fortified and loop-holed, manned by desperate men who had sworn to die at their posts. And

die they did, for no enemy lived when the 10th got within reach of them. Still the Sikhs fought, at least the old Khalsas did ; and they were the men who died the hardest.

"The fire of our artillery was wonderful ; it dealt destruction and caused confusion wherever the enemy made a stand ; yet the Sikh gunners fought their guns manfully, and many a fine fellow was knocked over by the accuracy of their aim, and me bould Jack Delany was within a hair's breadth of losing the gold-chains (links and all !) and getting a wooden leg into the bargain ; for a round shot grazed *his* leg, and gave him what he called a 'twitter.' His handsome phiz was also in some danger of being spoiled for a ball-room, for a fanatic Sikh madly rushed on the guns while they were advancing and made a cut at Jack's face ; but Jack dexterously parried the blow, and took the liberty of running the Sikh through immediately afterwards. 'I was sorry for the fellow after,' said Jack, 'but as Neal Malone the tailor said, when he turned his coat twice—begorra, man, one good turn deserved another—an' he got it.' The Sikh Cavalry tried on more occasions than one to turn our flank, but Hearsay was there ; and where that brave soldier was, no danger of flank turning was to be apprehended. 'Be dam!' said one fellow, 'he's like ould Roches' bird—he's better—Roches' bird was only

in two places at once; could Hearsay's everywhere! The 14th Light Dragoons repulsed the enemy on several occasions; they took terrible retribution on all they could reach.

"Shere Singh had one remaining chance; the mail-clad Afghans were the men upon whom all his dependence was now placed, on whom all his hopes were centered, even more than on his own tried warriors. They were on the extreme right, and, next to them, more of the stern Goorchurras. They came pouring down like a torrent; the Scind Horse and two squadrons of the 9th Lancers were ordered to charge, and they galloped some short distance; but the Afghans wavered, fired a volley, turned, fled and never halted till they reached the Jhelum. The Sikhs seeing the men in steel fleeing, 'for the bare life,' thought it high time that they should themselves be moving; and they were wise in their generation, for they would assuredly have been annihilated had they had the temerity to meet the dashing 9th, or even the Scind Horse when led by men such as Malcolm, Mercweather or Green! The left now advanced and drove every thing before them; the whole Sikh line was in full retreat, and our batteries caused them to accelerate their pace so much, that even the cavalry could scarcely overhaul them! Dreadful was the carnage for over thirteen miles of ground. Occasionally we overtook parties only to



decimate and scatter them. 'Here' ye are,' said Larry Doolan, 'whin I was at school in Cloumel, I got the lingsht av *vulgar* fractions—bud !' and ~~here~~ he made a cut at a flying Sikh which done him to the chin, 'here's a *Sikh* fraction, an' that's more nor ever Barney castle heerd tell av.

"On one occasion a large body of the enemy's cavalry, with four guns, made a stand and a pretence of showing fight. Blood sent half a dozen rounds among them, which showed the hollowness of their pretences, and the 9th Lancers charged and had the unwarrantable impudence, crowned as it always was with good luck, of taking their guns! The gunners stood fast and died, grimly, at their posts. Thackwell, Hearsay and Lockwood, with all the cavalry, and every horse, artillery, gun that could be mustered, joined in this pursuit. Hand to hand encounters were frequent, and here the gun was found which was left in the sand at Ramnuggur! Jack Delany was delighted! Very soon it was horsed and manned and started off after the enemy; but neither the Bengal Horses nor the Walers could keep pace with the little Bombay Arabs. The European Cavalry put numbers to the sword, but the Native Regulars and Irregulars laid on and spared not. The men they dealt with must be out and out dead before they left them. 'They were like Kirkpatrick, they 'made siccar!'

"Well, sir, the slaughter continued until night set in, when we returned to camp. Our loss that day was 40 officers and 671 rank and file killed and wounded; and *that* was Goojerat. The remains of the Sikh army, 16,000, surrendered to General Gilbert at Rawul Pindée: the guns captured during the campaign numbered 167. The Punjab was annexed on the 9th April 1849, *and for thirty years we have been waiting for our prize money!* When parties have no interest in the settlement, little matters like these (neatly tied up with red tape, with no Ellenborough to cut the knot and in charge of the How-not-to-do-it Department) take some time to adjust, you see; but it will come some fine Sunday in the middle of the week, I dare say; and perhaps my Ted's great-grand children may derive the benefit of what their great grandfather won for them at Goojerat. Let them not forget, however, to give credit for Rs. 34 paid to their great military ancestor a year after the battle was fought, with which he and his comrades got gloriously jolly, and who drank the health of their noble chief as I now drain this glass to his memory!"

The brave old man suited the action to the word and pushed the bottle to me. I pledged him in silence and asked the old warrior,—

"What about Jack?"

"Jack was right enough. He was never a man to gas and blow about himself and his doings; he let his deeds speak for themselves and his comrades talk of them afterwards. Sometimes now," said the old fellow, edging nearer the Exshaw, "*sometimes* merit is rewarded, and so was Jack! He had done so well, had so quietly and respectfully performed his duty, that the man in camp and in the field was highly thought of. He always had his wits about him; he never, as our colonel used to say, 'lost his head.' I have refrained from bringing to the front Jack's deeds of valour in the different actions in which he was engaged, and which certainly should be handed down to posterity, solely to save the 'dacent boy' from thinking too much of himself, and taking to whiskey. When we marched to quarters, sir, Mister John was recommended for a commission, and got one—and"—here he winked at me over his glass—" *he was a nipper!* Here's to him! I assure you Jack is to the fore—but *Jack Delany's not the name he goes by*—you won't find THAT in the Army List! Good night, Sir."

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# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

HANDSOME BY COMPARISON—SHOWING THE VICIOUS MARE—  
WALLER SIGNALIZES HIMSELF ON BOARD OF SHIP AND FINDS A  
“COOL SQUIDDERED SPOT”—TURNS THE COMMANDING OFFI-  
CER'S BOOT AND SPUR TO ACCOUNT—PLAYS CARDS ON THE  
ROOF OF THE CHURCH—IS MADE A SCAPE-GOAT OF WHEN  
THE THEATRE IS SET ON FIRE—GILL'S HORSE—JIM CROW'S  
RUM—THE GENERAL'S INSPECTION—THE CARDS ARE BURNT.

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“NOW,” said I to the old Lancer, “we have had enough of fighting for one while; give us your reminiscences of a queer card or two, to liven the dead bones in the last few chapters!”

“Well,” said old red-and-blue, “I will; you can call it what you will. I call *my* yarn—

“UGLY WALLER!

“Rory Waller *was* a very ugly man. Whatever opinion may have been expressed on other matters, trifling or important, there could not be the slightest doubt but that poor Rory *was* ugly—‘uncommon ugly surely,’ as the old lancer phrased it. And strange to say, although amenable to reason on most points, and ‘more rogue than fool,’ as the saying went, on other subjects, upon the score of his personal appearance it was Rory’s private opinion (which he took care to express publicly enough) that he was

not ugly. If, 'on their own merits, modest men are blind,' on his own ugliness, Rory followed suit. On being twitted on the subject, Rory would declare, that he was the handsomest of the family !'

" 'You call *me* ugly,' he would say, 'but if you saw my brother, you would say I was handsome !' This remark generally provoked a laugh ; but in no-wise deterred, indeed, rather encouraged than otherwise by it, he would proceed to describe his brother's individual features, and compare them with his own, appealing to the listener's sense of justice to decide in *his* favour.

"Rory Waller was a farrier, and when he came one fine morning to enlist in Her Majesty's—— he presented a somewhat *outré* appearance, and, you know what, so far as his dress was concerned, there was great room for improvement being effected previous to his entry into, what may be termed, the polite society of the barrack-room. He had his leather apron on (workman fashion), a paper cap stuck on the back of his head, and his shirt sleeves tucked up, and a general air of rickettiness pervaded his whole outward man. Thus accoutred, he was inducted into the presence of the commanding officer, who regarded him with something like astonishment mingled with repulsion.

" 'Can you make a shoe, my man ?' the colonel asked.

"‘I believe you, old bloke,’ was Rory’s answer, ‘and put it on too!’

“‘Take him to the forge and see what he can do,’ said the colonel, and an adjournment was accordingly made to that cyclopedian repository.

“Now, it so chanced that there was in the forge, at the time of Rory’s advent, ■ remarkably vicious mare (she had to be hobbled whenever she required shoeing) waiting to be shod, and it was upon this animal that Rory was destined to try his ‘prentice hand.’ He picked up a piece of iron, put it in the fire, laid hold of the handle of the bellows, and blew away, in the most unconcerned manner possible, till the iron was thoroughly heated, when he very soon gave the on-lookers a taste of his quality by rapidly turning and finishing the shoe. On proceeding to fit it, he examined the vicious brute he had to operate upon with some attention, exclaiming, ‘You’re a beauty, I don’t think, but I’m sure there’s a pair of us’ ! ‘Stand still, you baste !’ he shouted, giving the unfortunate animal ■ tremendous dig in the ribs (which sounded again) with the pincers. The mare actually trembled with fear, and, for the first time since she had joined the regiment, allowed ‘the beauty’ to fit the shoes all round, aye, and put them on too, as quietly as an ‘ould cow.’ The colonel and several officers, including the veterinary surgeon, were looking on, as were



several farriers; and all having joined in the opinion that 'the beauty's' business had been done in a workmanlike manner, ugly Rory Waller had his name inscribed in the register and became one of the gallant lancers. A good farrier the man undoubtedly was; but no mortal could ever make a smart, clean soldier of him: the experiment had repeatedly been tried, but failure being the inevitable result, the task was given up in despair as being thoroughly hopeless.

"The regiment was under orders for India, and on board of ship Rory was ordered to take up the troop sergeant-major's hammock, and store it in the nettings: soon after he returned and reported to the sergeant-major that his hammock was over-board.

Of course master Rory was placed in duance; but, as he solemnly averred that the going over-board of the hammock was entirely an accident, he was manumitted, but had to give up his own hammock in lieu of the one he had carelessly lost, in other words, pitched over-board.

"Upon one occasion he was 'mess-orderly,' and of course it was a part of his duty to wash up the tin-dishes &c. used by the men at their meals. Intending to wash them in the lump, and far above the consideration of taking them *seriatim*, he tied them all together to a rope and tossed them into the sea, to tow, as he thought, alongside the ship,

and make short work of the operation; but, unfortunately for the success of Ugly's scheme, the rope, not happening to be attached to anything particular, went clean away, leaving Rory dumb with astonishment as he saw his good-looking tins, rope and all, disappear under the blue water.

"When he recovered from his consternation, he shouted at the top of his voice—'Stop her! Stop the ship! tarcan' ages, sure the tins, rope, and all, is gone!' Of course he was 'had up,' and interrogated by the chief, when he declared, with the utmost *naïveté* that 'he thought all the ropes were tied to the ship.' He had seen the sailors throw things over-board to be washed, and he thought he might do the same. His excuse, however, did not prevent his being mulcted of his daily beer, and he was deputed to make one of the 'scrubbing gang,' the members of which are regarded with no great amount of favour on board.

"While forming one of the 'gallant' few he was scraping the ship's deck, and the sergeant in charge of the swabbers got thoroughly disgusted at the perfunctory manner in which Rory was doing his work.

"With a view of showing him how it *should* be done, the sergeant took the scraper from Rory, and began to use it in a very different manner, when a smart tap on the back of his neck brought him to

his knees. He looked up to see who had given the blow, and there stood 'Ugly' grinning at him !

" 'You done that ?' said the sergeant.

" 'Deed, an' I did,' said Rory ; ' that's the way they kill rabbits in my country.' He was perfectly unabashed, and evidently thought the matter an excellent joke. He was of course reported, and was told that the charge against him was a very serious one, —no less than striking a non-commissioned officer.

" 'Dash my old leather apron, colonel,' said Rory, ' I never worked with a pal that couldn't take a joke, till this chap came alongside of me: he might have told a fellow he didn't like larking.' It was evident that the man had really been larking, and with a long lecture he was dismissed.

"After having been deprived of his hammock, master Rory had to forage about the ship for a roosting place, and for many a night he was absent from his watch, but, somehow or other, he always turned up (like a bad shilling) in the morning. Brought before the commanding officer, and being interrogated as to where he had been the previous night, he protested he had been on the deck. 'I have no hammock to get into, you see, sir, and must sleep where I can,' was his explanation. • •

"Well, Waller's beer was stopped, and divers ingenious punishments devised to keep him awake o' nights, or to find him, but fruitlessly, until, at length,



accident did what forethought could not do, and his hiding place was discovered to the intense amusement of all on board. He had, unknown to any one, sown two pieces of canvas inside the wind-sail, which was rigged close to the main mast, and the mouth of which was just above the lower deck. In this cool, sequestered spot he entrenched himself, taking due precaution against falling out, and there, night after night, he enjoyed a cool, refreshing breeze until it was time to turn out in the morning.

"One night, while rounding the Cape, the barometer was observed to be falling rapidly, and orders were given by the captain to make all snug for a 'blow,' and preparations for a dirty night. Accordingly, the wind-sail (Waller's breezy resting place) was ordered, with the others, to be taken down. A boy was sent to clean away the netting triced to the head of the sail, and made fast to a cleat in the mast, and as soon as this job was effected 'ship-shape and Bristol fashion,' away went the sail down the hatchway, and away went Waller along with it, and hideous shouts and screams arose, which roused all the hands that had turned in. Waller fell on a man who was sleeping *under* the sail, and in his endeavours to extricate himself from the folds of the canvas in which he was enveloped, interspersed as those endeavours were with curses both loud and deep, he alarmed the man still more, and it was only when a complete

liberation had been effected, and an explanation given, that anything like quietness was restored.

"Waller lost more beer on this occasion; and, until the regiment landed, he was tolerably free from scrapes. But, on reaching Calcutta, the regiment was quartered in Fort William, and the men, as was the custom in those days, were confined to barracks.

"Now Waller, possessed of a free and independent spirit, and longing for a little liberty, was anxious to—

'View the memorials,  
And the things of fame  
That did renown the city ;'

but how to get out was the question. The colonel's batman was in the same room with Waller, and one fine morning he brought his master's dress suit to barracks to furbish it up, as the officers had received invitations to a ball that night. It chanced that one of the spurs of the dress boot had got twisted somehow, and could not be fastened on. Several attempts had been made to put 'the crooked thing straight' by as many 'handy men,' but in vain, when Waller said—'Give it to me, and if it was as crooked as the horn of the biggest ram in Kerry, I'll straighten it!' The boot and spur were handed to him; he examined the articles carefully, and observing, that the spur must be heated, otherwise it would break, he said he would take it to the forge and make it all right.

"Accordingly, he walked off and *did* put the thing to rights with a vengeance! In a very few minutes he had the boot on, had called for a palkee, and had ordered the bearers to take him to town.

"Now Waller knew where the sentry was posted, and on which side of his post he walked, and to that side, he exposed the patent leather boot with the field officer's spur on it, leaning well back in the palkee meanwhile. The sentry, beholding what he thought the sacred leg, boot, and spur of a field officer, presented arms, and allowed the palkee to pass; and had Waller only taken the precaution to remain quiet, he would have escaped in safety, but he was so eager to get clear of the gates that he peeped out and beheld his own captain and several other officers staring at him. The palkee was immediately stopped, and Waller was sent to the guard-room. 'I tell you sergeant,' he said to that worthy, who was condoling with 'the beauty' on his misfortune, 'you're doing wrong to confine me; I was going out on business for the colonel.' But confined he was, and presently he was brought before the chief, charged with having attempted to break out of barracks.

"'What,' said the colonel, 'you most incorrigible of all incorrigible vagabonds, what have you got to say for yourself?'



“ ‘Say, sir?’ said Waller, in an accent of the most bitter scorn he could possibly throw into his voice; ‘say, sir? That I have been badly treated—very, badly treated; and it’s my belief that it has been done that you might not go to the ball to-night!’

“ ‘What the devil do you mean, sir?’ asked the chief.

“ ‘Why, sir,’ said Waller, ‘they broke it, and they bent it; and when I was on my way to find a forge where I could put it all to rights, they must needs confine me! There’s the spur; the sergeant has the boot!’ With that he laid a brass spur in three pieces, on the table.

“ ‘Whose is this?’ asked the angry chief, taking up the pieces and examining them.

“ ‘This spur is yours, sir,’ said Waller, ‘the spur was bent and could not be fixed on the boot, so I took it and was going to the forge when they *clinked* me.’

“ ‘What did they do?’ asked the colonel.

“ ‘*Milled* me, sir,’ said Waller.

“ ‘What is that?’ again asked the chief.

“ ‘*Shopped* me, sir,’ said Waller.

“And here the colonel lost his patience entirely, and, turning to the regimental sergeant-major, he asked for an explanation of the terms which Waller had been using but which were Arabic to him.

" 'He means to say,' said the regimental, 'that he was put in the guard-room.'

■ 'That is the mystery, is it,' said the chief, 'why can't you say guard-room, Waller?'

" 'Oh!' said Waller, 'the chaps don't call it by that name; when any one does any thing wrong, clink him, says one; shop him, says another; run him in the Will, says another, and there you are; but when they come before *you*, sir, they speak politely.'

" 'Hark my servant come?' asked the colonel.

" 'Here, he is, sir,' said the sergeant-major; and Bunny Edwards (he was like a rabbit in the face), as he was called, stepped to the front.

" 'Explain this to me, Edwards,' said the colonel.

" Edwards did explain; but he stated that Waller had said he was going to the armourer's shop. Waller said that he had never worked in an armourer's shop, and never said he was going there. Edwards acknowledged that the word Waller had made use of was 'forge,' but he *thought* he must have meant the armourer's shop.

'Then,' said the colonel, 'the man's story is true; let him be released; and, Edwards—'

" 'Yes, sir!'

" 'I want the spur repaired and on the boot in an hour, do you hear?'

" 'Yes, colonel,' said Edwards.

"*'He* do it in an hour!" said the beauty : ' no, sir, nor in a week ! Give it to me, sir, and then you'll be sure it will be done.'

"The spur was handed to Waller, who walked off in triumph, and the colonel danced at the ball with the boot and spur Waller had displayed at the door of the palkee.

"The following day, being in high feather, he applied for a pass which was granted him; but, alas! for the frailty of human nature, Waller did not enter an appearance when he should have done, but remained two days absent. Upon this occasion his pay was stopped for the days he had remained absent. At the end of the month, when he went to sign his accounts, his captain remarked to him that he had lost two days' pay.

" 'No sir,' said Waller, ' that I haven't ?'

" 'Yes, you have,' reiterated the captain.

" 'Devil a bit, sir, I never got them ; I never had them, and so I never lost them,' said Waller, chuckling at his own joke.

"The captain joined him.

" 'Well,' said he, 'are your accounts right, Waller?'

" 'If *you* say they're right, sir,' said the beauty, ' then they must be !'

" 'Shall I read them to you ?' asked the captain.

" 'Not at all, sir,' said Waller, ' a shilling or two here or there isn't much between us ; it will neither



make you nor break me, so let me touch that writing-stick, it's all square;' and Waller touched the pen and departed, perfectly satisfied that the officer had made up his accounts, or that, at all events, he had seen they were all right. Such was the implicit confidence the men in those days placed in their officers; they knew they were gentlemen, who would rather give a soldier a crown than take away a penny; and their confidence was not misplaced, for, during my whole soldiering" said the old fellow waxing warm, "I never knew, nor any one else, I swear, an officer to wrong any of his men.

"Waller, in addition to his other qualifications, was a most inveterate card-player, and most of the troubles could be traced to his love of that most pernicious amusement; and not only did he get into trouble as it was called—'come to grief' you would call it now—but he had an unhappy knack of bringing others in with him. It may not be believed, but I give you my oath," said the old man warmly, "that that fellow would play cards himself, and coax others to play under a heavy fire.

"Damme sir!" he said, "the vagabond was card-playing on the roof of a church up-country, while Divine service was going on underneath! It was discovered in this wise: The votaries of the 'paste-board' gathered one by one in the churchyard, and, the number being complete, they 'skedaddled' by

the winding stairs which led to the belfry, and a door from which opened on the terrace of the church. Here they bestowed themselves, a pack of bethumbed and greasy cards was produced, and while the reverend gentleman below was consigning the votaries of wickedness of all descriptions to Hades, the party above were giving practical illustration of the truth of the adage, that 'the nearer the church, the further from grace.'

"One fine day, of course, they were pounced upon, and went down the narrow staircase much less jubilant than when they went up.

"Waller's eccentricities often formed the theme of humorous imitation and caricature in the regiment. A man named Gill, an excellent amateur theatrical performer, was singularly happy in hitting off the beauty's peculiarities. In whatever low comedy part he appeared on the stage, he was sure to have something to say of Waller, which put the house to the verge of distraction in the way of raising shouts of laughter at the unfortunate man's expense.

"Some of Gill's caricatures were so outrageous that Waller swore he would be revenged, and made no secret of his intention. Here was a chance for a scoundrel, who had a grievance of his own, to be revenged, and who thought to make 'the beauty' his instrument in carrying out his nefarious design, which

was no less than setting fire to the theatre of the regiment, in the property room of which was a most valuable ward-robe belonging to Pete (a brother to the great London saddler), who was universally respected in the regiment. This Machiavel had his plans laid so cleverly that he thought he could make Waller, through his love of card-playing and liquor, his scape-goat. He plied him well, and got him to accompany him as far as the theatre. Waller although pretty much 'overtaken in drink,' had his wits about him. The pair sat down on the steps, and Waller pulled out his greasy old cards and asked his fire-raising friend to have a game for a bottle. This Waller lost, and went to the 'padgerees' (or married quarters) to a 'bagdaddin' establishment for the purpose of procuring the liquor, which he got, and he told the party what the other fellow wished him to do.

"Three or four men accompanied him to the theatre, and were just in time to see the real culprit leave, after he had set fire to the ward-robe and other parts of the house. They gave the alarm, and as much of the property was saved as was possible, but the house was entirely destroyed. The fellow thought that suspicion would fall on Waller, in consequence of his threats of being revenged on Gill; he also calculated upon his being found about the premises when he returned with the bottle, and the people"



rushed to the spot ; but in case he was not there, *the cards would be found* (every one knew Waller's cards), and those he placed so that they might be easily discovered. But all his schemes were blown into the air. Waller was one too many for him, the right man was caught, tried, flogged, and drummed out of the service.

" 'The beauty' soldiered away, fuddled and scraped and scrubbed, and as speedily as he cleaned one article of his accoutrements, he had the unfortunate knack of soiling another ! He was the detestation of any non-commissioned officer who had to parade him for duty ; for not only did Waller come to grief, but he dragged the non-commissioned officer with him. No one even expected to see Waller what was called 'clean.'

" 'I'm afraid,' said the serjeant-major to him one day, 'you'll never get the lot, Waller !'

(By this is meant that being the cleanest man parading for duty, he would be told off as orderly for the commanding officer instead of having to do his guard.)

" 'Oh !' said Waller, quite briskly, '*I would, if you would give it day-about, serjeant-major !*'

" 'Why, what do you mean, sir ?'

" 'Just this,' said Waller, '*you give it to the cleanest one day and to the dirtiest the next, and you'll see whether I will get it or not !*'

"The sergeant-major grinned heartily, but, it is needless to say, did not take Waller's advice.

"When Gill died, his brother, who belonged to the 32nd regiment, and was well known to most of our men, received the proceeds of his brother's estate, as a Will had been made in his favour. He was frequently in the habit of coming to the barrack-room; and one day Waller asked him if he had got his brother's horse; Gill said, 'no.' Waller told him he had better look sharp after the animal, or he would be done out of him altogether.

"'Whom will I ask for the horse?' enquired young Gill.

"'Oh!' said Waller, 'ask Jim Crow, our troop-sergeant-major.'

"(Now Crow was *not* the sergeant-major's name. It was a nickname, and he had earned it thus: One morning at squadron drill, sergeant-major James Wood was leading the squadron of direction, which was wavering right and left, leaving gaps faster a great deal than they could be filled up, to the great disgust of the adjutant, who galloped up, and, in a voice of thunder, asked the sergeant-major 'what the——he was leading on?' 'On that crow, sir,' said the sergeant-major, pointing his sword to the front. There was such a shout of laughter at the idea of leading a squadron of direction on so fixed an object as a crow, that it was some time

before the sergeant-major had an opportunity of leading a squadron again upon another crow. But the name stuck to him.)

"Whereupon Gill proceeded to the sergeant-major's quarters, and, knocking at the door, shouted—'Are you in, sergeant-major Crow?'

"'Eh—what! who is that? Yes; come in and let me see you.'

"'Sergeant-major Crow,' said the unfortunate victim of Waller's chaff, and here he stopped, for the sergeant-major was regarding him with any thing but a pleasant smile.

"'Well,' said he, 'what do you want?'

"'I want my brother's horse, said Gill.'

"'What for?' asked the sergeant-major, 'you can't ride?'

"'I can ride very well, sergeant-major,' said Gill; 'shall I go to the stables and take him away?'

"'Why, man,' said the sergeant-major, 'all the horses in the lines would laugh at you!'

"'I'm not such a fool as you take me for,' said Gill (although he *was* a 'wee-bit' gone in the upper-story).

"'Come along, then,' said Wood, 'and if all the horses don't laugh at you, you shall have your brother's horse to ride.'

"The sergeant-major looked at his watch and timed his starting so as to reach the lines the



trumpeter sounded 'feed.' At the sound of the first note, every horse in the regiment began to neigh, and the sergeant-major, turning to Gill, said 'Didn't I tell you so? Cut away sharp, or some of them may get loose, and kick your brains out!' And off poor Gill went, actually believing that the horses had laughed at him, while the solemn-faced Jim Crow fairly shook his sides,—the only way in which he ever condescended to acknowledge a joke, he being of a serious turn of mind. Yet he had little peculiarities too, which were pretty freely discussed among the men.

"Watering the grog when he was in charge of the canteen was one of his delicate whims; and Egan said he gave the bhistics more work than any man who had been in the canteen in his time. 'Bad look from me!' said Egan, 'but he washes that grog till the colour is nearly gone!'

"'Sure, he doesn't want to see the men drunk,' another would say.

"'Why doesn't he sell it at a pice a dram then?' asked Egan; 'there's three waters to one rum, and that's the price a wid.'

"'That's all stuff,' roared another; 'who would pay the bhistics?'

"'Devil a bhistic he'd want,' said Egan, 'if he gave us our rum without *deluding* it!'

"But on that night, Egan took more of Jim Crow's rum than was good for him, grumbling each time he went to the bar. At last he was confined, and, on being brought before the colonel, was told that he had been drunk.

"'Beg yer parden, Kurnel,' said Egan, '*that* was an impossibility. I won't deny but that I drank 16 drams—*twelve* of which were water an' *four* rum—an sure any one will tell you that four drams wouldn't make the like o' me drunk.' But a district court-martial decided against Egan, and Jim Crow was acquitted.

"I say," said I to the old fellow, "you're wandering: what about the horse?"

"Ah!" said the old fellow, "I left him eating his gram,—didn't I?"

"Well," I said, "he must have finished by this time, and be ready for Gill."

"Oh yes! Gill went to his captain and told him that the sergeant-major refused to give him his brother's horse, but had got all the horses in the lines to laugh at him when he had asked for it. The captain was fain to laugh also, and asked Gill if his brother had a horse of his own? Certainly he had; and his brother's number, which was 25, was on the horse. The captain endeavoured to explain that a dragoon's horse was not his own property; but Gill was not satisfied even when the captain had written officially

on the subject, and had received an answer that Gill had no horse save the trooper. He maintained years afterwards that Jim Crow had 'done him out of his brother's horse.' Waller chuckled mightily over this, and declared he had avenged the many insults the elder Gill had given him.

"I remember well the General commanding the division making an inspection of the barracks of the regiment. Every man stood by his bed, and all went well until he came to Waller. The General halted and saw a small hole in the seam of Waller's jacket; he poked his finger in it (being a General of the old school), and made the hole much larger, muttering, 'A careless soldier, if not a bad one!' and here he made another poke—'a dirty soldier'—another poke. Here Waller's dog charged the General open-mouthed.

"'Down, Beauty, down,' said Waller.

"'The dog is yours, is it?' asked the General.

"'Yes, General,' said Waller.

"'And his name is Beauty, is it?'

"'Yes, General!'

"'Um! Beauty and the Beast! You should exchange names,' said the General.

"The General then lifted the lid of Waller's box (which had neither hinges nor lock), and exposed to all men's view, on the top of what few articles of kit he possessed, a venerable pack of cards! The



lid slid back as the General let it go: another growl from 'Beauty,' and the General walked off, and Waller's name was changed to 'Beauty' from that day.

"The Beast was the identical dog before referred to in this veritable history, as having been carried a day's march, rolled up in a tent. It had been discarded by Copley, and it took to Waller, who was kind to it solely on account of its ugliness. They were inseparable—where the Beast was seen, Beauty was not far off.

"Waller was detailed for mounted orderly upon one occasion, and he turned out 'fit for scraping.'

"'Did you ever,' asked the sergeant-major, 'hear the song of the gallant Hussar, whose accoutrements shone like a star?'

"'I did, sir,' said Waller.

"'Then,' said the sergeant-major, '*yours* are shining like a *kitchen poker*!'

"'Turn out again,' and he went to the next man.

"The next day Waller came again a little cleaner, the dog behind him erect on his hind legs, his forepaw's drooping, his head a little on one side, with a most lachrymose expression of countenance. When the sergeant-major came to inspect him, said Waller—

"'See that, sir; if he isn't beggin' you to let his master off like a Christian! A haythen couldn't refuse him.' Waller did not go again, and Beauty

got off through one of the many tricks of the Beast !

"I may mention to you, in winding up these reminiscences of poor Waller, that he had often been promoted to farrier, but his love of gambling invariably brought him to grief, until, at length, the commanding officer sent for him to the orderly-room to give him, as he said, a last chance.

"'Burn your cards,' said the chief, 'avoid all card-playing, and I will give you the vacant troop. I think, if you promise me, you will keep your promise.'

"'I will, sir,' said Beauty ; and he was appointed to the troop. He convened a solemn assemblage of his card-playing chums : they marched in state to the cook-house, and one by one—the tears coming down his rugged face—the cards went to feed the fire.

"He was never known to touch a card again, and no troop in the regiment was better shod than Beauty's. A few kind words done it, sir.

"So, in future, when you hear the adage repeated, 'that it is never too late to mend,' think of Beauty and the Beast."

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# THE EDITOR'S STORY

OR

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MEERUT.

### CHAPTER XIX.

WORKING THE ORACLE—THE PROPOSAL TO THE COLONEL—THE CAPTAIN'S SUGGESTION—THE "DIVARTIN VAGABONES" TAKE THE HINT—THE REVILL OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY—THE COLONEL'S WRATH—THE ADJUTANT'S INQUIRIES—"NOT A SOUND WAS HEARD"—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

"ME frin'," said the old fellow, "ye promised me a story to wind up. I'm lookin' for it, almost as long, and certainly with quite as much anxiety as the good folks have been lookin' for a North-West passage; and I'm afeard," he continued, rubbing his chin in a comical way, "that I've as little chance of findin' it. Ye come here night after night, and 'tis always the same ould yarn wid ye, that ye're as busy as the divel in a gale of wind." Granted, but I wish the business you do be doing was *my* business, and sorra hair I care who you do it with!"

"Well," said I, "I have run out a little screed for you; and if there's anything handy, I don't mind taking a modest quencher by way of a softener of the throat, and relating a story of St. Patrick's Day in Meerut."

"See now," said the old man, "Katherine, me deer, here's the Baron (Munchausen he was good



enough to apply as a *sobriquet* to the present writer) goin' to tell a story about a Patrick's Day in Meerut. Come an' listen to the Baron! he is going to work the oricle."

This was addressed, as the reader knows, to the proprietrix of the old lancer, who readily responded to her husband's call, and after reproving him for his levity (at which he winked severely) and apologizing to myself (which was quite unnecessary), smilingly desired me to go on. And I went on as follows:—

Arriving in Calcutta at the fag end of '56,—the regiment returned from the Crimea to England in May of that year and embarked for India in July,—we were sent to Chinsurah for a short time. From thence (in flat and steamer) we proceeded *via* the Soonderbuns to Allahabad, where we encamped for a short time; and then, dismounted of course, we marched (with the 11th and 20th Native Infantry, the two regiments which afterwards mutined at Meerut) along the Grand Trunk Road to that station. By the beginning of March the entire regiment was gathered together there, for "they marched up-country as they arrived in four ships, the *Agamemnon*, the *Blenheim* (may every timber of her be sacred!), the *Renown*, and the *Merchantman*. And we were all very busy and very jolly, and had what the Americans call "a good time." Lots of

occupation, lots of ease, and no end of contentment. The men took to the station wonderfully; there were only forty trained horses in the regiment, and seven hundred to train; but the task was light, and little knowing or imagining what was before us, we heartily enjoyed the new Indian fashions, the "easy times," and all the numerous regimental indulgences which, to the soldier, distinguish India from home in time of peace. Tombs' Troop of Bengal Horse Artillery was with us—a couple of Batteries, Scott's and Light's I think, and I am not sure that there was another, Austin's; and to crown all there was the "glorious 60th Rifles, commanded by "Jones the Avenger," as he was afterwards called. They were all jolly fellows, and vied with each other in showing kindness and attention to the new arrivals, kindnesses and attentions which we were not slow to appreciate and return, and a pleasanter garrison or men of all arms who fraternized more heartily with each other would have been hard to find at home or abroad. The 60th had been long out and were in great hopes that they would soon be ordered home; we had just come out, and the exchange of experiences between the men of the two regiments tended to cement a friendship, which, somehow or other, the 60th always contrived to make with every regiment, mounted or dismounted, whom they came across.

As I said, we were all together by the beginning of March. In every regiment, troop, and battery the Irish element was overwhelming; and Patrick's Day was approaching. Private arrangements were being made by officer, non-commissioned officer, and private to do honor to the tutelary saint of the Green Isle, and the spirit of the seventeenth of Ireland was transferred over the entire garrison,—Irish, English, and Scotch!

The band of the Bengal Artillery was simply perfection; that of the Rifles was also of the very first class; our own, which had been practising with much energy on the voyage out, and on the march, was in a tolerable state of efficiency, and thanks to the exertions of the band-master and the trumpet-major (both born in the regiment and sons of the *old* band-master), could hold their own fairly. And it put them all on their mettle when they were told that Colonel Jones of the Rifles, and Colonel Hogg of the Artillery had given the band permission to "sound off" the *reveille* on St. Patrick's natal morn, and afterwards to play round the bungalows for the delectation of those who pinned their faith to the assertion that

"St. Patrick was a jintleman  
 "An' came av dacent poople,  
 "An' in Dublin town he built ■ church,  
 "An' on id pud ■ stoeplo!"



which was certainly a most extraordinary feat for a saint, even when *he* flourished.

"What's that ye say?" said the old man, with a twitch of his moustache.

"Keep quiet," said the mistress, "go on, please."

The old man gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but waving off his annoyance (which was more pretence than otherwise) he lit a fresh cheeroot, and I went on.

I may as well mention here that we had in the band several boys from the Duke of York's School in England, and the Hibernian School in Dublin,—boys no longer now, but they had come as boys from these noble institutions, and were of course as Irish—as—as—

"Irish could be!" said the old man.

Just so. At all events, the little island had given the greatest number of what Ned Hogarty called "divartin vagabones" (by which he meant the band) to the regiment; and when they heard that permission had been given to the bands of the other regiments in the station, to play round the bungalows on "Patrick's mornin'," they started off in a body to the trumpet-major to profer a request through him and the band-master to the commanding officer for his permission to go and do likewise.

Of course the trumpet-major and band-master knew all about the arrangements of the other bands,

and nothing doubting but that the same indulgence would be extended to them, the band-master readily undertook to obtain the colonel's permission; and in high glee the petitioners went off to their barrack-rooms.

There are colonels *and* colonels. No braver or more gallant gentleman ever drew sword than our commanding officer, but he had crotchets, as men will have, and if, when he said "no," any one happened to say "yes," that man was finished! He was haughty—not arrogant—for his blood was of the bluest, and his pedigree as long as that of Sir Watkyn Williams, and he had a certain pride in doing things in a way different from that of other people; and he was, in fact, celebrated for *having* his own way, following no one's lead or example, however excellent either might be, and taking exceeding pride in chalking out a certain line for himself and adhering to it with a pertinacity something more than obstinate.

When the band-master left his room to procure the necessary permission for his men to amuse themselves and the regiment on Saint Patrick's morning, he became aware of his chief's presence in the orderly-room verandah, accompanied by the adjutant, slowly pacing backwards and forwards. The band-master went up and respectfully saluted both officers.

"Well, McEleny," said the chief, "what's in the wind now? Nothing gone wrong I hope? You look charged with some agony. Have you been in the throes of composition, and scored a new regimental march? Let's hear all about it."

The band-master explained to the colonel the circumstances under which he had sought to "interview" him; mentioned that the other regiments in the station had received permission to give a species of serenade in the early morning, and concluded by requesting a similar indulgence at the hands of the commanding officer for *his* men.

But the chief did not seem to receive the proposition in a favourable light at all. He said the fellows would be a great deal better in bed; that the fact of the other commanding officers having given their men permission to "mountebank about," as he was pleased to call it, was no criterion for him, and—well—no he didn't think he could grant the band-master's request, and let them have the instruments. The instruments might be damaged; fifty things might happen consequent on granting the coveted favour; and the band-master was obliged to retire much chagrined at the unsuccessful result of his mission. Before communicating his disheartening intelligence to his men, he bethought himself of waiting upon the President of the Band Committee, stating the case to him, and asking *his* influence with the



commanding officer. This gentleman was an Irishman to his heart's core, and belonged, indeed, to the heart's core of ould Ireland itself—"the county Tip." To *his* bungalow, then, the band-master turned his pony's head, and found "simple Pat," as the men called him ironically, for a more wide-awake captain never commanded a troop, and laid his woes before him, modestly requesting him to use his influence with the colonel and endeavour to obtain a change in his opinion and the loan of the instruments.

"My friend," said the captain, "you know the chief as well as I do. You might as well think to move the rock of Cashel. But, tell me, was it necessary to ask the chief's permission at all? Who knows but that if the fellows had gone about it fair and easy, and said it was a kind of an impromptu patriotism finding vent in national tunes, he might have been inclined to think it rather a compliment than otherwise."

"Yes, sir," said the band-master, "but then you see the difficulty I might have been plunged into on account of the instruments!"

"Ah, to be sure," said the captain, "I didn't think of that. Where are the instruments kept?"

"In the store-room, sir, next to my brother's (the trumpet-major's) room."

"What divides the store-room from the trumpet-major's room?" asked the captain, "a high wall or what?"

"A wall there certainly is," said the band-master, "but it ain't a high one. About seven or eight feet high; indeed exactly similar to the partition walls in the married people's quarters."

"Um!" said the captain, looking hard at the band-master. "Is your brother much of a stay-at-home?"

"Well, no sir," said the band-master, "we generally go for a ramble after practice."

"To be sure," said the captain, "good for the health isn't it?" When is practice over?

"About eight o'clock, sir."

"Then the instruments are put in the store-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you go for a ramble afterwards?"

"Generally, sir."

"Do the men know this?"

"I don't think they take notice, sir."

"Um!" said the captain again, and he gathered his huge person up for a long stretch, "were I you, band-master, *I would find some means of letting them know that yourself and the trumpet-major were going for a ramble to-day.*"

With that he strolled away.

There was dire confusion in the band-room when the trumpet-major communicated the result of the band-master's embassy, and the mistakes made at practice were of the most extraordinary character, calling forth all the objurgatory powers of the respective heads of departments. Every one seemed to be endeavouring to play worse than his neighbour, and finally the band-master, in despair, dismissed the band.

He had discussed with his brother the conversation he had had with the Band President, and concluded by asking what *he* thought of the matter?

"Think!" said the trumpet-major, "I think (and here he laughed loudly) we are to go for a ramble and the men are to know we're going. That's what *I* think!"

"But what then?" asked the band-master.

"Then, you goose," said the trumpet-major, "then I wouldn't be surprised if the men played Patrick's Day in the morning to-morrow, whether or no!"

"Because we go for a ramble?"

"Aye, indeed," was the sententious reply.

"But how will the men know?"

"Listen," said the trumpet-major, and he forthwith struck three blows with a lump of a stick on the partition at the head of his bed, and had hardly deposited the stick in its proper place, when a red face, surrounded and thatched with red hair, was



protruded beyond the "purdah," and a mellow voice asked "Did ye rap, major?"

"I did, Andy," said the trumpet-major. "Harry and I are going up to the Rifle lines. Have a look out after the rooms, will ye?"

"I will, major," answered Andy Corcoran, the trumpet-major's man—as great an original as ever smoked a pipe.

"Will ye be back to dinner?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said the trumpet-major.

"Is the band goin' to play in the mornin', major?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Arrah, why not?" asked Andy in dismay. "Sure there's the Rifles and the Bengals; and why not us?"

"Colonel won't give the instruments," said the trumpet-major shortly.

"He won't?"

"No!"

"Musha, thin! may"—

"Hush, Andy," said the trumpet-major; "that will do. Go now and come in the evening for my jacket and boots and spurs, and mind you come sober!"

"Patrick's eve an' all," said Andy; "begorra, that *would* be quare, wouldn't it, sir?" turning to the band-master.

"I don't think it would, indeed, Andy, for I think you make a Patrick's eve every night in the year; so

the queerness, as you call it, is pretty well taken out of it."

"That's more ner iver the ould band-master said," said Andy (he had been *his* "man" at home and was a privileged character.) "But I'll mind the rooms anyhow."

"And if one of the men (bandsmen of course) come here, just tell them where we've gone." And they mounted their ponies and rode manfully away.

Andy wasn't a man to let the grass grow under his feet. He had been, as he thought, "unbeknownst," listening to the conversation between the brothers as to the band-playing, and he straightway betook himself to the band-room, where the first "divartin vagabone" he met was Paddy Buins, the trumpeter of "Simple Pat's" troop.

"Morrow!" said Andy.

"An' you, too, me dacent man," was the response.

"Ye'es is a fine band!" said Andy.

"Aye, be'ad," said Paddy.

"An' ye'll have grate practis to-morrow mornin', *I don't think!*"

"Um!" said Paddy.

"See, now," said Andy in a most argumentative way; "the Rifles an' the Bengals is takin' the wind out av yer sails entirely. Even them 'gutter slappers' (the 35th) is goin' to come out—an' the

right av the line, an' the terror av the dancy-pickers is to be suckin the rug! Bad luck from me, bud I'd have iviry *instirmint* in the band, and I'd soun' Patrick's Day after the revally, av it was the ould Duke was in it, let alone Nobby!"

"How would *you* manage?" asked Paddy.

"This-a-way," said Andy. "Ye can have it among you, like Brown's cows, an' *he* had only wan; one man can sit strad-legs on the wall, wan can go inside and hand the instirmints over, an' the other can stan' an' recave thim."

"But then—" said Paddy.

"Arry!" said Andy, "wid yer *buts*! Sure the major, he's gone to the Rifle lines, an' divil a hapn't he'll know about it! You stick Billy Macaffery on the wall, go inside yourself, han' up the brass, an' whin the time comes in the mornin', sound—like—like—soundin'! An' if he comes down on ye, which he's likely to do, begorra ye can be off an' away to yer barrick-rooms before he can put salt to yer tails!"

By this time several of the band, as Andy expressed it, had "gothor" round the couple who were carrying on the conversation just related, and whose animated gestures—more particularly those of Andy—had attracted their attention. At heart Paddy thought so well of the scheme which Andy had propounded, that he was already half determined



to put it in execution; and when the men had gathered round and he explained it to them, it was at once resolved, for the honour and glory of the regiment, and the natal day of their adored Saint, that it should be carried out; and, said Andy, "the sooner the quicker; an' altho' there's not much danger of any of the bigwigs being about, I don't mind givin' ye a han' in the way av watchin' mesceef. It would be quare if the ould corps hadn't a Patrick's Day av their own, as well as the Bengal Artillery, and them *toe sojers*."

At once, then, the matter was arranged. And as dusk fell, the conspirators, singly, and in couples, took their way to the bandstore-room. The plan, as sketched out by Andy, was adopted. Billy McCaffery was perched on the wall; Whitwam (a "Duke of York" boy) handed up the instruments. Paddy Burns received them, and each man getting his own made off with it, "*to be klen't*" as he elegantly said.

"Bedad," said Billy, "I didn't think the big drum was so heavy. I was near lettin' it fall on yer head, Paddy!"

"Wor ye now?" said Paddy, grinning, "'Tis a pity it wasn't on yer own ye were lettin' it fall."

"How, then?" asked Billy.

"Bekase," said Paddy quietly, "no great harm would have been done, for the both av them is impty!"

"Thank ye for nothin'," said Billy.

"Bedad yer welkin', Billy, me deer, av it was twist as much.

The instruments secured, the programme was easily arranged for the morrow. The orderly-trumpeter was to leave his guard at 3 o'clock and call the bandsmen up, and in the meanwhile the project was kept strictly "private and confidence," as Andy said; all that was publicly known in the regiment being, that the colonel had refused the band the use of the instruments. The band-master and the trumpet-major returned from their little excursion to the Rifles, where (as well as at the artillery mess and at the 35th) they had been liberally chaffed touching the commanding officer's kindness in (not) giving the band. The instruments were never missed, and, so far, the scheme had worked well enough.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of Saint Patrick's Day, the bands of the Artillery and the Rifles might be heard "rattling up" the briskest Irish tunes they knew, preceded by the great tune of all; even the Native Infantry had a turn at it, and a pretty fair turn too; but it was now approaching the time when Andy Corcoran's scheme was to bear fruit. At half past 4, instead of the *reveille* being sounded by one trumpeter (for each wing), as was the regimental custom, it was sounded by the

entire strength of trumpeters in the regiment, with the exception of the trumpet-major. The effect was very grand, and roused the heaviest sleeper. Figures undraped, slightly draped, and half-dressed, ran out to see what the ruction was; and when at length, after sounding, the band was formed and (Jack Houranian leading on the band-master's instrument) struck up "Patrick's Day," early as was the hour, there wasn't a man, woman, or child in the regiment that wasn't awake! The band took their way to the right extremity of the bungalows, went down the front of one, up the back of the other in a regular sinuous (if such a term can be used) fashion, until they reached the other flank, where they halted, pretty well blown, and where it had been arranged they were to separate.

They had been received with many ovations on their march round. The troop-sergeant-majors and sergeants had turned out and given substantial proofs of their delight and satisfaction; and as Paddy Burns said, "there was a great prospect av a fine crap av pots!" But they little knew what was in store for them!

The colonel, thinking of fresh combinations (he was a mighty man for drill), and just as he imagined he had discovered a new movement "on the move," was disturbed in his mind by the sounds—afar off—of brisk music. First he bethought



himself of field-days ; but the refrain of one of the tunes reminded him of yesterday's request of the band-master, and with a shrug he muttered, " Ah ! these fellows and their Patrick's Day, I suppose ! Shap't have mine tho' ! "

Poor man ! he little knew what was going forward. The sounds he had heard died away, but presently, borne on the northerly breeze and wafted to his ears, the " notes of the musics all tremblingly came " close at hand.

" By Jove ! " said he, jumping out of bed, and rending his mosquito curtain in twain in his energy—" By Jove ! that's *our* band ! Stretch ! " he shouted. Stretch was one of his soldier servants, and lived on the premises for "*convaynyince*."

Stretch appeared ; he was delighted, had been listening for the last half hour to the tunes he loved so well, and was listening now " with all the ears in his head."

" Stretch ! " said the colonel, " is that *our* band ? "

" I don't know *for sartin*," said Joe, continuously, " but I *think* it sounds near enuff for *ours*. The others is far off ! "

" But I refused to let them have the instruments yesterday ; and now—by Jove, I'll—"

" May be its not *ours*," said Joe, alarmed at the turn matters were taking. " Perhaps 'tis one of

the other bands, come to give our fellows a tune, sins ye wouldn't allow them to have one themselves, sur!" This aggravated the chief, and he ordered Joe off to call a syce and have his *tat* saddled, and furthermore to put a regimental saddle on his first charger.

"Be this book," said Joe (it was a stumpy tobacco-pipe, as black as jet, he was conjuring by) "the divil has a houl't av him now be the back av his neck, an' is shakin' him properly. I wonder where he's goin' Av he goes up to the lines, he'll be shoppin the lot av it is our fellows." He went off to execute the orders his master had given him, but before doing so he called a little "chokrah boy," who had been employed in the troop cook-house, and for his smartness and civility brought by Joe to the colonel's bungalow, and after many instructions as to speed and so forth, charged him with a message to Jack Hourahan (whom the boy very well knew), to the effect that the "burra sahib" was in a divil of a rage, and was coming up to the lines, and advising Hourahan and his compatriots—"if they were in it, to *bog jao*." Away sped the boy across the maidan like lightning. Joe had the *tat* out in no time; the colonel mounted and rode off to the adjutant's bungalow close by, where he made a hideous clatter, and roused that officer from his slumbers.

"Gair! Gair! get up, man. Dimmit, our band is out playing their infernal Irish tunes. This is Patrick's Day, and I refused the band permission to use their instruments yesterday!"

The adjutant had heard no sounds. He had been too fast asleep, and was not best pleased, you may depend, on being roused so unceremoniously; he endeavoured to persuade the chief that it might not be the regimental band after all, but one of the others, that *had* received permission. This, coming so swiftly after Joe Stretch's little bit of sarcasm, enraged the Chief very much, and he ordered the adjutant to find out whether the band (which they then heard plainly enough) was *ours* or not, and desired him to bring him information to the officer's mess, where, to the consternation of khansamahs, bearers, mate bearers, and all that numerous class, he betook himself. Off went the adjutant, but Stretch's "chokrah boy" was before him. Scudding like the wind straight in the direction from which the sounds of music proceeded, he soon reached the spot where the band was formed up, and whispering his message earnestly in the ear of "Hanreen, sahib," as he called him, the band were astonished in the middle of the "Royal Irish Quadrilles," to see Jack's clarionet go up with an admonitory wave, and brought down with a *whish!* Another wave of the instrument told them that the play was played out, and



the band was marched off just in time to reach their own room as the adjutant dashed up to the orderly-room behind, which were the quarters of the regimental sergent-major. That worthy (who had for the last half-hour been listening with much delight to the performance of the band, and, indeed, had handed Jack ten rupces as an honorarium) met his officer and respectfully saluted him.

"Morning, Lyons!"

"Morrow, sir," said the regimental. He was a Cashic! man.

"Was that *our* band playing just now?"

"Faith it was," said the sergent-major. "I nivia heard them play better. Did you, sir?"

"Damnation, man!" roared the adjutant, "the colonel will hang em all. He refused them permission to use the instruments yesterday, and here they are playing away this morning."

"But, sur," said Lyons (Billy, the men, who loved him, called him), "sure there's more ways av killin' a dog besides chokin' him wid butter! May be 'twas *their own* instruments they had. There's plenty av them *has* instruments av their own, and those that hadn't, could hire them in the bazar for a couple of annas. Where there's a will there's a way, sur. I don't think ye can make a hangin' matter av it."

"Send for the band-master and the trumpet-major." And they were sent for accordingly, the adjutant dismounting and going into the orderly-room, where he sat down and amused himself by looking over the casualty reports of the morning.

Billy McCaffrey saw the brothers leave their room and go to the orderly-room. Of course Jack Hourahan had told the story of the message which had been sent him by Stretch, and he (Billy) instantly dashed into the band-room, seized several of the smaller instruments which were in their cases hanging on pegs, called out to the other men to clear the instruments out, and ere many minutes had elapsed—certainly before the brothers had their interview with the adjutant—the instruments were safe in the store room! and the men in ecstasies.

When the two entered the orderly-room, the adjutant enquired whether either of them knew anything of the band's playing that morning, and was, of course, informed that neither knew anything of it. They had not even *heard* the band, so they said, but had casually heard on their way to the orderly-room that the band *had* been playing. The adjutant then enquired, smiling as he asked the question, whether the instruments were in the store? That their trumpet-major did not know, but would speedily ascertain, and left for the purpose. On his return, he reported that the instruments *were* all in

store, at which the adjutant grinned, and so did every one else in the office.

And here the adjutant left, saying he would visit the band-room, and return to the office previous to the colonel deciding what promised to be the most sensational *cause celebre* he had been called upon to adjudicate for some time. As he left, the regimental sergeant-major entered the orderly-room, and, after looking round portentously, said to the orderly-room clerk, "Has any one particular been here ~~this~~ morning?"

"Only yourself and these people," said the Knight Templar—half soldier—half clerk. "May I ask why you put the question?"

"There's a terrible (sniff) smell (sniff) of—of." (sniff).

"What?" asked the Templar.

"I *may* be mistaken," said the regimental, "but it smells, like—like—well—commissariat rum!"

"Ah!" said the Templar, "there's a way of accounting for *that*!"

"And how, pray?" asked the regimental.

"Well," said the Knight, "you know I don't mean any disrespect (his senior made a deprecatory gesture), but I might perhaps suggest that, being an Irishman yourself, *your* nose might be too near your own mouth this blessed Patrick's morning."



A shout of laughter greeted the Templar's explanation, and while they were yet enjoying themselves, the Chief and the adjutant entered. The laugh speedily subsided, and the Chief went into the question of the "band-playing" with great determination, and ordered *all* the bandsmen who had participated in the freak into confinement. He was very glad to hear, as of course he expected, that the band-master and trumpet-major had had no part in the business, but he was determined to make an example of the others.

"Shall I confine the orderly-trumpeter too, sir?" asked the adjutant.

"Confine 'em all, big drummer and every one!" said the colonel.

"Squadron drill at six, sir," said the adjutant.

"Eh?" said the colonel.

"Squadron drill at six, sir; and how will we get on without trumpeters?"

"*Oh! very well,*" said the colonel, "I suppose the men aren't deaf, they can act on the word of command."

"Very well, sir," said the adjutant, "we'll *try*."

"*Try!*" said the Chief, "there need be no *trying*—it's to be done, you know." Here he rose and stretched himself, took his cap and whip, and was preparing to depart.

"About practice, sir," asked the trumpet-major; "when will you see the men?"

"Oh! to-morrow; let them spend the day they have so auspiciously commenced in the guard-room."

"Our turn for the Mall to-morrow, sir," said the band-master, "and I would like another turn or two at the—"

"Oh! damn them, have them up at office hour!" he said, and disappeared, as his hearers all did soon after.

The men warned had turned out for squadron drill. They had been formed up, told-off, and were "sitting at ease," waiting for the adjutant. Of course their "discourse" was of the confinement of the bandsmen, and it was easy to perceive by the countenances of the young officers that they were delighted with the chaff going on around them. One fellow said, "Begorra, the *rivalry* was like an opera." It was all—what do you call it, Ted?"

Said Ted—"I didn't call it at all, but Sargeint Hamlet, an' he knows music, for the captain always does be whistlin' when he's lookin' over the state that Hamlet makes out, an' I suppose he writes like it—he called it *full of cadises*!" [Cadences it is to be supposed the poor fellow meant.]

"We'll be pushed for trumpeters," said another.

"Send to Sebastopol for 'whistlin' Dick,'" said a third.



"Begorra," said a fourth, "we're like Sir John Moore's berryin."

"How's that?" was asked.

"Arry," said the fellow, "you're an ignorant baste; doesn't the first line say '*Not a drum was heard?*'"

This was too much for the glory of the youngster in front of the troop, and he fairly broke out into a boo-hoo of a laugh. The adjutant was ultimately obliged to "fall out" the young officers, and, amidst uproarious laughter, the ~~squad~~ filed off to exercise for an hour, and then returned to the lines. There was no "fear" sounded, and among the horses, when it came to the time, the uproar was terrible. There was no "breakfast trumpet," and at length the whole of the band were to be seen marching in a body towards the orderly-room.

The men in the troop, and the women in the *pad-geree*, turned out to shout all kinds of good wishes to them, and they were all brought before the Chief, Jack Hourahan on the right—he was a dance corporal, devil a less,—the band-master and the trumpet-major attending to "watch the case."

The Chief desired the band-master to repeat the conversation which had taken place on the subject of the instruments the day before, which he did. Then he asked if he had conveyed the purport of



that conversation to his men, and was answered in the affirmative. The instruments were put in store yesterday morning, and they were found in store *that* (this) morning. Many of the men, the band-master explained, had *their own* instruments, and others were easily procurable in the bazar, or by loan from Native Infantry regiments; and he concluded by saying that he had no reason to believe that the regimental instruments had been used.

"Um!" said the Chief, "the drum now for instance, could *that* be had in the bazar?"

"As many drums, sir, in the bazar," said Dick Whitwam, "as wud set up the 'Hibernian' boy's twice over."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said the Chief.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Dick, humbly.

"But," continued the Chief, "when I refused the instruments, the men must have known I didn't wish them to play!"

"Don't know about that, sir," said the band-master; "but you certainly did not say you *would not allow them to play*. You only refused the instruments."

The colonel looked at the adjutant, and then at "Simple Pat" (who had business for the toe of his boot on the mat and wouldn't look up) and then he said—"but the disturbance."

"Sir," said the regimental sergeant-major, "I would like to be disturbed in the same way every morning in my life!"

"Ah!" said the colonel, "you're Irish, Lyons, and that makes the difference? Release them!" and he left the orderly-room.

And thus ended the beginning of the great Patrick's Day in Meerut.

Said the Knight Templar when he went to breakfast at the mess—"There's a theatrical company coming to Meerut in a week or two, and the Colonel will patronise them."

"What will they open on?" asked a stage-struck amateur, who played ladies' parts.

"What we have been playing this morning," said the Knight.

"And what might that be?" asked the young sergeant.

"Much ado about nothing," said the Templar, and straightway fell to eating his breakfast!

*FINIS.*

